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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN.

Author of "The National Portrait Gallery," 4 vols., 4to; "Voyage to the Isle of Elba," 8vo.; "The Paris Spectator," 3 vols., 12mo; "The Rutland Papers," 4to, "The Perth Papers," 4to, &c. &c. &c.

*** The Vignette to this Volume possesses considerable literary interest. In this small house, Miss Mitford, L. E. L., and Miss Roberts passed years of their lives, and filled its little rooms with inspirations which will last very long after its walls (hallowed by them) have crumbled into dust, and its site can be traced no more. W. J.

OFFICE OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ORIENTAL SOCIETY

Painted by E.W. Eckersgill, R.A. Engraved by H. Robinson.

L. E. L.

No. 25

Ackermann, Strand, & 191, Regent Street.

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

WILLIAM JERDAN.

VOL. III.

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Miss Landon's residence in Hans Place.

London
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1852.

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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM JERDAN,

M.R.S.L., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE REAL ACADEMIA DE LA HISTORIA OF SPAIN, &c. &c.

WITH HIS

Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence

DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE MEMORY OF THE DEEPLY LAMENTED

L. E. L.

TO WHOSE GENIUS THE "LITERARY GAZETTE" WAS, DURING MANY YEARS,
INDEBTED FOR ITS GREATEST ATTRACTIONS,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

W. JERDAN.

October, 1852.

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"The stranger much of various life had seen,
Been poor, been rich, and in the state between;
Had much of kindness met, and much deceit,
And all that man who deals with man must meet."—CRABBE.

THERE has been much written against my opinion, as frequently stated in the preceding volumes of this work, that those who entirely depend upon the pursuits of literature for subsistence and fortune are in a worse position, generally, than any other class who bring similar talents and attainments into the market, and address their abilities to other professional avocations. It is evident, therefore, that there is much to be said on both sides, with regard to the question at issue rightly understood; but I think I have been met quite unfairly, when the *argumentum ad hominem* has been applied to me, and my own career instanced as a proof that literary encouragement and reward were in my case more than commensurate to my

merits, and thus an answer to my views. Now, I am perfectly ready to concede this fact; as in truth I have ever considered myself as excepted from the too common rule; and have never, in all my statements and reasoning on the point, put myself forward as an ill-used and ill-requited individual, who had suffered in consequence of his devotion to letters. On the contrary, I have throughout represented my success as a repetition of the spoiling which marked my earlier years (see Vol. I.), and acknowledged that I was lifted far above what my deserts in almost any other calling could have effected, without some lucky accident. I have shown that as the happy result even of my literary efforts, I lived all my life with the noble in station and intellect, which I could hardly have done under any other circumstances; and I have substantially reaped, in the sterling coin of the realm, a very handsome remuneration for my labours, such as they have been, in a successful periodical.

But still I contend for the rule that suffering is the badge of all our tribe; and that the literary man and woman are, from the causes I have enumerated, more exposed to be preyed upon than any other class of the community; all that I have described respecting myself being meant as an illustration of this sad fact as deeply affecting even what was in itself a prosperous career. If I, so favoured, was nevertheless a victim to literary casualties, what, I inquired, must be the fate of many of higher claims, but not so fortunate in their development and results. And, further, that although the "Literary Gazette" was, during a considerable portion of my thirty-four years, a highly remunerative publication, taking the average of the whole period, and the heavy burden (debt, the old man of the mountain,) laid on my shoulders in the first four or five

years, great deductions must be made. I have elsewhere spoken of the provisions liberally afforded by the newspaper and serial press as a saving boon to many of my compatriots: and my reasoning was addressed to literature of other descriptions; as for example, I have written and published ten or twelve separate volumes—not one a failure—and yet all I reaped from them would not have fed a grasshopper! I have therefore treated the whole gist of the inquiry into the literary condition of England and her authors—not by reference to my own person, though that goes incidentally some way, but as the result of my extended and painful experience, generally, in regard to others.

With this brief and simple re-assertion of my principles and objects, I leave the knotty subject to the feelings of the multitude who have too much reason to agree with me and the judgment of the few who contend for the opposite opinion. I shall only fortify myself on an authority which few will question, as that of one whose benevolent love of his fellow creatures and unceasing efforts to serve them will carry infinitely greater weight with it than a hundred pages of argument from almost any other source. What Charles Dickens thinks of the condition of the literary man, may be gathered from his dedication of "Pickwick" to another distinguished author, entertaining similar sentiments in common with him and me.

"TO MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P., &c. &c.

"48, Doughty-street, September 27, 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If I had not enjoyed the happiness of your private friendship, I should still have dedicated this work

to you, as a slight and most inadequate acknowledgment of the inestimable services you are rendering to the literature of your country, and of the lasting benefits you will confer upon the authors of this and succeeding generations, by securing to them and their descendants a permanent interest in the copyright of their works.

"Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigour in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, *who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering*, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labours than the most lavish encomium from lip or pen could ever afford.

"Besides such tributes, any avowal of feeling from me, on the question to which you have devoted the combined advantages of your eloquence, character, and genius, would be powerless indeed. Nevertheless, in thus publicly expressing my deep and grateful sense of your efforts in behalf of English literature, *and of those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits*, I do but imperfect justice to my own strong feelings on the subject, if I do no service to you.

"These few sentences would have comprised all I should have had to say, if I had only known you in your public character. On the score of private feeling, let me add one word more.

"Accept the dedication of this book, my dear Sir, as a mark of my warmest regard and esteem—as a memorial of the most gratifying friendship I have ever contracted, and of some of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent—as a token of my fervent admiration of every fine quality of your

head and heart—as an assurance of the truth and sincerity with which I shall ever be,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully, and sincerely yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

I think I may yield the argument, if my opponents will only admit that the examples are all unfortunately on my side.*

Our views of life, at different periods, have a prodigious effect upon our minds, and mould our ideas to wonderfully divergent conclusions. I will endeavour to sketch a retrospect; and in this, by experience, have some not most desirable advantage over those who argue from more limited and sanguine years.

Take the buoyant age of Twenty, and its competency to pronounce judgment. Its world is one glow. "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." Every other Twenty is a sworn and stanch friend. The look-forward is full of hope. The past is an impressionless cloud of certain preparations to fit you for a glorious start in whatever course you are destined to pursue. You believe in all appearances. Men do delight you, and women too; for you have seen no ghost to warn you of the perfidy and crime that may beset your very nearest ties and dearest interests. It is the vision of the morning; and you are not awake to the realities of life. To such, even middle age is an impertinency with its wisdom, and old age a croaker with its experience.

Pass on two lustra, and at Thirty something of the vision is dispelled—something of the tug has been felt—something of disappointment encountered; but still there

* See Appendix A.

is vigour in the imagination, and brightness in the surrounding scene. Broken ties have perhaps been replaced by ties of a firmer nature and more lasting promise. There is more of confidence than suspicion still left, and there is a self-relying feeling (often not worth a jot) that you are not so likely to be deceived again, as you have already been. The occupations of active pursuits strengthen the mind, and the battle continues to be fought under a host of advantages.

But what says the poet, over two lustra more?—

At Forty man suspects himself a fool— *

and, in a vast majority, whose views have been what I have described, not without good cause. They have witnessed many a chill change the glow—many a dark streak cross the rose colour—many a loss and sorrow dim the brightness —many a valued connection disruptured that never can be restored; and the self-reliance has sunk into a doubt that what has happened in the paths of deceit and injury, may happen again.

Two lustra added, at Fifty, however fortunate, and yet blessed with health, man is aware that he has turned the corner stone of his existence, and plodded over the largest portion of his pilgrimage here. How different, then, are the aspects about him! He has now to live for others more than for himself; whereas up to a not far by-gone period, he lived more for himself than for others. There is a glimpse of the grave — a serious consideration of

* The follow maxim that "Everybody is a fool or a physician at forty," led to a neat retort where two of my distinguished contemporaries were concerned. Upon an occasion when Lord Stowell and Sir Henry Halford were dining at the same table, Sir Henry repeated the proverb, rather applying it to some hygeine remark of his lordship, who very quietly inquired, "May not a man be both, Sir Henry?"

provision for another race — a calm in the best cases approaching to sadness—and a closer approach to the awful futurity.

Two lustra more, and all these trials are aggravated and all the anticipations become more certain of speedy fulfilment. The most cheerful cannot enjoy the diminished good which remains as they did of yore. The man of Sixty is no more the man of Twenty or Thirty than he is a creature of another species. I do not mean to assert that there may not be many things for him still to enjoy ; but they are altogether of a different sort, and he is altogether a different being. He sees matters with different eyes and in different lights—he judges of matters with different sentiments—he acts from different impulses. Credulities, follies, passions, vices, generosities, liberalities, virtues, are all more or less modified ; as they have, in fact, been at every one of the stages at which I have paused ; and now let me advance for a finale.

Two lustra more, and glance at the span providentially assigned to human life—the three score years and ten of the Bible limit. To possess little impaired faculties at that age is to be one of a great multitude. Of those who were born about the same time, death has removed nearly all, and some few linger on in decrepitude and pain, humbly desirous of the same inevitable end, as soon as it may please God to give them rest. The game is played—the flame is flickering in the socket—the look-back is wearisome. All the earth can afford is poor and frivolous ; there is but one object that can deserve attention. Need I say what it is ?

Now, this is the usual panorama in which man plays his many parts ; though there are a multitude of exceptions, caused by all the circumstances of health, and age, and

temperament, to the general rule. I have only unrolled it hastily to the sight, in order to account for the striking variety of opinions which the question I have, accidentally, as it were, brought into so much discussion has occasioned. I can readily ascribe the conflict to the natural tone that would be taken between my earliest and latest illustrations, through every intervening epoch. The beardless and the grey-beard are not likely to coincide on such a topic, nor on almost any other; and, not to finish this homily too controversially, I may quote the quaint verse of an old song, which adopts a similar creed in a more humourous fashion:—

> An Ape and a Lion, a Fox and an Ass,
> Will show how the lives of most men do pass:
> They are all of them Apes to the age of Eighteen,
> Then bold as Lions till forty they've seen,
> Then cunning as Foxes till three score and ten,
> And then they are Asses, and no more men.*

In what the asininess consists, it is not easy to guess what the satirical rogue meant. There is a bluntness of feeling common to donkeys and old men: the one stands a great deal of beating, and the other a considerable quantity of abuse without seeming to mind it much. They are both liable to be extremely obstinate and opinionative. They both love quiet and ease; and to eat their thistle in peace, if they have nothing better—if they have, they enjoy it. They are both apt to kick up their heels in a pet, now and then, when they fancy themselves ill-treated. In short, it must be confessed there is a considerable resemblance. I let the apes, lions, and foxes speak for themselves; and

* I have not ventured on the second verse, descriptive of the other sex, who are figured under the symbols of the dove, sparrow, parrot, and crow; and not very complimentarily.

would wish them to try their paws on their autobiographies, which I can assure them, once more, is a very difficult and trying literary task, "such as it is;" which words, by-the-by, like the "hark! did you not hear a gun?" of the tedious story-teller who always lugged in a favourite tale by this imaginary noise and query, put me in mind of an anecdote which I will repeat in order to enliven this episode.

A literary character—I need not mention names—on a visit to Bath, was pressed into a hospitable engagement with a resident gentleman who had a penchant for cultivating the acquaintance of such celebrities. He had also the peculiarity of using the above expression in and out of season, and often with ludicrous effect. His guest being seated at an excellent plain dinner, the Amphytrion most unnecessarily would apologise for its deficiencies. Bath, to be sure, was one of the best markets in England, and he endeavoured to get everything good; but the fish, he feared, was not that most fashionable in town at present; and the roast mutton was a very homely joint, &c. &c.; but he hoped Mr. —— would excuse the deficiencies, for he is most welcome to the fare "such as it is!" A smile rewarded this first ebullition, which was almost converted into a burst of laughter when the wines came within a similar category. "This sherry is direct from Cadiz, but not, I am afraid, of the highest quality; and the other was only humble port, a kitchen wine with high people; but I have had it in bottle nine years, and I hope you will be able to drink it, Sir, such as it is!" Everything went on in the same manner till Mr. ——, unable to keep his countenance much longer, pretended an urgent engagement in order to get away early in the evening. His host regretted this exceedingly, and said, "I am indeed very sorry that you are obliged to leave us so soon, and the more so as I can assure

you I have been much entertained by your conversation, such as it is!"

A speedy exit was the consequence, and no breach of manners committed, unless a stifled laugh in the street could be overheard; and with this brief introductory Chapter I proceed to my narrative, such as it is.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN MURRAY—PETER ROBERTSON—THEODORE HOOK, &c. &c.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone:
The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THE "Literary Gazette," from its origin to the last sheet in my hands, was edited on what I conceived to be the spirit of true criticism, especially for a work which professed to be established for the promotion of our national literature, and the encouragement of our native authors. The canon was, simply to praise heartily what merited approval or admiration; to censure mildly what the critical sense forced you to condemn; to point out defects in a friendly manner; and never to exercise severity, except where the publication gave great offence, by its immoral and dangerous tendencies. Thus conducted, it increased in popularity and influence; but still it continued, as I have hinted, to be unremunerative and uphill toil.

I refer to a pocket-book of the period; and as I have promised a candid exposition of my life, I must confess

that it is a specimen of all the memoranda conservatories that I ever began, and never carried on so far as to afford proof of constancy in business matters. Whether it was that the literary nature, prone to dabbling with other worlds, prevailed over the advantageous disposition which is needful for plodding in this, I cannot tell; but true it is that I have begun many a diary and many an account-record like that now before me, and that I could not, to save myself from all the blame of wiser and more systematically-prudent persons, produce a single example of one which I kept distinctly and regularly for more than a few months. My perseverance was elaborated on my weekly literary exertions —a heavy labour, but a labour of love, or it could not have been performed for so many long unresting years,—and which was, in truth, the victorious Serpent which swallowed up all the rest. The unintermitting and ever-renewing effort—occasionally overwhelming, and always attended by the anxiety to do justice to all—to cherish talent, and proclaim genius—to commingle the lessons of truth with the incitement of praise—to foster the aspirations of the young, and pay the tribute due to elder votaries in the paths of authorship—in short, honestly to fulfil the duties which every journalist is the more bound to hold sacred because he has volunteered them, were enough, I trust, to absolve me from some blame for more private and material deficiencies.

From this said pocket-book I gather that the "Literary Gazette" yielded, in the first month of the year, no more than 5*l*., 3*l*., 2*l*., and 4*l*. 3*s*. 6*d*., on the 2nd, 8th, 12th, 16th current, amounting together to 14*l*. 3*s*. 6*d*., a sum certainly more germane to the "Polite Repository," where it was entered, than to a lucrative mercantile day-book or ledger. But the next month was worse for "balances;" and no better

were many successive months. Assuredly this was a Παν-δώρα return, and not Pan-dora, the all-gifted, or all-giving either; but, as in the myth, Hope was left at the bottom oft he pot (Πίθος, not Πυξὶς, a chest, as commonly rendered), there was still a notion that the pot might boil, with something substantial in it, at a future day; and thus comforted (seeing also that the Evils had scattered themselves over the rest of the world, if the Blessings had ascended to Heaven), I wrought away, sharing my lot in the common destiny of mankind.

That it was not quite desperate and forlorn, I owed partly to my weekly contribution of leaders to the "North Staffordshire Pottery Gazette," which produced a small quarterly sum—to a series of Essays in the "Chelmsford Chronicle" (of which more anon)—and to the liberal "consideration" of John Murray, for the revising and superintending in their progress through the press of two works published by him at this time.

As it is no disparagement to unpractised writers to call in the little more than mechanical aid of individuals accustomed to composition and printing, I need not conceal that the works which passed under my inspection were, Fitzclarence's Journey from India to England, 4to, and Colonel Hippesley's Voyage to the Orinoko, 8vo; for the former of which my honorarium was 75*l.*, and for the latter (having negotiated the copyright for 100*l.* to the author) 50*l.* With these aids, and occasional bills from Pinnock and Maunder, the wolf was kept outside the door, though not without legal sacrifices to prevent the gaunt brute's intrusion within, for old-standing arrears. That my services were appreciated by the authors — a result far above pecuniary reward—was shown by an intimate friendship with Lord Munster to the day of his death, and a handsome

bronze inkstand, presented to me by Colonel Hippesley, and also a state of friendly relation with him so long as his life lasted. And before I revert to the name of John Murray, I will venture to tell the strange tale of which I am reminded by another memorandum-book of a later year.

Colonel Hippesley called upon me one forenoon in much tribulation, and informed me he had a very remarkable and very distressing event to communicate, and of which he requested me to make a circumstantial memorandum, as it would, in all likelihood, confirm the belief in apparitions, and set all scepticism on this mystery at rest for ever. I was bound to listen with all my ears to the supernatural story, of which, as desired, I recorded the particulars. On the preceding evening, when the twilight had sunk into a deeper shade of darkness, and the Colonel was seated by his lady, near a sofa on which, being unwell, she reposed; on a sudden they were both surprised by an unearthly and indescribable sensation, but which, they were sensible, sprung from a cause altogether dissimilar to any they had ever before experienced. They were struck by a singular awe, and their senses, as it were, excited to receive some wonderful impression. Nor were they long in suspense, for looking towards the door, they both distinctly saw the semblance, or wraith, of their eldest son, who was at the time a soldier of fortune engaged in the sanguinary wars of South America, enter the apartment and slowly glide across it, to vanish on the opposite side.

Into such a delusion (if delusion it were), as my informant observed, it was not difficult to believe that one person in their anxious condition, after hearing of battles fought in which their offspring was concerned, might readily fall; but that the vision of two witnesses could be so affected was too extraordinary to admit of any solution but that the

object of their affections had fallen, and was permitted to afford this revelation of his fate to his disconsolate parents. There was no reasoning against this impression—indeed, what could one oppose to it?—where doubly the

> Sight was made the fool of the other senses,
> Or else worth all the rest—

and I accordingly entered date, and hour, and circumstances minutely in my book, anticipating, with my friends, the news of the death of Captain Hippesley at the precise moment, by the next packet from the Rio Plata. No intelligence arrived; and gloomy apprehensions were screwed to the utmost pitch of endurance, when, at last, the ghost mission was solved by * * * * * * the real flesh and blood Captain Hippesley appearing *in, propriâ personâ*, restored safe and sound to his almost unbelieving progenitors.

Now, this is a remarkable instance—of which I have the evidence still before me—of the inexplicable powers of imagination (perhaps sympathetic?), and might, analogously, account for some of the known influences of mesmerism; but I will only suppose that, instead of the actual denouement, the gallant officer had been slain, as he was very likely to be, at any date near to that which I took so much pains to preserve, would it not have been as perfect and authentic proof of supernatural appearances as has ever been created by fear, or believed by credulity or superstition? But after this I dispute Hamlet's philosophy, and would not take the Ghost's word for sixpence, far less for 100*l.*!

This, however, I should have been very glad to do, from the next personage to whom I turn my pen, and for whose memory I entertain a hundred kindly recollections. John

Murray was a character, and a character in which the estimable qualities predominated far above the questionable infirmities of our human nature. He was a prince and a gentleman among publishers, and the least of a huckstering tradesman I almost ever knew in that or any other trade. I mean no disparagement to trading; but when I have met with men, in the superior orders of commerce—not chandlers or petty shopkeepers—making it their boast that they view every transaction and contrive every bargain "as tradesmen," I could, *à priori*, take my oath that their looks at, and their acts in the matter would be mercenary, sordid, and mean. I have known no exceptions to this rule; and I have always considered it an unworthy and unbecoming proclamation to his discredit, when I have heard any individual belonging to the upper class of traffic and the better portion of society, hold out the alternative that he was a tradesman, for fear you should mistake him for a gentleman, or aught superior to pounds, shillings, and pence. For, generally speaking—thank Heaven! with a crowd of exceptions even in our money-worshipping Gomorrah—the two classes are differently constituted, not by their original natures, but by the operation of their several pursuits. The man who has always the acquisition of gain before his eyes and everlastingly in his inmost thoughts, comes by degrees to entertain that thirst as the one object of his life: the man who is not so cursed with an eternal longing for wealth, seldom allows his mind to be filled with devices for attaining it. Thus it becomes a second nature in the one to be ever striving sedulously for his own interest and advantage, rarely abandoning it for a moment; whereas the other is possessed by no such demon, and this in a great measure explains the extreme variety witnessed in such a mingled mass as London presents, among a race of people, born with the same

senses, desires, and impulses, and merely modified into tradesmen or modelled into gentlemen by the sheer force of circumstances and habits.

But I must not lose sight of my old and esteemed friend, honest John Murray. In his business he was spirited, and generous to literary men, and no sordid calculator of every possible chance of loss. Not foolishly so; for, as if governed by instinct, he had as ready a perception of the main chance as, aye and readier too than, the most wary and greedy curmudgeon in "the trade." But he was also well aware of the beneficial consequences which often spring out of liberal adventure; and that all deficiencies on unsuccessful publications are not absolute losses in the long run. Then there were losses which he did not seem to care about. He gave Mr. Lalor Shiel 400*l.* for his first tragedy on the morning after he had witnessed the first night's performance at the theatre, and he cleared the price; but when the author counted upon a like sum for his second drama, Mr. Murray was not found ready for another venture of the like kind; and I think he recommended Mr. Shiel to Messrs. Longmans, who knew the market too well to give more than a small sum for the copyright, which Mr. M. did not like to offer, after the former transaction. In these minor affairs he almost played at publishing, with fine inclinations to encourage talent and reward merit. In all things he was straightforward and open, without mistrustful reserve or meaner dissimulation. Such did he appear to me in all I had to with, or heard of him, and I am thankful for an opportunity to pay this tribute to his memory.

In social life he was joyous and festive; and, as far as his constitution allowed, up to a certain point (in later years diminishing the time) an exceedingly pleasant boon companion, full of information, cheerful in converse, humorous

in remark and repartee, and gentlemanly in manners. His house in Albemarle Street was the common and daily resort of the distinguished literati and public characters of the age. His entertainments were treats of a rare order; the company well assorted, the board sumptuously supplied, and the presiding Amphytrion all that a host could be in promoting that sort of gratification which the poet describes as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The walls of the chamber enriched with excellent portraits of our illustrious poets, great travellers, and other eminent authors, some of the originals generally formed a portion of the convivial group below, and imparted a novelty and zest to the discussion of the intelligence and topics of the day. I will endeavour to retrace one memorable occasion as a sample of these delightful symposia, and which might be deemed a field-day of mirth and wit.

Peter Robertson, now Lord Robertson, and an honoured judge of the supreme Court of Session in Scotland, was long acknowledged as the Edinburgh Premier in the social Court of Humour and Facetiæ, and was at this period on a visit to London. In London the supremacy of Theodore Hook in convivial intercourse was equally established, and a plan was arranged, not a disagreeable one in any respect, that the heroes of the North and South, the modern Athens and the modern Babylon, should be pitted against each other at a dinner-party in Albemarle Street, Mr. Murray holding the lists, and giving a hearty welcome to all the lucky comers, about a dozen strong. Mr. Lockhart was second to his countryman, Lord Peter, and Mr. Milnes, of the Woods and Forests, appeared as the backer of King Theodore; or rather, I should say, these were their respective bottle-holders, as long as either combatants or seconds could manage to hold a bottle. It was a fair sit-down fight and

keen encounter—keener than the Bucolican Virgilius could portray amid sylvan scenes.

Menalcas.

Nunquam hodiè effugies: veniam quocumque vocaris:
Audiat hæc tantùm vel qui venit, ecce, Palæmon.
Efficiam, post hac ne quemquam voce lacessas.

Damœtas.

Quin age, si quid habes: in me mora non erit ulla,
Nec quemquam fugio: tantum, vicine Palæmon,
Sensibus hæc imis (res est non parva) reponas.

Palæmon.

Dicite * * * * *
* * * * * *
Incipe Damœta, tu deinde sequêre Menalca.
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camœnæ.

And so did we; with our Hook and Robertson for our classic contention.

During dinner the conversation was lively and sparkling, and Hook's wonderful ready wit carried all before it. He was in high feather, inextinguishable and inexhaustible. It seemed as if the Scotchman had a very poor chance; and would be what the jockeys term nowhere. But Mr. Lockhart was an abler tactitian, and knew better. He suffered Hook to expend some of his brilliant fire, and after the cloth was removed brought out his man. He gave us at due intervals a Gaelic sermon without a syllable of the Erse language, an Italian operatic scena without a word of Italian, and post-prandial speech after speech of military, political, and other characters, to which bursts of extorted laughter did homage for their racy performance and extraordinary ingenuity. The imitative speeches were certainly inimitable in matter and manner; and the identity of the meaningless sounds, with the tongues in which they

purported to be delivered, was so perfect that it was scarcely possible to fancy that they were not *bonâ fide* exhibitions of text and discourse, and recitative and song in the Gaelic and Italian. Stimulated by this most amusing display, Hook was primed in superb trim to answer the calls for various improvising interludes, and never afforded more entertaining proofs of his marvellous talent in this, I was about to say art, but in this astonishing natural gift. Flash upon flash burst upon every man at the table—his own backer and the Woods and Forests were glorified in a superb vein of satirical ridicule, nor did the Scots artist and his Scot supporter escape scot free from the scoffing criticism of the pseudo-provoked flagellator. But even among the lashed and listening there was a mutinous spirit which vented itself in a style well worthy of remembrance. It was truly a day to be marked with a white stone. I shall never spend the like again, and so, I doubt not, will respond the voices of those who yet remain, and who helped to contribute to, and partake of, this memorable enjoyment. Lord Robertson still lives a prosperous gentleman, and it is only a few years ago that Robert Listonbr ought him out at aparty at Gore House, where I heard him astonish Lord Chestefield, Lord Douro, and some other Englishmen of "rank and fashion," who were not acquainted with himself or his talent, and who were perplexed for a few minutes by his returning thanks for the complimentary toast of Cornet Heavy, of the Lights, till at last the flood of humour broke in upon them, and more hearty laughter was never heard in fashionable society. The fine caustic wit and pleasantries of Mr. Lockhart are also yet in the land ; but I fear that the age of such communion, like the age of chivalry, is gone. If it has not quite departed, it has at any rate become more stinted and stingy ; the utilitarian has pushed it from its

stool, and, if it is visible at all, it is, like angel visits, few and far between.

Mr. Murray's philosophical bearing of the heavy loss in the attempt to establish the "Conservative" newspaper, amounting, I believe, to above 15,000*l.*, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer being one of the principal contributors, and Maginn, the Parisian correspondent, was quite characteristic of the man; and his connection with the "Quarterly Review" another lasting proof of his skill in the conduct of bookselling affairs, and his right and liberal understanding of what was due to the literature, as it might be said, without offence to the dignity of its professors in his pay.

If the relative positions of writers and publishers were maintained more constantly in this correct and genial spirit, it would be advantageous to all. "Authors," says Mr. D'Israeli (the father), "continue poor, and booksellers become opulent, an extraordinary result! Booksellers are not agents for authors, but the proprietors of their works; so that the perpetual revenues of literature are solely in possession of the trade. Is it then wonderful that even successful authors are indigent? They are heirs to fortunes, but, by a strange singularity, they are disinherited at their birth; for, on the publication of their works, these cease to be their own property. * * Let that natural property," adds the writer, "be secured, and a good book would be an inheritance, a leasehold or a freehold, as you choose it; it might at least last out a generation, and descend to the author's blood, were they permitted to live in their father's glory, as in all other property they do by his industry."

The conclusion does not bear upon my immediate matter, but I cannot help quoting it as another pregnant illustration of the hard fate of literature; though at present all I am

about to claim for it is usage somewhat in accordance with the pattern set by the late John Murray: since, judging by Mr. Gifford, Dr. Southey, and, in a small degree, by myself, he behaved to literary men with that respect, courtesy, and consideration, which it behoves all ranks of cultivated minds to show to scholars and men of talent and genius—

> From whose still unrequited labours flow
> Half we enjoy, and almost all we know.

That a slight dash of eccentricity, now and then, was thrown into his widely-extended circle of connections, and partook more of the humour of the moment than of his stable disposition, was only an exception to prove the exemplary value of the general rule as applied to Mr. Murray: two of whose notes to me I append to show the nature of our intercourse, even in those early days. At a later period they were far more confidential and flattering :—

"Albemarle-street, Sunday.

"DEAR SIR,

"I now send the first five sheets of the work which I mentioned. I wish you to confine your alterations to such as you deem indispensable, and to send them back to me, or at least one or two, as early to-morrow as you can. To save trouble, I will send at nine to-morrow for what your leisure may have permitted you to do. Do me the favour to let me know what will be a compensation for your own trouble. The work will extend to nearly 500 pages.

"I will send you a copy of 'King' as soon as I fix the time of its publication. Reserve your remarks upon 'Hakewell' until the publication of the next number. It

is no fault of mine if the engravings are unequal; every artist has the price he fixes, and such is their vile conduct that I have determined never to engage in any work of mere engravings again.

"'The Curiosities' is a delightful work for young persons, and has passed through many editions. I am now preparing a *seventh*. The 'Literary Character' of the same author is also very good; he has caught the true tact and feelings of authors.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"JNO. MURRAY."

"Saturday.

"DEAR SIR,

"I send you the next portion of MSS., on which I will beg you to effect your further emendations; and I send you a letter, which, when you have read, please to return, and send me portions of the MSS. at your convenience. Mr. G. [Gifford] thinks your corrections cautious and judicious. Use your best skill.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"JNO. MURRAY.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

CHAPTER III.

POETRY THE NURSE OF LOVE.

"Poetry is the music of language, expressing the music of the mind. Whenever any object takes such a hold on the mind as to make us dwell on it, and brood over it, melting the heart in love, or kindling it to a sentiment of admiration; whenever a movement of imagination or passion is impressed on the mind, by which it seeks to prolong and repeat the emotion, to bring all other objects into accord with it, and to give the same movement of harmony, retained and continuous, to the sounds that express it,—this is poetry."—CAOLY.

"Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

ONE of the ablest and most friendly critics of my first volume has complained that the second is more barren of events, and advises me to stick more of these plums into my pudding. But it is surely inconsistent to require a rapid succession of events in a literary life, and in a work which must necessarily be chiefly composed of literary reminiscences, and notices of literary productions and literary contemporaries. I am not able, were I desirous, to invent them, and take my old friend Braham's advice, as it was given on another occasion, and celebrated in epigram:—

Says Rossini to Braham, "I'll tell you von ting,
When you've lost all your teeth, Mister Brem, how to sing!"
"Tell your secret," cried Braham: "Ah mio diletto,
You must do like your master, and sing in *falsetto*!"—

which, as I cannot do, I must just hum on, in the even tenor of my way.

And my first measure will be, to make it manifest that the "Literary Gazette" was, in fact, a realisation, and not a mere symbol of Heaven upon Earth. For, if marriages are made in Heaven, it follows that the Journal in which marriages are made is in like manner heavenly; and the instance I am about to narrate will not only prove the claim of the "Gazette" to this worshipful distinction, but that it had also the elements to insure the union being adequately sung by a celestial choir or chorus. Among its fair contributors was one adorned with many captivating qualities, to speak the truth of which, her poetic compositions, though tender and graceful, were by no means the most attractive. Yet, one pretty little poem, in my 77th number, did strike the fancy of a bard—himself of no small renown, and having, through the obliging friendship of the Editor, met the sweet writer, the most favourable impression was more than confirmed. In No. 82, lines were, in consequence, anonymously addressed "To the Author of the beautiful lines, signed 'Helen,' in the 'Literary Gazette,'" —rich, manly, and fervent, as if indeed from the heart of

a silent one
Who loved her as she loved the flower,*
With passion to himself unknown;
And hover'd round her hour by hour;
And saw her but a lovely child,
Nor woke till all his soul was wild.

A few weeks elapsed after the imaginary departure for a distant land, and the "Farewell" in the production I have just quoted, when, as I may say, I was made the medium of what I might have called a bit of poetic flirtation, or, in

* The subject of her verses.

humbler phrase, "courting." Helen wrote some verses, in which Friendship was extolled at the expense of Love; but it was answered under a female signature—"Julia."

Yes, Friendship's is a sacred flame,
But yet more sacred that of Love;
Even she who libels Cupid's name,
Even she, this truth may one day prove.

But 'tis a love that few must know,
The gifted,—*chosen* few alone,—
Not passion's wild and transient glow,
Like summer lightning—seen and gone.

It is a feeling deep—sublime:
A Paradise creating here,
That blooms through chance and change of time
Like vision of a higher sphere.

It is not lighted by the eye,
It is not foster'd by the tongue—
It seeks not pomp nor brilliancy,
Nor dwells the busy crowd among.

'Tis founded on the charm of *mind*—
A charm that knows not of decay;
A charm that powerful still doth bind
Though every other fade away.

* * * * *

As shines the flame on depths of night,
More vivid than mid sunny gleams;
So perfect love still burns more bright
In sorrow's shade, than pleasure's beams.

Even to the tomb—beyond the tomb
Those lights of love their influence shed;
Illuminate the death-bed gloom,
And gild the memory of the dead.

Alas, in this instance, it must do so now! But I must on with my interesting example of poetry, purity, and elevation of sentiment, that adorned and hallowed a union which,

according to all human probability, would never have taken place but for the accident, or, let me call it the providence, of the "Literary Gazette." The poet has said that "the course of true love never did run smooth;" but both the poetry and love in the "Gazette" proved the contrary, though a temporary absence left the stream, like the Mole at Dorking, to run for a while unseen under the ground. Two remarkable poems followed. My fair friend indited some charming verse, to "The Joys of Meeting."

> Oh, I have seen the pitiless snow
> Descend, and lay the young flow'ret low;
> And yet that tender and shrinking flower
> Shall bloom again in the sunny hour.
> So have I seen some susceptible heart
> Wither'd and torn when compell'd to part.
> Cold is that heart which was warm before,
> Yet there is a smile which could peace restore,
> And when that smile shall cheer it once more,
> It shall boast the power of the sunny ray
> Which melted the chilling snow away—
> And the Mourner who droop'd in the hour of pain,
> Shall venture to lift his [her] head again!

An ingenious apocryphal dramatic scene, immediately after this, appeared as an extract from an unpublished tragedy. The interlocutors are, a certain Father Francis, and Doria, who confides to him the secret of his love. I seemed to stand somewhat in the position of the holy confessor in this case; and in that character (certainly not in my own) declaimed intensely against love, which antipathy even the following vivid portrait, by Doria, could not mollify:—

> Sir—You're stern to me—your gentle heart
> Has here been scarr'd, and lost its natural touch.
> But if there's truth in woman's whitest breast,
> In eyes of crystal tears, that on it fall,
> Like rain-drops on the bosom of the swan;

If beauty's colours, chasing o'er the cheek,
That turns away, ashamed of its own blush,
Till the red rose has left the pale one there;
If words half utter'd, smiles, dissolving swift
As sunbeams broken in a summer stream;
If sighs involuntary, trembling hand,
That shrink from my least touch as if 'twere fire;
If these and more, ten thousand little signs
Words were not made to tell, can give the beat
Of the true golden harmony of love,
The maiden loves me!

The eloquence of this passage requires no comment. A touching episode ensued, on the death of a richly-gifted friend, and by her family a proposition was made that the admired object of all our affections should proceed to join a married sister in India. This gave rise to three beautiful poems on the epigraph "When shall we three meet again?" the third part being taken by a mutual friend, and now one of our immortal children of song. These compositions appeared together in No. 123 of the "Literary Gazette;" and little could its readers surmise how much of truth and reality was couched under the apparent fiction. For it was a trying moment; but, as Lover sings, "It is always the darkest the hour before day;" and so it happened here. Under my auspices there was no voyage to India; and there were frequent meetings, without any occasion to invoke the muse like Macbeth's Witches. A livelier mood succeeded, and I find myself and my good offices almost quizzed, at last, in a playful imitation of Crabbe.

Look at yon house,*—the gravel plot before,
The scraggy tree, the crazed and paintless door,
The huge stone globe, that, lopping on the wall,
For ever threats to crush you with its fall:
Who sallies from that door, as due as eve,
Lets out her sons of beggary to thieve!†
Yet no thief he;—let me describe the man:

* My Brompton abode at the time. † A vile comparison.

The brush'd black coat, spruce gloves, the pet rattan,
The beaver new, the boots of bright japan :*
Long, languid, silent, simple,—Ah, ye fair
Look to your hearts, I only say, Beware!

The rest, an excellent continuation in the manner of Crabbe, describes my visit to the home of the writer's beloved one, the house, the parlour, the tea-table, the inmates, and the conversation ; but I will only quote the closing lines as a hint how matters were now understood—

The sofa by the window—Ah, whose eyes
Does slumber on that sofa's back surprise?
Here the faint poet drops the trembling pen—
Before such women, poets are but men!
But round the polish'd central table still
Are open eyes, in kindness meant to kill;
And sweet low voices, breathing solemn words,
The weighty news the village day affords.
What stage-coach pass'd—how many in the top,—
The last new ribbon in the last new shop ;
The last night's fright—the morning's curious dream,
From which the teller waken'd with a scream ;
Then blushing at its memory, o'er her brow
Draws the black curls, like ebony on snow ;
Then tries to chat, to net the endless purse,
Thinks of the words, "For better or for worse ;"
Feels on her eye-lash the unconscious tear,
Sighs as if heard by none, or but one ear,
Then, with her beating forehead on her hand,
Dreams all her dream again.

I need not pursue the theme much farther. I had the pleasure, when, with a changed name, to find my sweet young poetess still breathing her gentle and grateful feelings through the poetic columns of the "Gazette." "The Bride" sang (and the delighted Groom consigned to me by the hands of her mother)—

When I gaze on these green fields, and smile at the sight,
And then on the vast spreading azure above,
I feel, I acknowledge with grateful delight,
That each object gives pleasure with that whom we love.

* I cannot recognise my own picture now.

When we wander with one to all others preferr'd,
Oh, is it not sweet to attend to each call,
To watch every look, every thought, every word,
And try to return, and anticipate all?

And at a later period—

Oh, 'tis sweet to retire from the world and its wiles,
And renounce all life's idle inducements to roam;
To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,
And centre our joys in the circle at home.

If I set out with this chapter in a somewhat careless tone about marriages being made in heaven, it is a heartfelt gratification to me to reflect that the union, the singular poetic process to which I have depicted, was as blessed as if Heaven itself had ordained the incidents out of which it sprung. It was my happy office to act as her father, and give the blooming and accomplished girl at the altar to a husband every way worthy of her, and with whom for more than thirty years she lived in the enjoyment of every rational good that the world can yield; more realising the aspirations of a valued mutual friend in whose appended epithalamium my readers may recognise the warm feeling and sweet peculiar verse of Barry Cornwall.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

And shall this thy bridal day,
Friend and Poet! pass away
Like a poor and vulgar hour?
Rather let my careless pen
Turn, though yet of little power,
To its pleasant task again.

This verse to thee I consecrate,
May thy days be fair and long,
And may it be thy after fate
To stand immortalised in song,
Like that high and laurell'd man,
Who chose, like one exiled, to roam,
And found a solitary home
By the blue waves Venetian.

And may thy Helen, bridal queen,
At thy side be ever seen,
With as sweet and calm a brow,
And with eyes as bright—as now;
And—but why repeat the prayer
That the priest pronounced on thee,
And the maid that tremblingly
Bow'd her at the altar's base,
With that humble feeling, grace,
That best becomes a woman there.

The last stanza alludes to the Sister Bridesmaids, and gracefully closes—

May the day when they shall wed
Be ever after honoured
By those, round whom they bind a chain
Of flowers, that none may break again.

I had the pleasure of receiving the friends, whose happiness I had been so instrumental in procuring, at Hastings on their post-nuptial excursion to Paris,* where another estimable poetic friend, Mr. Read, the author of the "Hill of Caves," and of many beautiful pieces in the "Literary Gazette," joined the chorus just illustrated and from Versailles, thus congenially welcomed the happy pair:

Ill speed the lyre, whose chords withhold
An echo to the minstrel's joy;
Ill speed the minstrel, sordid, cold,
Who feels no touch of sympathy,
When those his heart should prize most high,
By fortune's boon are brightly starr'd,
For recreant to his fame is he
Who glows not with a brother bard.

And though my lute be rude and weak,
An idler's lute, his shame and pride,
That speaks not as the soul would speak,
It shall not slumber by my side.
Then, joy to thee and thy young bride,
And rapture endless as the ring
That join'd you, heart to heart allied,
Pure perfect, and imperishing.

* See "Lines on the Waves," in vol. ii.

Some wander in the Indian clime,
  And some the vaulting billow stem,
For dear-bought gold consume their prime,
  And *then* what is their gold to them?
Their stars to exile these condemn,
  Whilst thou hast found, without their care,
At home a purer, dearer, gem
  Than merchants win, or monarchs wear.

Two spirits left their haunts above
  To twine you wreaths—though seldom twined,
Flame-pinion'd genius, holy love—
  And crown'd you when the wreaths were twined.
Her hyacinthine braids they wind,
  With rose and myrtle waving free,
Thy brow with deathless bay they bind,
  And few on earth as blest like thee.

Yes, Heaven for once has smiled upon
  A poet's love, a poet's fame,
It might be deem'd enough for one
  To build a temple to his name,
In which his high and quenchless flame
  Shall burn when he lies breathless there,
Like that, whose never dying beam
  Illumines Mecca's sepulchre.

But more than *this*, to thee is doom'd,
  For wanting love, can glory bless?
Even Eden, till sweet woman bloom'd,
  Even Eden was a wilderness!
And she who shares thy fond caress,
  Hath brought thee more than thrones could se
Truth, talent, love, and loveliness—
  Then joy to thy young bride and thee.

I can readily anticipate that this history will find greater favour in the sight of my young, than of any of my more elderly, readers, who have forgotten sentiment in the busy scenes of life, hardly can recall to their sense that there was an absorbing passion called love, and will not consent to acknowledge poetry as its natural and most appropriate exponent. But I took so deep an interest in this matter, that the many years which have since elapsed have only

slightly effaced the impression; and, besides, the part I acted in it has ever shone as a bright halo through the darkest days of my chequered existence. The correspondence now on my table recalls to my memory the gratifying fact that but for my interference and influence, in the most delicate of human negotiations, a cloud would probably have prevented the union so replete with the happiest consequences to every being connected with its realisation. And I beg to add, for the satisfaction of my elderly readers alluded to, that although the poetry of the heart was actively waked on this occasion, the judgment of the head was not neglected; and every needful worldly arrangement was made in due and binding form, my co-trustee being a worthy old chancery lawyer.

It was by dispelling the cloud, in preventing an Indian voyage, and in adopting measures (and some of them poetical), to develope a mutual understanding of thoughts and feelings which circumstances conspired for a while to obscure, that I contributed to accomplish this most desirable object; and I look back on very few acts and events in my life which can afford me such unmitigated pleasure. Unmitigated did I say? Yes, till death loosed the tie I took such delight in my efforts to fasten, and at last threw a melancholy shade over the glow of that auspicious period. —Valé.

> Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
> Those beauteous eyes where, beaming, used to shine
> Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.

No more—

> Can she be found:
> In all the wide-sketch'd prospect's ample bound
> No more the mournful eye
> Can aught of her espy,
> But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.—Lyttelton.

CHAPTER IV.

COLERIDGE—DR. DIBDIN—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—PERIODICAL LITERATURE—ISMAEL FITZADAM, AUTHOR OF THE "HARP OF THE DESERT," "LAYS OF LAND," &c.—THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTIES OF PUBLISHING.

> By numbers here from shame or censure free,
> All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
> This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
> This, only this, provokes the snarling muse—
> This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
> Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
> But here more slow where all are slaves to gold,
> Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.
>
> JOHNSON'S *London.*

ABOUT this time I became acquainted with Mr. Coleridge, who was then residing with his stanch friend, Mr. Gillman, at Highgate; and on many occasions enjoyed the pleasure of his social conversation, I was going to say, but it must be called what it was, most eloquent outpourings, *de totidem rebus et quibusdem aliis.* I am not aware that I am yet overtaken by the foible of garrulous old age; but in my earlier years and prime I know I was accounted an excellent conversationalist, chiefly because I was an excellent listener, and also for a certain knack I had of drawing out the lions of the company. Thus by exposing, or rather immolating myself, by provoking Hook, I could always pitch him into the right key; and with Coleridge, by throwing in some

extraneous vagary, I rarely failed to divert him into other topics from any dissertation which was becoming too far prolonged or too metaphysical. Coleridge gave lectures full of glowing ideas and glorious imagery; but they did not contribute much of the *aurum palpabile;* and yet he was wonderfully enthusiastic about them. A gentleman who had heard him "discourse" a number of years before, repeated a passage which had made a strong impression, and dwelt upon his memory; and Coleridge's delight was measureless. His countenance gleamed with ecstacy, and his large grey eye filled with tears of exultation. It was curious to witness the extraordinary effect of so trifling an incident; but I have heard him relate the anecdote and repeat the passage many times as the highest compliment ever paid to him.*

At this time I also formed my earliest intimacy with the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, with whom I had a great deal of after literary intercourse, though he called me a "Dandy Reviewer" for what I wrote on his "Bibliomaniacal Tour." At first it was at the height of the Bibliomaniac time; but for many years there was much of agreeable and instructive matter to be found in communion with devotees to the famous Roxburghe Club,† and I reaped great benefit from their society. For amid the stores of ancient literature,

* See note, Appendix B.

† Among other efforts to improve the "Gazette," I endeavoured to obtain the Roxburghe Reprints for analysis and description, but the plan was not thoroughly effected. There was rather an inclination in favour of it among the members, and Mr. Freeling wrote to me about taking great care of the books, adding:—"I could not contribute beyond general co-operation. Mr. Markland, of the Temple, is one of the most erudite of our members, and a most excellent man; if we could obtain but a small portion of his attention to your object, it would be invaluable." Mr. Markland, to whom this just tribute is paid, is still honourably zealous and distinguished in the cause of literature, and national education and improvement.

mixed with a considerable portion of rubbish, and covered in by heaps of nonsense, which posterior science and intelligence have dissipated into thin air, there are nevertheless treasures of mind and gems of genius well worthy of extraction, and which all the boast of later illumination cannot surpass. Insulated, these recoveries from the past are of infinite interest; but considered consecutively, tracing from causes to effects in every branch of human knowledge, they are of inestimable value to the lover and searcher after truth. With such gravities in view, I certainly could never feel Dibdinian transports when I might rescue from oblivion a performance like that preserved by Regnault above three hundred years ago, *ex. gr.*

> Dauid was enamoured of Bersa
> bee. In the bathe whan he her se.
>
> Dauid, his lust to optayn,
> Made Vrye to be slayn.
>
> Dauid by Nathan beynge re
> p[re]ued. Peccaui sayd sore greued.
>
> Dauid promised to Bersa
> bee. Solomon to be Kyng of
> Indee.

Every "rage" has its day. People do not fall into raptures with such things now, and can hardly credit the passion for old books, which, truly, burnt so fiercely that it could not be otherwise than soon extinguished, or, at least, so far moderated as to subside into a rational and useful pursuit. Several of the associations since framed on nearly similar principles have reprinted very curious works at large individual expense; and it may also be observed that whatever of public interest can be ascribed to such bodies as the Surtees, Camden, Shakspere, Percy, Hackluyt, &c., are to

be traced to this first example. Breaking the ice is a great matter, and without claiming more for the "Literary Gazette" than I am justly entitled to attribute to its friends and contributors at all times from this, its very commencement, I may say that it broke the ice in many an important quarter, and let in fresh streams of science, arts, and literature to the national pastures. Already had it broached the subject of cruelty to animals, and advocated the measures which have since been adopted and are now humanely acted upon. In its infancy, after denouncing the sin of permitting cruelty to insects in children, and other practices which were the initiatives to barbarity and the inductions to ruthless crime, I recorded the bequest of 600*l.* by a Worcestershire gentleman, M. T. Ingram, of Tickwell (be his name honoured), who had followed the course recommended just a year before by the "Literary Gazette," and provided that an annual sermon should be preached by a clergyman in Birmingham to encourage and enforce humane treatment towards all dumb creatures. The passage which suggested this ran as follows :—"If people do these things in ignorance, it is quite time they should be set right. The relative duty we owe to God's creatures might well become a part of education ; and it would greatly credit the humanity of any individual who would bequeath a sum for an annual sermon, or sermons, on the subject of the duty of mercy, and the sin of cruelty to animals." Often in future years was the same text dilated upon, and not without grateful fruits ; and I refer to the operation of such efforts of the periodical press, not only with some self-satisfaction, but as a suggestion to the entire body of journalism, with all its powers for good or evil, how much even the humblest may effect towards the welfare of mankind by striking and harping upon the true chords of

Christian and moral obligation, which almost invariably excite the desired and desirable responses in strange quarters and virtuous bosoms previously unknown and undreamed of. If, on similar grounds and for similar reasons, I may hereafter assume a credit to the "Gazette" for taking a lead in various propositions and plans for progressive improvement, I trust it will not be ascribed to vanity; but, if it is, I can only assert that it is the vanity of truth and indubitably due to the publication; and further, that it can do no harm by showing what may be done by every Paper, of any influence, which endeavours faithfully to fulfil its proper mission.

And this statement brings me to another point, which I touch upon with diffidence; because I am afraid it may seem like setting up my own work and period as superior to others and the present time by comparison, whereas I mean to observe upon it, solely, as a general issue. The fact is, that I do not think the literary division of the press has advanced, as most other intellectual pursuits have done since those days. It does not appear to me that so much pains is bestowed; but rather, that a sort of habitual off-handedness, or carelessness, has crept in, and tries to stand for honest labour; and that, indeed, it passes, like base coin, in many directions for that sterling! In the class to which the "Gazette" led the way, there is probably on the whole more of influence, but there is neither the same concentration nor interest. Too much competition crowds and confuses the multitude of readers, and the old imperfections remain; for the necessity for haste and rapidity must always be disadvantageous; and, when coupled with the want of essential qualities and skilful combinations, can only give shams to the public, instead of productions at all worthy of favourable notice even within the temporary sphere of

their ephemeral existence. The exceptions are not very numerous; but there are talents and ability displayed in them, and occasionally in their less popular contemporaries, which might fear no juxta-position with the most celebrated of our classic Essayists, from Addison to Johnson. It is the "whole" that is unsatisfactory: furnishing so many mouthfuls and so few bellyfuls—the latter being the exceptions.

At page 236 of my preceding volume, I enumerated a batch of poets who liberally contributed their delightful effusions to enrich my columns, and most of them first "imped their wings" in the little weekly temple which they (writers and columns) supported. Among these was Ismael Fitzadam, in whose fate I afterwards took a very deep interest. His introduction to me was anonymous, as will be seen from the following note:—

"Tuesday.

"Philo-Nauticus* presents his compliments to the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' and begs leave to ask whether his last letter, stating that Fitzadam was on his way to London, and expressing a wish to introduce him, has been duly received. Fitzadam has since arrived; but, as the usual courtesy of acknowledgment to correspondents has not appeared, P. N. is naturally led to infer, either that his letter has been mislaid, or that he has perhaps carried his officiousness on behalf of depressed genius to the point of intrusion, in which latter case, however mortifying at this moment, a due sense of delicacy would compel him to spare the editor further trouble. If, however, P. N. only deceives

* Afterwards made himself known as Mr. H. Nugent Bell, whose celebrated research into the Huntingdon Peerage, made him as high an authority in genealogical cases as Sir Harris Nicolas was as his successor in practice.

himself, he will be glad to have the honour of an interview at the Editor's convenience."

Soon after was published "The Harp of the Desert," a fine and spirited poem, descriptive of the battle of Algiers, of which I quote here but a dozen lines in proof of its beauty and power. The terrible bombardment ensues, and

> Zis to his banks in terror clings,
> And Zilif of the seventy springs,
> While the roused lion, basking nigh,
> Lists—snuffs the peal,—and roars reply.

This is splendid imagery, and what follows is eloquent and grand.

> To eastward, far along the wave,
> The wild-fig green upon her grave,
> Perchance, old Carthage at the sound,
> Started from sleep of years profound—
> Rest, dust of greatness! Ages gone,
> Beneath thy narrow, nameless stone!
> From brand of foemen rest thou free,—
> Fallen, fallen, is Scipio's Rome like thee!

Twelve lines, combining Scott and Byron more remarkably together, and yet breathing so much of the author's originality, could not be quoted in the English language; but I must bring this notice to a close, and relate the brief and hapless "glory" which is the fate of too many a bard, and speedily illumined the tomb of poor Fitzadam.

I exerted myself a good deal to accomplish something that would be beneficial to the sailor poet, not inferior to the Falconer of Shipwreck fame, but without success. I had not sufficient interest at the Admiralty now, being only literary and not political, and with the patrons of literature,

as Dr. Johnson absurdly called them,* I could effect no arrangement of even hopeful promise.

Time wore slowly yet rapidly on, and was marked in its progress by the following letter :—

"10, Royal Terrace, Adelphi, Strand,
21st Nov., 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Addressing you at last *in propriâ personâ* on a subject, to which I have so often before called your attention, under the *nom de guerre*, or rather *de mer*, of *Philo-Nauticus*, I really do not well know what terms of apology to use in reference to my multiplied trespasses, or of acknowledgment, when I consider the truly liberal feeling evinced by you on the occasion. But would I not wrong that generous feeling by attempting excuses for making you a party to an act of humanity towards unfriended talent, or even thanking you for your ready co-operation? And is it not better at once to turn over to you the original cause of all, Fitzadam himself, who, Bellerophon-like perhaps, is the bearer of this. On him, therefore, let fall your 'horrible pleasure.' I have delayed for several days past in the hope of finding a leisure hour to accompany him; but my avocations and studies are so pressing on the one hand, and my impatience that he should be known to you so great on the other, that I have adopted the plan of writing with him

* The doctor's compliment must have been paid either in one of his dogmatic moods, or from a desire to conciliate the good offices of the trade for the future. It could not be from feelings of gratitude for the patronage bestowed by the booksellers upon himself: for the publishers, at that time, were nearly all vulgar turn-pennies, ignorant of the nature of the goods in which they dealt, and not half so skilful in their way as butchers, who are knowing patrons of sheep and oxen, or poulterers, who are the patrons of turkeys, geese and fowls—educated at cattle shows, and by their own gustativeness! A much superior order now prevails; though difficult enough to deal with.

for the present. I will, however, have the pleasure of seeing you shortly on the subject, as well as on that of my own book, of which I am preparing a second edition, with additional embellishments, and which perhaps you may deem not unworthy of a brief notice in due time. Mr. Fitzadam is apprised of the circumstance of our correspondence, and of your liberal exertions on his behalf, and to him I must refer you for any desired information. I am satisfied you will advise him (novice as he is in these matters) as to the best means of profiting by his published as well as his forthcoming poems. I am afraid this ill-chosen publisher (Whitmore) has been infected with his own indifference. Perhaps in other and more active hands we might help him to fight his '*battle* over again,' in a new edition, and this recommending him to the notice of the Admiralty and the public at large, succeed in rescuing him from that state of precarious dependence, so galling to the spirit, and so fatal to the efforts of genius.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"HENRY NUGENT BELL.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

I need scarcely state that my personal intercourse with the author intensely deepened the concern I felt for his future welfare. I redoubled my efforts, and at last procured the publication by Mr. Warren of his "Lays on Land" in the season of 1821. In a characteristic preface—at first playful, but soon lapsing into the language of the heart, he speaks of his venture—"His present course is far from being one of choice. In an assemblage of unconnected, occasional trifles, composed and brought together as these now offered to the public have been—the writer's acquaint-

ance with social life very limited, and his topics, therefore, arising almost solely from personal feeling and accidental impulse,—there would be a monotony and a meagreness abundantly sufficient to correct an author's prepossessions and hopes, if he had allowed himself to form any. Of this he could not easily be unconscious; and much more willingly would he have postponed the experiment, and continued, on his natural element, to drudge on in a service, to which he was attached from principle, and on the altar of whose latest triumph ['The Battle of Algiers'] he had laid an exulting and honest, but rude and unacknowledged offering ['The Harp of the Desert']. But he was literally driven on shore, and that too very much in the circumstances of a man shipwrecked on an unknown island—

> Quench'd in a boggy syrtus, neither sea
> Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares.—MILTON."

He goes on to confess, that, casting about for some provisional expedient, he seeks by this work to "contrive some sort of temporary bower under which he might haply find shelter and repose till Providence would enable him to improve his precarious condition by further discovery and acquaintance with the natives of this, to him, new world." Oh, frail and breaking reed—none but a poet could lie blind to the dark and not distant horizon.

Mr. Warren was at that time inclined to be enterprising in publishing, and did more justice to the volume than was done by the obscure publisher of its precursor. And the poems were worthy of a better fate; the sailor sung the "Soldier's Grave."

> Spared mid much storm, where few are spared,
> Nor scathless yet when all was dared,
> What battle left, the soldier bore
> Homeward, and hail'd his native shore,
> Hail'd it and wept—but could no more—

Type of his own doom, and apparently anticipated; for in sadness he wails—

> Another day is gone, the sun's i' the sea—
> Seal'd with the stern, irrevocable past,
> One life-sand more is down—and so till the last
> Melts in the mass of round eternity.
> Oh, life! Thy thriftless suns pass over me,
> As o'er the herblessland unwater'd waste,
> Smote with eternal barrenness and blast—
> The malediction of the Scripture tree
> Is on me—or if such mass make sign
> Of summer, 'tis as some forgotten grave
> Which brings forth nought of blade or blossom, save
> Rank, bitter weeds—would even such grave were mine!
> For this slow rotting of the spirit here
> Makes death itself a thing most wish'd and dear.

This sonnet has more of the outpouring of a broken spirit, than the finer polish of poetry; and the Lays, in regard to that quality, are much superior, but still all more distinguished by the matter than the manner. The mourning for others, or even for past sufferings in oneself, may (without imputing a decline of genuine sympathies) be elaborated with all the art, and touched with the tenderest strokes of composition; but the grief which preys upon the withering soul, without a ray of hope to soften the past or gild the future, is hardly susceptible of poetic refinement, though awfully "suggestive" of poetic murmurings in the unstudied, deep, low tones of nature.

Almost exactly two years after this last literary effort, in the sweet summer radiance and floral beauty of June (1823), John Macken, for such was his name, the eldest son of Mr. Macken, of Brookeborough, slept the sleep of "round eternity" in his native Ireland, whither he had retired from London with his crushed aspirations. The "Erne Packet," or "Enniskillen Chronicle," of which he was the joint editor and originator, communicated the news of his

death ; and I had to experience the sad reflection that my humble exertions to extricate him from the gripe of misfortune had been partly defeated by his honest pride and sense of independence even in the midst of the severest distress. Many of his contributions were in friendly gratitude contributed to the "Gazette ; " and to the Irish paper during the brief period he lent all the wealth of his genius in prose and verse. Ill health, the consequence of disappointment in the service he loved, and in his literary career, interfered with larger, and, perhaps, more remunerative undertakings ; for which his classical attainments and social qualities might well have fitted him—for the sailor bard * to the ingenuousness of his profession and disposition, added the pleasing manners of a gentleman and the intelligence of a cultivated mind. He was the imaginary being he sung in the "Mariner" (see "Literary Gazette," No. 190), and in the "Harp of the Desert" :—

A pilgrim of the harp was he,
With half a heart for chivalry ;
The lone, the marvellous, the wild,
Had charm'd his spirit, man and child ;

* * * *

His was indeed such wayward doom
As seldom 'gainst man's sin is hurl'd :
His horoscope was dash'd with gloom,
His cloud came with him to the world,
And clipp'd him round, and weigh'd him down,
A deep, revokeless, malison.

"L. E. L." embalmed his memory in a touching monody. After lauding the heroic—

* I had supposed him a native of Leith, but was mistaken ; and from recent inquiries, which Mr. John Barrow, of the Admiralty, has had the kindness to make for me, I believe that he served literally as a common sailor at the battle of Algiers.

Then paused I o'er some sad wild notes,
Sweet as the spring-birds' lay withal,
Telling of hopes and feelings past,
Like stars that darken'd in their fall!

* * * * *

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—
There are some who may praise thy lays;
But of all earth's dim vanities,
The very earthliest is praise.

* * * * *

And he; what was his fate, the bard,
He of the Desert harp, whose song
Flow'd freely, wildly as the wind
That bore him and his harp along?

That fate which waits the gifted one,
To pine, each finer impulse check'd;
At length to sink, and die beneath
The shade and silence of neglect.

And this the polish'd age that springs
The Phœnix from dark years gone by,
That blames and mourns the past, yet leaves
Her warrior and her bard to die.

To die in poverty and pride,
The light of hope and genius past,
Each feeling wrung, until the heart
Could bear no more, and broke at last.

Thus withering amid the wreck
Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,
What can the minstrel do, but die,
Cursing [quære, blessing] his too-beloved strings!

The infatuation and the dream is o'er, and this my tribute may be the last that is paid to the memory of one who deserved a happier destiny and a brighter fame.*

Carrington, of Dartmoor fame, was another of my esteemed contributors at this period, and of him too I

* In the Appendix C, will be found some further illustration of Fitzadam and his premature and hapless fate.

have only a tale of enduring suffering and unrepining patience to tell.

These were poets in a high sense of the name, and to me they were but types of their order—uncherished, unfortunate; I was witness to their sad destinies, to their neglect and their sinking—I lamented them as a brother would a brother's loss, and yet I am reproached for maintaining my firm opinion that the genius and literature of England do not hold their due place in the national system.

My old and still living friend, Mr. Thomas Gaspey, who commenced his literary career about 1809 as a fellow reporter with me and Mr. Henry Watts on the "Morning Post," and was now connected with the "Courier," also adorned my pages with some of both his touching and *genre* compositions in which he was so ready and felicitous: as I believe he is to the present day. Lines of his to a child, so early as 1817 ("Literary Gazette," p. 104), afford a pleasing idea of his fancy in domestic description and moral lesson; but I was now more intent upon negotiating the publication of his novel of "Calthorpe" with Mr. Murray, and procuring Mr. Gifford's opinion of its merits.

Has any body, who reads this, ever had any experience of what it is to treat with a publisher for the publication of a new work by a little known author? If they do, they may skip a page or two; if they do not, they may go with me in the present case,—one of my thousand and one tales of oral uncertainties, delays, and disappointments. On my return from the coast, a note from Mr. Gaspey says—

"* * Have you heard from Gifford or Murray? Nearly eight months have passed since the novel was sent, and I think you will agree with me that they use me very ill, if they are not now prepared to give their answer. May I

request you, (with the least possible delay consistent with your own convenience), to *insist* on their coming to a decision or returning the work. Should a few weeks be suffered to pass away, I shall again be told that the season is too far advanced."

I pressed, of course, for I was already aware what authors endure under doubtful circumstances and hopes and fears, though nothing like what I have since known; and my success may be gathered from the next epistle of my anxious friend:—

"I enclose a note for the purpose of being shown (if you think fit) to Murray. Let me press on you the expediency of *insisting* on a termination being put to the painful uncertainty of which *I* (and *you*, from sympathy,) have long had to complain."

From the next it would seem that all my urging was vain and of non-effect, for Mr. Gaspey writes me—

"I have waited with anxious impatience for the intelligence which you promised to *bring* me. It grieves me to claim your interference in my affairs, as I know your time must be pretty well occupied with your own, but as I am placed in my present awkward situation by your friendly attempt to serve me, and cannot act for myself, I know you will excuse it. *M.* and *G.*, I think, ought now to be told (if they continue to trifle) that they treat the author with cruelty, and his friend's recommendation of him with contempt, and I really feel that this is what we ought to submit to no longer. I am sick of the delay, and am the more annoyed by it as I am wearied to death by the importunities of the poor old gentleman who has an interest

in the work, and who, I believe, suspects that I do not trouble myself about the matter. Put an end, I pray you, in some way to this state of things."

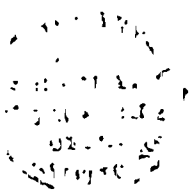
I fortunately got the manuscript back! And this is a sample of the book-trade, almost so common as to make all other courses, except immediate rejection, merely exceptions to the rule. In the ensuing year, Messrs. Longman & Co. were induced to run the risk of "Calthorpe," which turned out a moderately successful work, the successor of the "Mystery," and the precursor of the "Lollards," the "Witchfinder," and others from the same pen, which all met with a fair share of popularity, but no large share of profit to the writer's purse.

But why expect that? As it was in elder days, was then, is now, and probably ever will be, *ex necessitate rei*. The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" was bandied through the whole trade, and no one would print it; till at last a bookseller, not remarkable for his discernment, but rather noted for a speculative turn, bought the work for a trifle, and made a thousand guineas by it. How many thousands have been gained by it since? Burns' "Justice," was disposed of by its author for a very small sum, and Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," was sold on like terms. Immense incomes have been realised by the publishers on both. "The Vicar of Wakefield," that delicious novel, brought its author a few pounds; Miss Burney's "Evelina" obtained five guineas; the first is a fertile source of revenue to this day; the last cleared a very large amount within a few years. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was sadly, though not so much disproportioned; but he fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at the proud sum of two hundred guineas, and in the course of twenty-five years the publisher

made five thousand by it. "Thinks I to Myself," was rejected by all the booksellers in town; and Dickens's "Pickwick" had great difficulty in obtaining a publisher.

Nathless, the pleasure of being baffled and tossed to and fro must, somehow or other, enhance the enjoyment of literary pursuits. For the same ardour continues, the same perseverance prevails, and the same hope never dies—till the death of the aspirant, when hope and he are buried in one grave.

> A being lost alike by pain or joy!
> A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
> Inspired by labour, and by ease [not its own] undone,
> Commenced in tears and ended in a groan.—Brooms.



CHAPTER V.

CRITICISMS—HARLOW THE ARTIST—MRS. HEMANS—SOUTHEY — THE "GAZETTE" — BLACKWOOD — A STRUGGLE, AND ACCESSION OF STRENGTH.

Pure is the happiness of authorship: I glorify mine office;
Albeit lightly having sipped the cup of its lowest pleasures.
For it is to feel with a father's heart, when he yearneth on the child of his affections;
To rejoice in a man's own miniature world; gladdened by its rare arrangement.
The poem, is it not a fabric of the mind? We love what we create.
MARTIN TUPPER.

ONE of my friendly reviewers has paid me the extreme compliment of saying that my performance in the biography line well deserves to be placed on the literary shelf by the side of Boswell's Johnson, so redolent does he esteem it to be of "personal anecdote and literary gossip"—(vile phrase). This is very flattering; and I am sensible enough of the difference, to take it with a large allowance of salt; but, if I am to believe in the voluntary assurances of many letters I have received, and the tolerably concordant testimony of the contemporaries who have done me the honour to remark on my volumes, there is in the public rather a relish for, than a dislike of, the self-revelations I have deemed essential to my life-story, and the lesser traits of character in the individuals with whom I have

come into contact, and whose more prominent features have so much attracted the attention of the world as to render the slighter touches acceptable to literary readers.

Thus encouraged, I pursue my now less doubtful though devious course. The anecdote in my preceding volume of the clergyman refusing to make the register right, though he had baptised the child Peter instead of Peto, as showing the unwillingness of the clergy to amend a mistake, has brought me the following remarks from a correspondent, whose running commentary upon me has been as useful in criticism as pleasing in commendation. He observes, on the subject, that the objection to put the matter right shows that "they (the clergy) do not understand what they are doing. *They* do not give the name. The father gives it; and the parson must ask, before he can proceed, 'What is the child's name?' They do not name the child; they baptise. They merely baptise, *i.e.*, symbolically introduce into the Christian community a child already named; and did the blockheads, in blessing food, specify fish when it was fowl, that error certainly would not make the fowl fish. It is just as absurd to refuse to alter any other blunder, and I think you must see it. [I did; and it was to expose the fallacy I related the fact.]

"A country laird, the Knight of Edingight, was requested, at a grand public meeting, to return thanks, and, in his confusion, he began, 'For what we are going to receive—' But did he go on? No; in his own manner he hastily exclaimed 'Eh! Eh! G—d curse! I forgot! De'il care! Amen!' Thus you see, at once, correcting himself, in a northern laird fashion. According to your story, a clergyman, apparently, would have insisted that his grace must be abided by,—that, having blessed the meat as before dinner, they must dine again! Let us hope the laity are

more rational, and would conform themselves to what is repeated in Scotland as 'Edingight's grace!'"

Reserving a retrospect of a few matters which mingle with sequels of their own, I step into another year—the "Gazette," a little unsteady from internal causes, but strengthening itself, and prospering in public opinion. The contributions thrown into the literary novelty by volunteers of eminence in the world, and letters and essays by the rising genius of the day, were striking and effective, differing so entirely as they did from the established "Monthly Review" and Magazine system, upon which the "Weekly Journal" had impinged; and the principles on which it was edited had also considerable influence; for while it stood alone, truthful criticism, administered with gentleness, and without asperity to show off the talents of the critic, was exceedingly well received, and a good price paid for it (a shilling a number): and, indeed, it had its much-applauded reign, till cheap underselling and cantankerous bitterness made their way more in popular acceptation. It is a question with me, whether, as society is now constituted, the self-interest of a man is most promoted by being loved or feared. I do not know what it may be in other walks of life; but I seem to incline to the opinion that, in the paths of literature, more is gained, and more immediately too, by making yourself feared rather than loved. A loving article, like love itself, makes no noise; an abusive philippic is talked about and heard of in all quarters, and curiosity does the rest. Besides, there is no disguising the fact, that there is a very prevalent feeling in human nature which leads a vast number of our species to take delight in morbid excitements—capital and other punishments—perilous exhibitions, where great risks are run by performers—casual accidents, where dangers are narrowly escaped—contests where the events are some time

uncertain—all the high seasonings of life taking it out of the even tenor of its way, even to the job of a tearing or venomous literary "cutting up," have their attractions, and serve their purpose. To hold a candle to the (Printer's) Devil is a very common practice; and the Evil Principle has not only more priests, but a greater number of worshippers, than the Good!

The Persian mythology was a correct prototype of this. Ormuzd, the good principle, was not so generally worshipped as Ahriman, the evil principle. Plutarch calls them Oromasdes and Arimanes; but being in Greek makes no difference in the almost universal truth that Darkness is often preferred to Light, and that the Destroyer has more knees bent to him than the Preserver. Inferior natures are more susceptible of the ignoble than the noble passions; and to crouch and cower before a tyrant is far more common than to feel for a benefactor the gushing devotedness of ardent affection.

And, to return to the critical theme, the incompetent are frequently, for the multitude, the foremost of councillors and critics after all. Like the Ass, which decided that the Cuckoo's notes (or note) were far more brilliant than the song of the Lark—

The Ass was so intoxicated
And shallow pated,
That ever since
He's got a fancy in his skull
That he's a commission from his Prince
(Dated when the moon's at full)
To summon every soul,
Every Ass, and Ass's foal,
To try the quick and dull;
Trumpeting through the fields and streets,
Stopping and judging all he meets;
Pronouncing with the air
Of one pronouncing from the chair,
"That's a beauty"—"this is new"—
"That's passing false"—"that there is true"—
Just like the [blank] Review!

No year of a life, perhaps, passes away without producing changes of great consequence in their bearing upon the future, though the individual may be, and in most cases is, perfectly unconscious of the circumstances at the time. We fancy we can see a long way; but we are blind to less than a minute of the passing hour. The loss of my friend, George Henry Harlow, was a distressing stroke to me. He landed from his Italian tour, in which he so triumphantly sustained the claim of the British school of Arts, on the 13th of January, and within a few days of his return to London, panting for the fame and glory (re-echoing the honours lavished upon him in Rome, Florence, and Naples, &c.) which certainly awaited him, he was seized by the fatal malady which, being neglected, terminated in his death, at the age of thirty-two, on the 4th of February, 1819. I deplored his death with brotherly affections; for I knew him intimately for years, and had seen under the singular affectation of almost frivolity, with which he often cloaked his devotion to the arts and lofty aims, as if he were ashamed of exhibiting these ennobling feelings before a world of emptiness and pretence, which he despised. These assumptions were sometimes carried to a pitch of laughable absurdity, and caused the real character of the artist to be utterly mistaken. I remember his gravely assuring some consequential goose that "Shakspeare was really a clever man. Upon my word he was; really a very clever fellow;" and then laughing in his sleeve at the jest he had played off, and forgetting that he had left upon his auditors a pretty strong impression of his own folly! * I have seen the same sort of masking in other and very able

* He reminded me always of the character of Hamlet "putting an antic disposition on," whilst his soul was engrossed with the one great design of acquiring, as he told his mother, "not riches but fame and glory" by his paintings.

individuals. Indeed, it is not uncommon where there is extreme sensibility—more sensibility than strength of mind.

In the art his memory was almost incredible. His producing a posthumous portrait of Mr. Hare,* the friend of Mr. Fox, from seeing him only once casually in the street, was a remarkable instance; but I can vouch for another still more astonishing. When I was sitting to him for my portrait, he one day kept me waiting some time, and on coming in made his apology and begged I would excuse him a little longer, for he had been to the British Institution and seen a Rubens' landscape, which had enchanted him so much that he was desirous of having a memorandum of it. To make this whilst the subject was fresh upon his mind, he sat down, and, to my wonder, produced a landscape which he affirmed to be a tolerable copy of the original. I treated the matter as more of joke than earnest; but I had afterwards the opportunity to compare the two works together; and not only in every form, but in every shade of colour, the copy could not have been more faithful had the copyist spent hours and days, with the Rubens before him, upon his extraordinary production. I may add the remark, that in most of the eminent artists whom I have known, this quality of memory, more or less modified, has been conspicuous in them all; and where it is wanting, I have found the parties nearly allied to the drudge and servile school.†

At this period commenced my acquaintance with Mrs. Hemans—an acquaintance which ripened into friendship and led to a delightful literary intercourse, till the gifted

* Respecting whom, as the story goes, the bailiff was asked, "Are you Hare-hunting or Fox-hunting this morning?"

† See Appendix D. for an anecdote of Harlow's landlord and attached friend, Mr. Tompkisson, the pianoforte-maker, to whom his last letter from Italy was addressed.

poetess was taken from an admiring world. My first introduction arose out of a letter from her husband, Capt. Hemans, dated "Warwick-street, Cockspur-street, Thursday, 4th of May, 1819," in which he requested "an early notice of a volume of Poems, just published (by Mr. Murray), entitled 'Tales and Historic Scenes,' by Felicia Hemans, and likewise a collection of 'Translations from Camoens and other Poets by the same Author;'" and my review, in reply, entered into an examination of the poems, pointed out certain defects, and concluded that Mrs. Hemans was "truly and purely poetical." In her earlier productions, as appears to me, there was too much of a certain coldness and correctness, allied to the marbly classic subjects of her choice, though mixed with occasional bursts of the appalling and pathetic; and that she did not impart that tone of natural warmth and powerful expression to her poetry till after she witnessed the public effect of the first publication of L. E. L. From that date a new light and glow was spread over her canvas; the suggestion of the girlish debutante was enough to kindle and inspire her genius, and whoever will bestow the pains of comparison between her first and second styles (the third and last being more of a moral and religious nature), will find the difference I have pointed out, altogether very marked and striking, and, further, readily traceable to the source I have indicated.*

Mrs. Hemans having returned to Bronwhylfa, her native place, near St. Asaph, it was several years before I enjoyed the gratification of personally cementing that esteem which frequent and interesting correspondence had nourished; for, as will be mentioned soon, I had it in my power to render her some slight services upon which she set a far

* See Appendix E.

too grateful value, and in acknowledgment of which she enriched the "Gazette" with some of her most beautiful compositions. One topic of playful sadness was twice or thrice discussed between us, on my proposing an early affair of the heart for poetical treatment. Young, and as it turned out not happily, as she was married, I had discovered that a dear friend of mine, when a youthful soldier with little beyond his commission and hopes, had been desperately in love with the lovely Felicia Browne, not yet beyond her sixteenth summer; and it was not improbable that if he had then possessed the large fortune to which he afterwards succeeded, he would have laid himself and it at the feet of his idol, and not been spurned. This boy and girl passion, for it was no older, left nevertheless an impression which was manifested through many a year in the affectionate interest which they continued to feel for each other, though they never met again; and which sort of attachment I was too well-disposed and good-natured not to cultivate whenever opportunity offered with either for jocular rallying.

Southey contributed one piece this year—a dire and bitter diatribe upon John Southey, who (see Life and Works of the Laureate, Longmans,) disappointed the just expectation of his nearest relatives in the disposition of his wealth, and prompted the Laureate to show that a Laureate could be a good hater.—*Ecce signum.*

So thou art gone at last, old John,
And hast left all from me.
God give thee rest among the blest!
I lay no blame on thee.
Nor marvel I,—for though one blood
Through both our veins was flowing,
Full well I knew, old Man, no love
From thee to me was owing:

Thou hadst no anxious cares for me
In the winning years of infancy,
  No joy in my up-growing;
And when from the world's beaten way
I twined through rugged paths, as if astray,
  No fears where I was going.
It touched not thee, if Envy's voice
  Was busy with my name;
Nor did it make thy heart rejoice
  To hear of my fair fame.

Old Man! thou liest upon thy bier,
And none for thee will shed a tear.
They'll give thee a stately funeral,
With coach, and hearse, and plume, and pall;
But they that follow will grieve no more
Than the Mutes who pace with their staves before.
With a light heart and a cheerful face
  Will they put mourning on,
And bespeak thee a marble monument,
  And think nothing more of Old John.

An enviable death is his,
  Who, leaving none to deplore him,
Has yet a joy in his passing hour,
  Because all he loved have died before him.
The Monk, too, hath a joyful end,
And well may welcome death as a friend,
When he piously crosses his hands on his breast,
And a crucifix close to his heart is prest,
And the brethren sing round him and sing him to rest;
And tell him, as surely he thinks, that anon
Receiving his crown, he shall sit on his throne,
  And sing in the choir of the blest.

But a hopeless sorrow it strikes to the heart,
To think how men like thee depart!
Unloving and joyless was thy life,
  Unlamented was thine end—
And neither in this world, nor in the next,
  Hadst thou a single friend—
None to weep for thee on earth,
  None to greet thee in Heaven's Hall!—

Father and mother,—sister and brother,
Thy heart has been dead to them all!—
Alas! Old Man, that this should be!
One brother had raised up seed to thee;

And hadst thou in their hour of need
Cherished that dead brother's seed,
Thrown wide thy doors, and called them in,
How happy thine old age had been!

Thou wert a withered tree, around whose trunk,
Needing support, our tendrils should have clung.
Then had thy sapless boughs
With buds of hope and genial leaves been hung,
Yea, with undying wreaths, and flowers for ever young.

Inasmuch as its literary objects were concerned, the "Gazette" continued to hold its sway and improve in circulation. Many public societies and academies, for the first time in periodical publication, opened their doors to reporters, and in some cases felt that it would be beneficial to themselves to volunteer reports of their proceedings through their secretaries or other zealous members. This, so general now, was then a great step of advance in the right direction for supplying public information. The British Institution, among others, had its stores of science made known; and the lectures of Millington, Brande, and (later) Faraday were carefully analysed as they were delivered. Dr. Clement Hue, Sir W. J. Hooker, then Mr. Hooker, of Halesworth, Capel Lofft, Mr. Laird, Mr. Singer, M. Bœttiger, Capt. Blaquiere, Mr. Muloch, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Maunder, and others, swelled the rank of useful contributors; and the work was still supplied with every kind of foreign intelligence, through extensive research and able translations. The Fine Arts, for the first time in journalist history, had a space regularly assigned to them worthy of their importance; and the poetical department fully maintained its popularity. M. Buonaiuti, an elegant Italian scholar, librarian to Lord Holland, and the introducer of the dahlia into English floriculture, also deserves my honourable mention; and I have among my papers,

I trust for another page, an original and beautiful sonnet in the Italian language, presented to me by M. Buonaiuti, and written by Charles James Fox. I subjoin a characteristic literary note from my old friend and helper in Italian criticisms :—

"Tuesday Even.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am fully competent to give you every account of Forteguerri and his Ricciardetto ; I only want to know how soon you want it, that I may consult my time.

"Lord Holland has been long (fourteen days) afflicted by the gout : now he is without pain, and keeping him company at the Company's dinner-time, I will enter again on conversation about the letters.

"These letters are a correspondence between him and me on the subject of my criticism on some of his Italian verses, which he amused himself to write in the time of his recess from Parliament ; I received corrections in answer ; I approved or objected again, &c. &c.

"I do not know how far the letters are worthy to be printed ; but the poetry, certainly it is. The late Monk Lewis printed some songs, but very badly, because he did not send me the proofs, and did not attend to my advice, which he agreed.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours most truly."

My friendship with Mr. Blackwood was cemented by the interchange of constant courtesies and our relative productions—contemporaneous in their commencement, and both going on successfully. Scott, Mackenzie, Wilson, and Lockhart, other literary magnates, were enow to secure him the

support he sought; and I had the pleasure of recommending other allies to him, whose writings were no discredit to his famous magazine. Mr. P. G. Patmore and Mr. Thelwall were, as Moore's Almanack used to say, "now about," offerings for "Literary Gazette;" and Tom Moore himself, in an "Epistle" to himself in nearly six columns of my No. 137, may be consulted for curiosity's sake.

But alas! (there is always a "but") grave accidents attended the closing months of the year, and did not serve to advance the fortunes of the editor. On Saturday, June 26, Mr. Bentley's printing-office, including the house in which Johnson had resided, was destroyed by fire, so far luckily, that the impression for that day had been nearly all delivered to the publisher and newsmen before the flames broke out. But a considerable portion of my past labour (besides manuscripts, &c.), was consumed; some confusion was created; and the expense of reprinting the lost stock amounted to a comparatively heavy drawback. Messrs. Valpy, who were the first printers of the "Gazette" till Messrs. Pinnock and Maunder's connection with Mr. Bentley led to a change, kindly helped us out of our dilemma till a new printer was obtained in Mr. Pople, of Chancery-lane, who carried on the work for a considerable period.

But the forced change of printer was not so disastrous as the forced change of publishers which followed. In consequence of the speculative mania of Mr. Pinnock, and in spite of the prudence and talents of his relative and partner Maunder, their affairs became hopelessly involved. On the 6th of November, No. 146, their names disappeared from the imprint, and Mr. Colburn and I had to seek a new agent and another office as a temporary make-shift; and it was not till the January in next year that I procured my old "Sun" publisher, Mr. Scripps, to undertake this duty,

which he continued to discharge for more than a quarter of a century.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

In the perplexities of the hour, and the state of the "Literary Gazette" funds (my readers understanding that even a very flourishing literary or political periodical, with its startling expenditure, leeway to make up, and current expenses, must always be unprofitable, and requiring great sacrifices or a sufficient capital to trade upon), Mr. Colburn and myself were brought nearly to our wits' end, if we had any? A nearly three years' trial without return for his moneys expended, frightened him from farther advances; and my hard work for almost the same term without remuneration above a porter's wages, encouraged by the *statu quo*, and, sanguine as I always was, induced me earnestly to wish for an improvement, somehow or other. I wrote to Mr. C., expressing my desire to relinquish my concern with the journal, as an employment at the starvation point.* He wrote to me that "all was doubt and conjecture" in consequence of the condition of Pinnock and Maunder's account; that he thought any idea of secession incomprehensible, and liberally and honourably promised that if the state of affairs on examination offered any prospect of profits, I should reap the benefit of it. Nothing could be more fair; but to me an arrangement was of critical importance, whilst to my colleague it was only a small item in a large business-system, and of little, if any, immediate or proximate consequence. And so we corresponded, and negotiated, and postponed—I proposing to sell or to buy (for a promising concern can find allies when a poor fellow, who is its Atlas, cannot)—and Mr. Colburn unable to make up his mind either one way or other.

* Appendix F.

In this strait I resolved on laying the circumstances before one of the partners of Messrs. Longman's house, Mr. Orme, with whom I had long been in very friendly habits, and getting him to put me in a right course, if possible, and the thing were worth pushing on. The annexed letter will show the result:—

"DEAR SIR,

Mr. Orme being out of town, we have opened your letter addressed to him, which we only received late on Saturday evening, and beg to say, that the moment we are put into full possession of share, stock, &c., we will pay the remainder of the purchase money. It is also necessary to be satisfied as to profits, stock, &c., from the time our share commenced.

"With regard to Mr. Colburn, it might be as well, as he will not at once decide to sell, that you inform him that your object was to get the whole concern into your own hands, and that with this view you had purchased Maunder's share, but that, as he would not sell, you had disposed of that share to Longman & Co., which you conceived he would feel to be a great advantage to the property, and that you doubted not that all parties would make a point of improving the publication to the utmost. The management of the sale, accounts, &c., would fall to Messrs. Longman & Co.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"LONGMAN & CO."

I closed with the great house in the Row, and was put in a position to pay Pinnock and Maunder a handsome douceur for what I had given them gratuitously a year

before, to substitute Messrs. Longmans in their place as third proprietors, and (after a funny reference to arbitration, from my friend Colburn taking it into his head that he had a right to some of the advantages of the contracts his indecision had forced upon my responsibility, and in which he was floored in principle, and mulcted in all costs —they were not serious) the "Literary Gazette" was firmly established in a tripartite partnership, more solid and improvable than had ever as yet been contemplated.

And now, as I sufficiently explained pecuniary circumstances in my preceding volumes, to afford a true view of myself and my path in life, as consistent with the declared autobiographical design of this work, I shall dwell no more on these links in the chain.

I shall only say that all my literary pursuits being pleasant, there can be no wonder if I loved them; and all my worldly affairs being irksome, there can be no wonder if I hated them. I clung to the one, and I shirked the other.

The literary man is doubly worse off than the soldier. Marshal Ney said contemptuously to the Swiss General Bachman, "We fight for honour! You for money." "Yes, Marshal," replied the Swiss, "we both fight for what we have not got!"

The infatuated author has to fight for both.

CHAPTER VI.

W. GIFFORD—R. WESTLEY HALL DARE—ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE—GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND THE WYE.

> But friendship doth two souls in one comprise—
> Here in a deep recess of thought we find
> Pleasures which entertain and which exalt the mind;
> Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge rise,
> Which make us happy as they make us wise.—Roscommon.

Pursuing my labours in the "Literary Gazette," it will not be disadvantageous to my claim for industry (being, as Francis Mahony scornfully calls it when he does not quite approve of the products, "one of the industrious fleas") that I found time to write a review on the Pindarees, and prepare others of greater length for the "Quarterly Review,"—delighted with the intimacy and friendship of its editor, the well-abused William Gifford. I say nothing of the merciless politics and mohawk literary onslaught with which his opponents charged him: I speak of him as he always was to me, full of gentleness, a sagacious adviser, and instructive upon so comprehensive a scale that I never met his superior among the men of the age most renowned for vast information, and captivating powers in communicating it. To him I must return hereafter.

Another politico-literary labour of love was undertaken to promote the cause of a friend whom I dearly prized, and

with whom for many a year I enjoyed that choice happiness which results from cordial sympathies and esteem. I allude to the late Robert Westley Hall Dare; who appeared, to my partial but discerning eyes, to be rusting away a life which might be serviceable to his country, in the too-secluded repose of a private gentleman. I had measured his talents, and I urged him to seek a seat in the legislature, in order to rouse him from inactivity and excite his energies in a sphere of action worthy of himself. I succeeded in attaining a sort of passive acquiescence; and then set myself to work, in earnest, to prepare his way as a candidate for the county of Essex. With this view, I wrote a series of letters (December, 1819, and January, 1820), under the signature of "An Essex Freeholder," in the "Essex Herald," published by Messrs. Meggy and Chalk, at Chelmsford, and widely circulated in the home and several adjacent counties. These were then republished in a pamphlet, which my friend Mr. Freeling, when presented with it, as in duty bound, pronounced to be "admirable;" but be that as it might, the desired effect was produced, and the county began to look to Mr. Dare as one of its members. But certain private, as well as public considerations, touching Mr. (afterwards Lord) Western and Mr. Tower, determined him against an immediate canvas, and his patriotic aspirations were satisfied with the popular influence imparted to the politics he "supported for the honour, the safety, and the happiness of the country," without caring to endanger the cause by embarking in the contest. Such was the tenor of the first letter I received from him after my pamphleteering adventure; and it showed how deserving he was of the honour he, for the moment, so liberally surrendered. When the proper time came, he stood, and was elected with every

tribute due to his estimable qualities as a country gentleman, and his honest independence as a politician. That I partook of the triumph may readily be supposed; and in many ways it ministered to my heartfelt gratification in succeeding years. I cannot forbear from recalling these pleasant memories, as a farther proof that a ready pen and even a limited literary repute procure, at least, some compensations, unattainable by other pursuits, for the evils inseparable from the profession of letters.

My friend was pricked as High Sheriff of the county, and, on preparing to fill the office, wrote to me:—

"My dear Friend,

"As the time is fast approaching for the assizes, I do myself the pleasure of addressing you to express a hope that you still continue in the mind to be present at them.

* * * *

My plans are these—to send the coach and horses to Chelmsford on Saturday, and to post down on Sunday morning, accompanied by my *little* chaplain, Mr. L———, and my brother-in-law, with whom I shall have great pleasure in making you acquainted. The judges are to arrive at Chelmsford on Sunday afternoon, about half-past five or six o'clock, to go to church the following morning, and afterwards proceed to business. The Black Boy Inn will be my head quarters, and I hope to see you there on Sunday. I should think you would find no difficulty in procuring a conveyance, although it would be as well to look out in time, as a good many people will be coming down about the same time. * * *

"Yours faithfully,

"R. W. HALL."

To be present at an assize, and be able to examine the administration of the criminal law under the auspices of a high sheriff, was a very desirable thing for an inquisitive public writer (to whom every new source for acquiring information is of importance); and with my strong regard for the individual, and prospect of other enjoyments, the occasion altogether promised *me* a most interesting holiday, and that promise was more than realised. The gentleman alluded to in the note was Mr. Thomas King, with whom I had opportunities of investigating the inmost penetralia of the system of criminal jurisprudence as then administered; and I am bound to state that the impression on my mind was little short of horrible. This is, however, no place for an account of our inquiries, having access to every quarter, nor for an essay on legal or jurisprudential defects, even though they are as yet only partially remedied. Suffice it to say, that we found acquittals and convictions, discharges and executions, little better than a lottery, and were shocked by the reckless and apathetic conduct of the prisoners who were subjected to this ordeal, and which must have been produced on the doctrine of chances whereby they were permitted to live or doomed to die.

Some of the cases were very distressing, and the results so different from what Mr. King and I anticipated, from our previous minute examinations in the gaol, that we were as much afflicted as astonished. The prisoners had mock trials among themselves, and but too truly cast some for death, whilst they transported and imprisoned others with a strange sort of prophetic accuracy. But I have not yet displayed my flattering passports to this, to me, most attractive scene. They follow:—

"Wycfield, Aug. 1st.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It appears to me an age (as indeed it really is one) since we last met. I have had the intention twenty times, and the inclination as many times more, to pop in upon you at Brompton since my return from the north: but although I have frequently been in town, I have never succeeded in getting beyond the turnpike at Hyde Park, and I am now in despair of being able to do so prior to our assizes, which, as the public prints may have informed you, are fixed for the 6th inst. How do you feel disposed respecting them? This, by-the-bye, is hardly a fair mode of putting the question, I should rather have said, will your engagements admit of your being with me at that time? If you answer in the affirmative, and you are not afraid of the fœtid air of a crowded court in August, come and receive the cordial welcome of yours very sincerely,

"ROBT. WESTLEY HALL."

"Wycfield, Saturday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I rejoice to find that I am to have your company during the ensuing week. I wish I could ask you to join me here and be my *compagnon de voyage* on Monday, but I am sorry to say that I shall not have a seat to offer you in the carriage. The judges are to make their appearance at Chelmsford on Monday, at two o'clock, and, consequently, I must leave home early on that day, to be in readiness to receive them. We shall dine at six, long before which time I hope to see you at my old quarters.

"Yours truly,

"R. W. HALL."

During the week to which I was thus invited, I made the acquaintance of several Essex gentry, whose mansions and estates were afterwards my healthful resorts for hospitable recreation and sports of the field. With Squire Western I sat up for nights, till almost day-break, disputing on politics and corn-laws, and I witnessed the black list of the convictions brought in to the judge (Baron Richards) and, shuddering with terror saw him affix the fatal mark to two names, left for the law to take its course upon their unhappy owners. One was about the finest specimen of an English peasant that could be imaged by a romance writer. Had there been a murderer to hang his life would have been saved ; but as it was, his was the most heinous crime in the catalogue, and one that had become prevalent, and so, poor fellow, for giving drugs to a wretched female to prevent their mutual disgrace, he was condemned and executed.

A Welshman had a narrow escape for horse-stealing, in consequence of his not comprehending a word of the English in which the witnesses swore against him. The discovery was made in the nick of time, and, in consequence of the reaction, Taffy got off, whether he stole the horse or not.

Another case interested me, and caused some amusement. A prisoner was tried for stealing a tent from a gentleman's grounds, and was traced dragging it along the lawn in the dewy morning and across a stream. I was sitting at the end of the bench, and recognised in the culprit the son of a respectable woman who lived near me in Brompton, and had a fruit and flower garden which my family used to patronise. My crony, Curwood, was in the court below, and I handed him a note, telling him the circumstance and asking him to do what he could for the accused, who had no counsel. The case was, however, clearly proven, and

the abstraction of the tent, and a pail along with it, brought home to my luckless client. I thought it was all over, and that Curwood "had not a bone to throw at a dog," when he got up and read the indictment, which ran for stealing so many yards of Russia duck, made &c., upon which he took a legal objection, that if they were to go to the origin, or component articles, of the thing stolen they had no right to describe it by a middle term, and that if the prisoner was not charged with stealing a tent they had no right to accuse him of stealing duck, and might as legally have specified the thread of which it was woven, the hemp which grew it, or the seed from which it sprung. It may be guessed that this ingenious argument was enough to perplex an Essex jury, and the prisoner was acquitted. The prosecutor hinted something about proceeding on the pail, but Curwood cleverly feigned utter astonishment at the idea, and appealed to the most intelligent jury if, after having acquitted the unfortunate man of the serious offence with which he had been charged, they would enter into such a paltry matter as a valueless pail. The jurors with one voice ignored such barbarity, and my *protégé* left the dock a free and astonished piece of honesty. Sorry am I to add, that, on my return home, and relating to his mother the service I had rendered her offspring, she expressed her extreme regret at my interference, as she thought she would be well quit of her torment at Botany Bay; and, fortunately for her, he was tried for another felony at the very next Old Bailey sessions, and transported!

The busy week over, I returned home with the sheriff in his gay equipage; and now I persuaded him to think seriously of the county representation.

With one note more I shall close this episode, relating to a portion of my happy intercourse with as upright and

noble-minded a man as ever lived; one who contributed to thousands of my pleasures: for his estates (so close to London, too!) were mine for shooting, fishing, or recreating, whenever I chose to send the necessary orders; and to his mansion I was ever welcome when I could spare time for that social delight.

Alas, there is a heavy sadness in out-living our friends. We become, as it were, babies again, and leave the world as we entered it—alone.

The retrospect of my anxious efforts to excite Dare to the "sticking-place" is painfully depressing; and the more so, perhaps, on account of its being attended by many entertaining circumstances.

"Cranbrooke, Saturday.

"MY DEAR JERDAN,

"I had hoped to have seen you this week, but, being disappointed in that expectation, I write to say that I shall be at home after Wednesday next, and shall be very happy to see you on Thursday to dinner, at *half-past four o'clock*; but if you can come earlier in the day, *tant mieux*. I am to have a party of farmers on that and the three successive days; and your assistance would be everything to me, to get through the undertaking.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. W. HALL DARE."

We had nearly a week of dinners to the farmers electors for the county; and, with few exceptions, it is hardly possible to conceive, so near London, and so short a while ago, such an unsophisticated and uncouth set of guests. Their bewilderment with the dishes and wines—their ludicrous mistakes and blunders—their being upon their best manners—and, indeed, the whole "treating" would have

afforded the merriest of volumes to the foremost of comic writers.

I thought to have finished this chapter with the preceding note; but my trip to Chelmsford led to another excursion, so dear to my memory that I must indicate it as one of the felicitous incidents of my varied life. The annexed letter is from Mr. Thomas King, previously referred to.

"Hay Hill, 8th Aug., 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter of the 4th reached me last evening; and I lose no time in assuring you that it will afford me sincere satisfaction to see you here at the time you propose leaving town.

"The plan which I should recommend you to pursue is, to put yourself in the Cheltenham day coach, which passes by or near to your street. You will arrive at the end of your journey about seven o'clock in the afternoon. Having dined on the road, you would be inclined, perhaps, to walk about before dark and view the town, and, the following morning, early, finish seeing the walks, &c., there; and, by the ten o'clock coach, from the Plough Inn (where your coach will set you down), come on, and join me in Gloucester, where I will make a point of meeting you. [And I was taken, among other lions, to see the far-famed Jemmy Wood in his dark shop-den.] We could then see all the lions of that city, get our mutton-chop early, and come on here in the afternoon Newnham coach, which leaves Gloucester in sufficient time to give you an opportunity of seeing the beautiful country between it and this place. We will not *fix* any day for going down the Wye, as that must depend on the weather; but we will take the first fine days for it. Our intention is to go from Ross to Monmouth one day, see all

that is remarkable; and, the second day, go down to Chepstowe, after viewing Tintern Abbey on our way, and not limiting ourselves to time at all. For the other days, we hope to find you good amusement in our neighbourhood.

"In determining on your day for leaving town, you will, of course, be regulated entirely by your own convenience. We shall be ready to receive you at any period between this and the end of the first week in September (when we intend going to the sea-side), which suits you best. I regret that it is not in my power to give you much encouragement in the sporting way, as, in the first place, we have very few birds, and, in the next, our harvest will be late this year. The wheat will only be in part cut by the end of this month, and the barley and beans will not be ripe until considerably later. Therefore birds, hares, and rabbits will escape into the standing corn. However, I will promise you that the keeper shall do all in his power to show you something. I mention this because I do not wish you to be disappointed in any way, and under the impression that you might have an opportunity of seeing *good* sport elsewhere in September, and therefore wish to join us earlier. As I before said, you have only to form your own plans, and we are at your service at any time.

"I again remind you that you will only receive from us a plain welcome; but it shall be a very hearty one; and I will do all in my power to render your stay with us as agreeable and interesting to you, as it will be highly satisfactory to ourselves.

"My dear sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOS. H. KING."

My stay at Hay Hill, with its magnificent prospect, and

our tour, with his wife and daughter, down the Wye, including two days of incessant rain at Monmouth, were enjoyed to the utmost.

At Monmouth, in an old ruined chapel, I discovered, under one of the seats still left, as spirited and Mephistopheles-like a carving of the arch-fiend as ever I saw, and, unluckily, bid a sovereign for it to the beadle who showed the place. If I had given him a shilling, or even half-a-crown for it, I should have had it; but the largeness of the bribe was the d—l to pay. It alarmed the Cerberus, and, whilst sitting after dinner, under the sign of Henry of Monmouth, the landlord walked in with the following message to me:—"The beadle presented his respects to the old gentleman in the spectacles, and is sorry that he durst not let him have the old gentleman he wanted to buy!"

The knowledge of the fine arts in this part of the island was laughably shown one day, when riding out with Miss King. We were driven, by a sudden storm, to take shelter in the mansion of a Welch squire. I was struck by a fine miniature over the chimney-piece, and was admiring it much, when the owner observed he was glad to see me so well pleased with it; "for," said he, "you know, of course, whose portrait it is." I pretended ignorance; and then he informed me that it was a faithful likeness of the Man of Ross. The Man of Ross was, no doubt, the hero of that neighbourhood; but the portrait, with its costume exquisitely finished, was a Petitôt of Prince Rupert!!

For years I was indulged with the privilege of shooting at Hay Hill, when I could go so far, and always over Mr. Dare's estates in Essex, near Ilford, Theydon-bois, Rainham, et cetera; and, to a laborious writer, such relaxations were inestimable, conducing alike to invigorate the body and restore the mind.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "GAZETTE" — NEW CONTRIBUTORS — MR. PYNE, WINE AND WALNUTS—DR. MAGINN.

The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses while I live—
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave:
Let me alive my pleasures have—
All are Stoics in the grave.—COWLEY.

REVERTING more strictly to public progress and literary history, the alliance of the house of Longman & Co. with the "Gazette," gave it a new and effective stimulus. Instead of changes, and accidents, and fires, and irregular accounts, there were steady advancing, prompt publication, and regularity in every department, the good effects of which were soon felt, internally and externally.

The accession of literary co-operation became, at the same time, more copious and valuable. My old supporters stuck to their kind assistance, and new contributors of no slight powers joined the standard which faithfully floated over an array whose declared object was to diffuse a taste

for literature; to promote, with letters, the dearest interests of society; to encourage all the beneficent arts of peace and civilisation; to propagate a knowledge of science; and to spread over the mass of mankind, a love for those pursuits which refine and ennoble, and bless humanity. In aid of such a purpose, I was now joined by the author of "Wine and Walnuts," Dr. Maginn, L. E. L., A. A. Watts, the Abbe M'Quin, Mr. Crowe, Theodore Hook, and other correspondents, who began at this period, some of them, with their first essays in print, and continued through a course of sequent years to be occasional or constant contributors to the "Gazette." Of such, especially of those who afterwards achieved distinction and fame, it is my duty to speak—a duty saddened by many a tearful recollection.

"Wine and Walnuts" succeeded "The Hermit in London," and speedily attained still greater popularity. Its fidelity in regard to facts and characters, and its delectable ornamentation by the varied talent of Mr. Pyne, a charming artist,* and companion almost unrivalled for stores of anecdote and curious felicity of remark, were quickly appreciated, and did much towards raising the journal. A short letter, therefore, in which he sketched the outline of his plan, may still be worthy of literary preservation :—

"Thursday.

"My dear Sir,

"If I had known that you were *most* pleased with that style of gossiping which you speak so kindly of, I would have confined myself to the course you recommend;

* His splendid work on the Royal Residences, mentioned in volume ii., is an elaborate example; but his facile pencil so ready and true in seizing every quaint and characteristic form or feature, as illustrated in his Microcosm of London, and other productions which gave celebrity to Ackerman's Repository, were still more captivating proofs of his genius in

but I fancied greater variety might appear by what I intended, namely, to excite in the readers a little of the antiquarian feeling, which would give a greater relish to the dessert. Now, agreeable to this plan, I had arranged my walk as follows:—

"To take a slight peep in St. Margaret's Church, and pass on to Old St. Martin's Church, of which little is known. To have given some quaint epitaphs—introduced with chit-chat about costume, with *an attempt* at some original remarks—*pointed* ones. I had addressed it to the inhabitants of that extensive parish, telling them what distinguished predecessor parishioners they had, as many of the painters of Charles I. and II. were buried there. Then to have proceeded to Covent Garden in the same gossiping style,—another church for the interment of painters. *Promising* that after showing what geniuses and oddities have lived in these neighbourhoods—what caused the change of manners, &c. &c., and then introduce Old Slaughters, and Hogarth's club there. The old academy there (St. Martin's Lane). The establishment of King Charles I. Academy at the house, late the Royal Hotel Covent Garden. Tom King's, Button's, Will's, and other coffee-houses in the same parish. And all the taverns, hotels, and smoking shops, right on through the city. In short, I wished to give a sketch of the manners from Charles I. to the age of Pope and Arbuthnot, and all such worthies, giving the readers notice of the reason for the apparent digression. I think the St. Margaret's, and St. Martin's, and Covent Garden would be new. There will be no lack of gossiping

the arts. It was delightful to lounge out with him on a summer day, imbibe his conversation, and watch the execution of a dozen humorous and most faithful sketches, of beggars, brewers, milkmaids, children at play, animals, odd-looking trees, or gates, or buildings—in short, of all curious or picturesque objects and everything else.

as we go on. I have got a very faithful history of Exeter Change, and a budget of conversations about the Old Society of Painters, and the founding of the Royal Academy.

"This, in great haste, from

"Yours most truly,

"W. H. PYNE."

As the publication went on from the end of September to the beginning of December, and attracted much notice, and many inquiries and questions about facts and dates, the writer found that, besides being entertaining, he must be biographically and historically correct; and that it would not do to embellish fictions as if they were archæological truths. A great deal more minute research than could be believed for so playful a design, was consequently required; and I can assure all future readers of "Wine and Walnuts," that they may depend as much on the accuracy of its data as if it were the most serious Dry-as-dust composition that ever antiquary published. Pyne thus unfolds the dilemma:—

"My dear Jerdan.

"The inventing of the scenes for 'Wine and Walnuts,' in its present stage, is a business of greater difficulty than I had calculated upon. I have to guard against anachronisms—to support consistency in the characters, and to account for my history by the agency of an older fellow than myself. To manage these matters, touching the distance of their days, is the most difficult part of the scheme. In order, therefore, to reconcile Old Zachery's apparent inconsistency of rank, and to make him square with the coteries of learned men, I was obliged to give the Starch

Family. I grant that in the limits of your work there is little room for prosing, and, of course, the pith of the chit-chat makes the proper subjects. When I come *within memory*, I can drive on with greater speed, having abundance of material.

"When I send the four subjects promised, I shall beg to know what your coadjutors will afford to give for the work, as I presume those with what are already printed will be sufficient specimens. I do not wish to press the subject upon them, for if it meets not their approval from what will be offered, I will give it to Mr. Ackermann to try what may be made of it in numbers, with characteristic prints in the manner of Dr. Syntax." * *

With regard to the latter and business part, it affords me pleasure to add that there was no ground for dissatisfaction left with any of the parties concerned. I had given twenty pounds in November, and now a weekly solatium was arranged to the extent of the author's own suggestion; and when the papers were finally collected and published in two volumes octavo, at fourteen shillings, the sale was so considerable as to put above two hundred pounds (I think) in his purse. But, in the interim, poor Pyne was suffering under the too common pressure of the tribe whose badge he wore; and it ultimately produced a crisis in his affairs which no effort of his or mine could avert or remedy. He projected several other series of contributions, but none of them came to fruit; though the subjects were promising and his skill and intelligence sufficient to guarantee their successful treatment. Among others, "The Rise and Progress of the Art of Painting in Water Colours, with Notices of all the Ingenious Artists who have contributed to raise it to its present state of excellence;" than which I could hardly imagine any history

of the British school more likely to have reached extensive popularity. But growing embarrassments spoil many an enterprise of great pith and moment; and so it happened, I am sure much to the public loss, not only in this case, but in others which filled his fertile mind, and were condemned to be still-born Minervas that never leapt from his brain to light.

Of Maginn, the precocious, the prolific, the humorous, the eccentric, the erratic, the versatile, the learned, the wonderfully endowed, the Irish,—how shall I attempt to convey any idea? There is hardly any species of literature in which he has not left examples as masterly as any in the language. Romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar—pre-eminent in all and in the last all but universal—the efflux of his genius was inexhaustible; and were even the approach to a considerable collection of his productions accomplished, I am convinced that the world would be more than ever astonished by the originality, learning, fancy, wit, and beauty with which he illuminated the widest circle of periodical literature. For he was at all, and wrote everywhere. He jested, and he mystified, and he laughed. He played with pebble-stones and nuggets of gold; pelting with the one, and hitting hard with the other. A sprite or a gladiator as the maggot took—a warm-hearted Irishman, though a fearful literary antagonist, his career was devious, zigzag, corruscating, here, there, and everywhere, flashing with the electric force agreeable to his nature, or working with the regulated toil which graver occasions demanded from his vigorous intellect. In society or with friends he was the most simple and unaffected of men; and yet

> Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,
> Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
> Extulit os sacrum Cælo, tenebrasque resolvit.

In any galaxy he was, indeed, a star of the first magnitude and greatest brilliancy.

Maginn was born in Cork, in 1794, and began his literary career on this side of the Channel in the "Literary Gazette" soon after it started, and at a time when, I believe, he took a share in the management of his father's academy. A little before the date of his communicating with Blackwood he first tried his anonymous experiment on me, and under the name of Crossman, No. 8, Marlborough-street, Cork, surprised and delighted me more than I can express. I can well remember with what pleasure I was wont to receive his large folio sheet, covered closely all over with manuscript, and supplying me with rich and sparkling matter, to adorn and enliven, at least, two or three successive numbers of the "Miscellaneous Sheet." There was always a perfect shower of varieties; poetry, feeling or burlesque; classic paraphrases, anecdotes, illustrations of famous ancient authors (displaying a vast acquaintance with, and fine appreciation of, them,) and, in short, Mr. Crossman's proper hand on the address of a letter, and the post-mark "Cork" were about the most welcome sight that could meet my editorial eye and relieve my editorial anxieties. In publishing he adopted all kinds of signatures, and never could be traced by them; and till he chose to throw off the veil of mystery, and treat you confidentially, it was as impossible to know "where to have him," as it was to have Mrs. Quickly! In later days he was often funning—I can find no other word to express it—in "Blackwood" and the "Gazette" at the same time, and getting up such strange equivoques as were no less puzzling than amusing. He was the master of Punch, pulled the strings as he listed, and made the puppets dance, squeak, and fight for the sheer entertainment of the gaping crowd.

Of such an individual the subjoined particulars, indicative of his feelings and explaining his condition at the commencement of his singular and lamentable literary career, will be read with interest. The first (though not the first in order of dates) is a note which shows his wish, whilst yet a mere youth, to study a language rarely thought of in our country.

"Ap. 18; 8, Marlborough Street, Cork.

"DEAR SIR,

"I intended to have filled this sheet for you, but as I want to make a request of you, I send it unfilled. You will oblige me by sending a 'Literary Gazette' every week, until July, to 'John Maginn, Esq., A.B., 6, Trinity College, Dublin,' for which I shall settle with you when I see you, which will probably be this summer.

"If it be not intruding on you too much I should request you to write me word where I could find any Swedish books, or where I could get any information concerning the literature of Sweden. I have no literary acquaintances in London, else I should not trouble you. I take it for granted that there are people to whom you have access, who could supply you with information.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"W. MAGINN."

An extract from the next is a sample of the mystifying humour to which I have alluded :—

"You have quite misunderstood the meaning of my expression, 'writing in the dark.' I intended to say by that phrase, that I did not know what would be acceptable, and consequently was very often wasting my time and

yours in sending you what would be of no use. As I really like your journal very much, I shall send you the trifles as usual.

"There was no need of sending your name. Who could have told you that my name is different from my signature I know not, but I am acquainted with some wags [truly!] who I am pretty sure will make use of that signature sometime or other to impose on you.

"I send you two songs by a young lady [!]: if worth anything, print them.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"P. P. CROSSMAN."

The denouement of the mysterious veiling is a memorable key to the real character of the writer, who was, to the end, diffident and unassuming, as one unconscious of his extraordinary endowments.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Tatam came home by so circuitous a route that your letter of the 17th ult. did not reach me until yesterday.

"As he has told you who I am, I suppose he has also informed you of the nature of my avocations, in which case you will not, I think, feel much astonished at the irregular and interrupted nature of my correspondence with you. In fact, I am so completely occupied that I have scarcely time to do anything beside my business. I shall, however, send you a trifle occasionally.

"I affected the mysterious, as you call it, on no other account but that I felt that what I sent was so very trivial, I was unwilling to put a grave-looking signature to my

communications. As, however, you have dealt so very frankly with me, and as you desire it, I shall conclude by assuring you, in my real name, that

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"WILLIAM MAGINN."

"You need not make any alteration in the direction of the Gazette."

When Maginn paid his first visit to London he had his letters addressed under cover to me, and I had the great pleasure of beginning a friendship with him, which never varied, on personally delivering them to him at the Angel Hotel, Saint Clements, where he had been deposited by the Bath coach.

I beg to introduce two other letters here, though of later date; and simply to afford a few additional traits of the portrait, recalled to my memory by the slightest touches.

"PRIVATE.

"Friday morning, Somerset Hotel, 162, Strand.

"DEAR JERDAN,

"I have a request to make, which I confess at once is hardly a fair one, but throw myself on your good-nature.

"Hood, in the 'Literary Gazette,' is poaching sadly on a preserve of mine. I take it for granted it is he who wrote the very clever verses on Carving. Now it so happens that I wrote for the 'N[ew] Times,' more than two years ago, some hundred and fifty lines on the same subject, and if you will take the trouble of looking over the file (which is to be

sure a most unreasonable request) you will find that Hood has, unconsciously I suppose, gone very close to what I have written.

"And what consequence, you will say, is this? Not much; but that, at Murray's request, I have just finished the poem. I have run it to twelve hundred lines, and he wishes to publish it as a 'nice little book.' Having in me not the slightest literary ambition, I do not care if all the critics in England say that this poem of mine is abominable, or pronounce me a base follower of Hood, but I do care about the coin of the realm, and if Hood goes on, it may be some 50*l.* or more out of my pocket. I scarcely know him; but as all clever fellows ought to be good fellows, I hope you will prevail on him to turn his pen to some other subject for three weeks. After that time he may go on, and I am perfectly content to play second fiddle.

"I feel I am depriving your Gazette of a great attraction, but I have honestly told you the reason. I consider myself some dozen columns of squib-work in your debt if you accede to my request.

"I am,

"Dear Jerdan,

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM MAGINN."*

"DEAR JERDAN,

"A bevy of fair ladies are about to visit Windsor on Saturday. I believe there is some difficulty of getting to see the penetralia of that Keep, and I believe also that you have a voice potential to remove it.

* Hood was not the writer of the lines in the "Gazette," but another living and admired humourist, who has often and largely contributed to its most scientific intelligence as well as its liveliest sallies.

"If you can assist me in this matter you will much oblige,

"Dear Jerdan,

"Faithfully yours,

"W. MAGINN."

In 1820 or 1821, Maginn paid Blackwood a whimsical visit in Edinburgh, having corresponded with him in the same mystical manner as with me, and having even received and indorsed bankers' bills in his anonymous name; and having had an interview with him, as satisfactory as it was comical, continued to write regularly for the magazine till 1830, when, in consequence of some misunderstanding, he formed a connection with Fraser in London. Afterwards he returned to Blackwood,* but his course had become more and more promiscuous and discursive. The "John Bull," the "Age," the "True Sun," and almost every annual or serial published, got access to his able pen, and the "Standard" was, for a long while, a regular and good standard provision for the passing day. He had given up school-keeping, and married an excellent wife in 1823; from which period his entire dependence was upon his literary

* How he used to puzzle us all, may be surmised from the following note I received from Blackwood (I think) in 1824:—

"Sanders' Hotel, 162, Strand, Saturday Noon.

"DEAR SIR,

"If you have heard anything of Dr. Maginn, of Cork, I would be much obliged to you if you would favour me with a note by the twopenny post. I am very anxious to see him, and I expected he would have been calling for me either here or at Mr. Cadell's, as he wrote me he was to be in town by the 27th at the latest.

"I shall be in town for some days, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you very soon.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"W. BLACKWOOD."

productions. I am sorry to add that his habits got into a train as irregular as his means; and singing

> Life's like the sea in constant motion;
> Sometimes high, and sometimes low—

he shaped his way in unison with the uncertainties of his profession. The law got him into its clutches, and in spite of all sacrifices, frequent incarceration in spunging-house and gaol was the inevitable consequence. Though he bled at every pore, there was still blood enough left for a farther drain, when it could be squeezed out of him by legal pressure. But Maginn could always run when he was not quite competent to walk steadily ; * and after the race, not only were the outpourings of his fancy copious and delightful, but what was more extraordinary, the graver opinions of his judgment were wonderfully clear and precise.

His strange romance of "Whitehall," is a singular example of wild genius ; and his frequent sport in this way, besides being the prince of parodists, consisted in his inventing originals, that is to say, writing and quoting old poets, and Greek or Latin authors, and then translating them to prove that Moore or anybody else had been guilty of gross plagiarism. Assuredly more direct and decisive evidence could not be produced ! One of his biographers has stated that he wrote a number of things in "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book ;" but this is a mistake; he never wrote an anonymous line in that popular publication. Of his much-prized contributions to me, and which he continued occasionally to supply to the last, in 1842, when

* It was a droll custom with him on social occasions, when affected by wine—and his constitution could not bear much—the moment he got to the door, to start off like a hunted hare, and be seen no more. He then got at full speed to his work, and wrote his best; as he also did when in the clutches of law.

he died,* the annexed short specimens will furnish some idea; but his reviews and other sparkling varieties are incapable of being exemplified:—

TO HELEN R.

Within the shade of yonder grove,
Fair Helen rear'd her woodbine bow'r,
And fondly hoped unscared by love
Would flit away each tranquil hour;
Her moments flew unchased by care,
And calm she dwelt in peace and pleasure,
While still that love could not stray there,
Was Helen's bosom's cherish'd treasure.

One day the God, within the wood,
Had roved, with nature's sweets enchanted,
To where fair Helen's bower stood,
By fancy sketch'd, and beauty planted.
He gazed entranced, as light the latch
He slily raised to beg admission,
Waited her dark blue glance to catch,
Then lowly proffer'd his petition.

"A feeble boy, alas! am I,
No parents' tender care is thine,
I've miss'd the wood-path here hard by,
I've lost my home, and stray'd to thine;
I'm weary, too, think on my lot,
Without thine aid, alas! I'll perish;
Then, oh! receive me in thy cot,
And a forlorn poor baby cherish."

She heard his pray'r, she wept, she smiled,
Then kindly bade the boy good morrow:
And, oh! the urchin soon beguiled
The heart that strove to soothe his sorrow.

* On his death-bed, Sir Robert Peel sent a donation, which arrived just in time to pay his burial fees! As in the case of Haydon; is it not lamentable to think that in this great and opulent country, the succours intended by the dispensers of Government "patronage" for the unfortunate sons of genius, should be so often and so long delayed, that, if given at all, they literally supply a stone where they ought to have furnished bread. The last gasp of the fearful struggle may indeed be happily over, rather than be embittered by the communication of a useless relief, which

While, simple maid! too late she found,
Go where she may, there love would wander;
And not a spot, tho' fairy ground,
Could keep her soul and his asunder.
C. O. C[ROSSMAN!]

I have chosen the following more on account of their lively character than aught else :—

ADDRESS OF G. H.

TO THE LAST LAMP OF GRAFTON'S ALLEY IN THE CITY OF CORK.

The last lamp of the alley
Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
Are shiver'd and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To vanish in smoke;
As the bright ones are shatter'd
Thou, too, shalt be broke:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
As well as I may,
By the light of my nose sure
I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
The alley alone.

---

if timeously afforded might have cheered many a day of hopeless misery and enriched our national literature with products, partaking of the splendours of a Sun which sets on the calm of a summer evening. Alas! poor Yorick! Alas! poor Maginn!

EXTRACT FROM "POEMS OF THE APPREHENSION."

My heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street:
'Twas so since from one first I ran;
'Twas so even in the Isle of Man:
'Twill be so even in Newgate's hold,
Or in the Fleet!
A trap is hateful to a man!
And my whole course in life shall be
Bent against them in just antipathy!

From a dreamy *jeu d'esprit*, in which the writer writes the poem whilst fancying he is not writing at all, I copy the last two stanzas. It is entitled

BALLIDEHOB.

And now, as on the freshening grass I lay
Just as oblivious as a dandy lord,
Forgetful of the duel or the fray,
The opprobrious name, the pistol or the sword,—
Finding that I had versified away,
Not thinking I composed a single word,—
Says I, I'll send my verses, light and airy,
To the Gazette surnamed the Literary.

I like that journal well. But then perchance
Lines without title, meaning, or connection,
May not delight the editorial glance
Of him, whose name there is no need to mention;
True: but they can as high a claim advance
On meaning's score, as some of more pretension.
Then for a name—Pshaw! give it for a name
Ballidehob—the place from whence it came.

TO A BOTTLE OF OLD PORT.

(PARODY—See, "When he who adores thee.")

When he, who adores thee, has left but the dregs
Of such famous old stingo behind,
Oh! say, will he bluster or weep—no, ifegs!
He'll seek for some more of the kind.
He'll laugh, and though doctors perhaps may condemn,
Thy tide shall efface the decree,
For many can witness, though subject to phlegm,
He has always *been* faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of his earliest love,
Every rap in his pocket was thine,
And his very last prayer, every morning by Jove,
Was to finish the evening in wine.
How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
The effects of four bottles of thee;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is to stagger home muzzy from three!

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE.

(See Tom Moore's "I saw from the Beach," &c.)

To the Finish* I went, when the moon it was shining,
The jug round the table moved jovially on;
I staid till the moon the next morn was declining;
The jug still was there, but the punch was all gone;
And such are the joys that your brandy will promise,
(And often these joys at the Finish I've known)
Every copper it makes in the evening ebb from us,
And leaves us next day with a headache alone!

No'er tell me of puns, or of laughter adorning
Our revels, that last till the close of the night;
Give me back the hard cash that I left in the morning,
For clouds dim my eye, and my pocket is light.
O! who's there who welcomes that moment's returning,
When daylight must throw a new light on his frame—
When his stomach is sick, and his liver is burning—
His eyes, shot with blood, and his brow in a flame!

The following is a felicitous fancy, without a rival in modern playful literature.

NEW HORATIAN READINGS.

"SIR,

"You know, of course, the many charges against the unfaithfulness of translators, and against their frequent destruction of all the force, power, tenderness, sublimity, wit, &c., of the original; but I have never seen yet any

* Alas! also poor Finish! in times to come some new Cockney Greybeard may arise to do justice to the gay scenes I have witnessed in thee, in the days of Sheridan and Westminster Elections.

satisfactory project proposed, by which the powers of the translator and original author could be both fairly represented in one book. True it is that you may print the original in one page and the translation in the opposite, but this is a poor mechanical bookbinding expedient. Dean Swift, you may remember, on getting a translation of Horace thus arranged, very quietly tore out the English part, and declared that he could safely say that half the book was good, and was much obliged to the compiler for giving him so easy a method of separating the worthy from the unworthy. But a project which I have devised will save the translator from such wicked waggery, while it will do as well to show off the original.

"I have begun on Horace, he being a jocose and handy author, and I send you a specimen of my labours.

"You will perceive that my plan is to give lines alternately English and Latin, the former my own, the latter from my friend Flaccus. We are both thus fairly represented, just as in divided counties a Whig and Tory member are returned to satisfy both parties without giving trouble. If the public approve, I shall publish a translation of all the odes in this style; and if the public be a person of any taste, I am sure of general approbation. Meanwhile, Sir, believe me to be

"Your most obedient servant,
"DIONYSIUS DUGGAN."

"P.S.—Mind to pronounce my Latin lines with Latin accents, not Anglically. Thus, do not say,

Apros in ob-stántes plágas

but

Aprós in ób-stantés plagás

and slur the short syllables of tribrachs and anapæsts, so as to bring them into order."

SECOND EPODE OF HORACE DONE IN A NEW STYLE.

Blest man! who far from busy hum,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Whistles his team afield with glee
Solutus omni fœnore:
He lives in peace, from battles free,
Neq' horret iratûm mare;
And shuns the forum, and the gay
Potentiorum limina.
Therefore to vines of purple gloss
Alta maritat populos,
Or pruning off the boughs unfit
Feliciores inserit;
Or in a distant vale at ease
Prospectat errantes greges;
Or honey into jars conveys,
Aut tondet infirmas oves.
When his head decked with apples sweet
Autumnus agris extulit
At plucking pears he's quite to *au-fait*
Certant, et uvam purpuræ.
Some for Priapus, for thee some
Sylvane, tutor finium!
Beneath an oak 'tis sweet to be
Mod' in tenaci gramine:
The streamlet winds in flowing maze;
Queruntur in sylvis aves;
The fount in dulcet murmur plays
Somnos quod invitet leves.
But when the winter comes (and that
Imbres nivesque comparat)
With dogs he forces oft to pass
Apros in obstantes plagas;
Or spreads his nets so thick and close,
Turdis edacibus dolos;
Or hares, or cranes, from far away
Jucunda captat præmia:
The wooer love's unhappy stir
Hæc inter obliviscitur.
His wife can manage without loss
Domum et parvos liberos;
(Suppose her Sabine, or the dry
Pernicis uxor Appuli.)
Who piles the sacred hearthstone high
Lassi sub ad-ventûm viri.

And from his ewes, penned lest they stray,
Distenta siccet ubera;
And this year's wine disposed to get
Dapes inemptas apparet.
Oysters to me no joys supply,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari.
(If when the east winds boisterous be
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare)
Your turkey pout is not to us,
Non attagen Ionicus.
So sweet as what we pick at home
Oliva ramis arborum;
Or sorrel, which the meads supply,
Malvæ salubres corpori—
Or lamb, slain at a festal show,
Vel hœdus ereptus lupo.
Feasting, 'tis sweet the creature's dumb,
Videre prop'rantés domum,
Or oxen with the ploughshare go,
Collo trahentes languido;
And all the slaves stretched out at ease,
Circum renidentes Lares.
Alphius the usurer, babbled thus,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Called in his cash on th' Ides—but he
Quærit Calendis ponere.

SONNET.

I stood upon St. Peter's battlement,
And my eye wandered o'er Imperial Rome,
And I thought sadly on the fatal doom
'Neath which her ancient palaces had bent;
Of temple and tower outrageously uprent,
Or moulder'd into dust by slow decay:
Of halls where godlike Cæsar once bore sway,
Or glorious Tully fulmin'd eloquent!
So shall all earthly fade! what wonder then,
If Time can make such all-unsparing wreck,
If neither genius, art, nor skill of men,
Can e'en pretend his felon-hand to check,
That this old coat, I've worn these three years past,
Should on each elbow want a patch at last?

THE ROUND TOWER.

In London, queen of cities, you may see
  Facing the lordly house of Somerset,
  A goodly, tall round tower. Its base is wet
With Thames' fair waters rolling quietly;
Who was it built this tower? what may it be?
  Say, was it piled by Druid hands of old!
  Or rear'd by Eastern magi, there to hold
The sacred flame, type of their deity?
Was it a hermit's calm retreat? or pile
  Where hung sonorous the resounding bell?
Or is it such as in green Erin's isle
  We see, whose uses nobody can tell?—
'Twas answered:—Who 'twas built it, know I not,
But 'tis, I know, the tower for Patent Shot.

I add only one of the writer's prose bagatelles:—

ANECDOTES OF CURRAN.

"SIR,

"In Phillips's 'Life of Curran' we have a vast deal, in that gentleman's peculiar style, about the great uneasiness and the tender feelings of his hero, concerning his domestic circumstances. There is much fustian of the same kind in O'Regan's 'Memoirs of Curran,' but I am very much inclined to think that no such sorrows existed. In Ireland it is very generally believed that Mrs. Curran was an extremely injured woman, and her family, a highly respectable one, received her with open arms after the verdict obtained against her supposed paramour. Many ugly stories are current with respect to the evidence adduced on the trial; and Curran was so anxious to hinder the proceedings on it from obtaining publicity, that he had notices served on all the newspapers of Dublin, enjoining them not to publish it, and accordingly it never was given to the public.

"The reason that inclines me to think that he never felt very severely his matrimonial misfortune, is the great levity with which he was frequently in the habit of speaking about it. A couple of coarse jests on the subject have come to my knowledge, for the accuracy of the first of which I can positively vouch, and the second I have on tolerably good authority. He was a fine musician, and had frequently concerts in his house in Dublin. At one of these a young barrister of Cork, a distinguished amateur, bore a part. After the concert had concluded, Curran went up to him and said, 'Well, H——, what do you think of that? Do you think it at least as good as any of your Cork concerts?' 'Why,' replied his friend, 'it was very fine; but in Cork we can procure military music much more readily than you can in Dublin. The want of it was very discernible in your concert; for instance,' said he, repeating a passage, 'would not the French horn have made a great improvement there?' 'Well, H——,' said Curran, laughing, 'you are the first who has complained of the *want* of *horns* in my house.'

"On another occasion, he and the late Sir Richard Musgrave, the historian of the 'Rebellion in Ireland,' whose lady's frailties were numerous and notorious, met at the house of a common friend. They were decidedly hostile in politics to each other, and had even proceeded to personal altercations. On being summoned up stairs to the dining-room, they happened to arrive at the foot of the stairs together, and, as it is usual on such occasions when enemies meet, their behaviour was ceremoniously polite. Weary at length of alternately ceding the *pas*, Sir Richard, assuming an air of familiarity, took him by the arm, and said, 'Well, well, let us settle the matter by walking up together.' 'Pardon me, Sir Richard,' replied Curran, 'that is impossible; our antlers would entangle.'

"He that could jest thus could not feel deeply. I have heard also, that on the day of the trial in which his wife's character was involved, he appeared in an obscure corner of the court, where, however, he could be seen by the opposing lawyer, and there diverted himself with putting him out during his speech, by erecting his fore fingers over his ears, making faces, and performing various droll gesticulations, for which he had a peculiar talent. Whether this be true or not I cannot say, but it is commonly believed; and I am sure that could he hear half the eloquence bestowed on his woes by Phillips he would laugh outright in his face. That he had not a very high opinion of his biographer, the following anecdote will evince. He came into Phillips's room one day while he was writing, and inquired what he was about; 'I am writing a speech, sir,' was the reply, 'and I can tell you that I intend to give your friend, Mr. Grattan, a rating in it.' 'Never mind, Charley,' said Curran, 'never mind it; it would only be a child throwing a stone at the leg of a Colossus.'

"Curran's talents were of the very first order, but they were too often sadly misapplied, and the stern moralist would find much to censure both in his public and in his private life; but he was a highly fascinating man in conversation. His wit, his drollery, his eloquence, his pathos, were all irresistible. The only defect in him in this respect was a love of acting, which made his wit often degenerate into mere buffoonery, and his pathos into canting and overstrained sentiment.

"It must have been in some of these latter moods that his biographers observed his sensibility; but there never was anything real in it. It was often put on even to convey ill-natured remarks, and as my straggling letter (which has far outstripped the bounds I at first intended)

has been little more than a vehicle of jests, I shall conclude by giving another, connected with this splenetic tenderness of heart. At a supper party in Brighton, I believe, he began to lament the desolation of his old age; 'he was a solitary, unfortunate old man,' he said, 'who had not even a child he could call his own.' His son was sitting at table with him at the very time! This observation created much disgust in the company, and a young barrister who was present, in relating it afterwards to an elder brother of his profession, added with much vehemence, 'By God, if my father had said so in my presence, I would have forgotten all filial reverence and knocked him down.' 'Ay,' said the senior, 'that would certainly prove that you were not a natural son.'

"I have unconsciously intruded on your space, and must conclude by apologising for it, and subscribe myself,

"Your humble servant,

"D. O. C."

I mentioned in a preceding chapter that Maginn was engaged to be the foreign correspondent of the unfortunate "Representative" newspaper, and went to Paris with that intent; and the following letter from Mr. Murray throws a gleam of light upon that undertaking. The last letter I have added, displays the writer in his undisguised moods, and may perhaps cause some readers to suspect that back-stair influence and good-natured friends may sometimes produce a little effect upon the literary guides of public opinion. If so, I cannot help it; it is better than if hostility and malevolence dictated the perversion.

"Whitehall-place, Dec. 12, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I cannot allow a moment to pass without thanking you for your very kind and valuable letter. Some of your hints arrest my intention, and others confirm it, and none will, I assure you, be thrown away. Few things of this kind have, I believe, commenced with more enlarged views or more honourable intentions, or, perhaps, with more extensive and powerful means of giving them effect; but I am not less sensible to the risk of so complicated an enterprise, however well *imagined*, from the difficulty of its *execution*. I have never attempted anything with more considerate circumspection, or with more satisfactory *hopes* of success, but no one can form an estimate of a publication of this kind, until it is *published*, so accept my best thanks for your good wishes.

"Mr. Lockhart becomes the editor of the 'Quarterly Review' after the publication of the next number. Mr. Coleridge's engagements at the bar have nearly doubled during the last twelve months, and he merely held the appointment until I could make up my mind as to a successor. Mr. Coleridge is, without exception, one of the most truly amiable men I ever met with.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"W. JERDAN, ESQ." "JOHN MURRAY."

"8, Marlborough-street, Cork,
December 9.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received in due time your letter through the hands of Mr. Foss, and thank you for your attention in answering my question so promptly. I was not a little

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amused with the cool way in which you asked me to call on you, as I happened to be snugly located in this good city of Cork, some hundred miles off, which is rather an unpleasant distance for a morning call. I shall, however, see you in a fortnight or so.

"I write to you—for there is no use of talking humbug—to ask you for a favourable critique, or a puff, or any other *thing* of the kind—the *word* being no matter—of a forthcoming novel at Blackwood's, 'Percy Mallory,' as soon as convenient. It is by the author of 'Pen Owen;' who that is I do not *know*; but I *guess*, as I suppose so do you. Ebony may perhaps write you about it, for he is an indefatigable letter-writer; but at all events you will oblige me by giving it a favourable and early notice in your 'Gazette.' In return, I vow to you a hecatomb of puns, and shall sacrifice the English tongue without remorse as fillings for your columns.

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM MAGINN."

Maginn's strictures on Debrett's Peerage had so decided an effect in producing the improvement of all this class of publication, and ensuring the greater care of new competitors such as Burke, in the same line; and is, altogether so humorous an *exposé* of genealogical blundering, that I am tempted to add the four brief articles (the first and the last by him) in the Appendix.* It is hardly worth while to notice that in former times it was no unusual thing for the conductors of such works to be accused of receiving very handsome douceurs for post-dating the births of unmarried ladies who might not wish to appear so old as they really were when the book was published.

* Appendix I.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ABBE M'QUIN — BERNARD BARTON, AND THE QUESTION OF QUAKER POETRY — N. T. CARRINGTON—SPECIMEN OF POETIC PURSUITS.

No mortal ever from that bourne departs;
Yet many oft unto that land repair—
Some with crush'd hopes, and some with riven hearts,
And most in anguish deep and fill'd with care;
And some, who on their lofty brows do bear
Great scorn of that false world they did forsake,
Who hither came to battle with despair,
And with high gods the nectareous draughts partake
And breathe the breath of fame—and die, for glory's sake.

The Land of Poetry, by Miss E. L. Montagu.

My acquaintance with the Abbé Angel Denis M'Quin commenced in a review of his volume entitled "Tabella Cibaria," and one of the happiest *jeux d'esprit* of my time—playful, facetious, and witty, and evolving many ingenious hits of humour. My brief critique brought me the favour of a notice from the author, thanking me for my "flattering encomium," and justifying the classicality of the title, which I had slightly questioned; as follows: "The author begs to observe that he also doubted the propriety of joining the adjective *cibaria* to *Tabella*, so far that the very stamina of the work stood originally under the words (you suggest) *Tabella Cibariorum*; but that, having found sufficient authority to support him, and particularly that '*Lex*

cibaria' (a case in point) had been used by several authors, he set his scruples aside, and adopted the present title."

Above a year after this, my unknown correspondent wrote to me that he was preparing a work under the title of Etymological Gleanings, interspersed with curious anecdotes, historical explanations, et cetera, and intended as a Supplement to the last edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and enclosing me some of the manuscript. As was to be expected from the author of "The Bill of Fare," I found the specimens very learned and very entertaining; the production of a wonderfully well read classical and mediæval scholar, and as full of point as of learning. From time to time I printed selections from this delightful store, and all the while attributed it to my friend Archdeacon Nares, whom I was then in the habit of meeting frequently on the formation of the Royal Society of Literature, and supposed that he sported the anonyme only to give more zest to the jocular vein of the communication. That no more of this matter than forty-two columns in the "Gazette" has been preserved, is a great loss to the public; for my extracts ceased with the letter A (122 quotations) and a portion of B; and the whole Alphabet, treated in the same manner, would have formed one of the most pleasant and instructive works of its class that ever was published. It is impossible to afford any adequate idea of the merits without occupying more room than I can spare (under a modification of the plan of publishing my memoirs); but I will offer a few of the shortest extractable passages, and such as do not require the types of Hebrew, Greek, Saxon, German, et cetera, not to mention Chinese, French, and other languages in our usual typography:—

"ABSTEMIOUS, adj., [*abstemius*, Latin, from *abs* without, and *temetum*, strong wine]. Pliny tells us that Cato Major

(who according to Horace had no objection to a brimmer of generous wine—

> 'Narratur et prisci Catonis
> Sæpe mero incaluisse virtus'
> Od., lib. iii., xxi.)

had slily advised his relations to kiss their wives on their coming home, in order to detect whether they had drunk wine with their gossips when abroad.

"The reader may not have remarked that in the word *abstemious* the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order *a, e, i, o, u.* The word *facetious* offers the same accidental singularity; and *facetiously* brings in the *y*.

"ABSURD adj. [*absurdus*, Latin, from *ab* and *surdus*]. Meaning something as foolish as might be the answer of a deaf person to an unheard question—*Ab surdo responsum absurdum est.*

"BEET-ROOT. Beet is in general derived from the Latin *Beta*, or *Bæta*, analogous to the name of the river Bætis in Spain (now Guadalquivir) on the fertile banks of which this *olus* spontaneously grew, and whence it was transported to Italy about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era." [There is a much longer and amusing illustration of Beet, and the French Bête, and the Latin Betizare, (Suetonius, Aug. 87), and the French Betizer].

The derivation of Beef-eater, from Buvette, Buffet, (from *boire, buvons, buvez*, to drink,) a sideboard or place to take refreshments, is curious, and thence the conversion of Buvetiers or Buffatières, *gardes de la buvette*, who had the keys and charge of the liquors there administered, into Beef-eaters, where there was no beef, is an easy transition.

In Paris, now, the what we call the bar in a tavern, is the buvette at the "Ginguettes."

Bark, the name of a ship, is derived from the earliest of vessels, constructed of the *bark* of trees; and some connection with the Ark is hinted at.

Such scraps must here suffice for the taste of the rich banquet, respecting which I never could gain any satisfactory information; and I will only quote one passage more of a general and philosophical nature, though it be to augment our regret at losing aught, and especially so much, from the pen of so accomplished a writer:—

"Of all animals man is the only one that has not been gifted with a natural language. I explain:—The roaring of the lion, neighing of the horse, braying of the ass, barking of the dog, warbling of the bird, hissing of the serpent, croaking of the frog, etc., are understood by every individual of their species in all parts of the world. The cricket of London would answer the call of the cricket of Paris, and the owl of the abbey ruins of Scotland might condole in vernacular strains with the owl who mopes and 'to the moon complains' on the remains of the Colosseum at Rome. But man, thrown away by accident from the identical spot where he has been educated, is deaf and dumb to the rest of mankind. Why this difference between him and the brute? Did Nature frown on his birth, as romancers would say, and wantonly refuse him what she granted to the lowest individual in the creation? God forbid that we should insult the unerring wisdom of His providence. By way of compensation for the lack of some natural or innate faculties which other animals possess, such as the knowledge of making nests, the distinguishing, at first sight, between good and bad food, and the native

sounds which interpret their affections, passions, and wants all over the world to their respective tribes, without the help of grammar or dictionaries,—man is endowed with that exclusive prerogative called REASON. With it, man has received, as a natural consequence, the perceptibility of his original talent—an heavenly concession; a pledge of immortality, which the brute species were refused at the hands of their Creator." * * * *

At a later date a letter from Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, informed me that my anonymous correspondent was a personal friend of his. He farther gave me a brief sketch of him and his history; which letter, interesting on other accounts, I hope to meet with in my paper-hunting hereafter; but all I recollect now is, that he was before the revolution one among the wealthiest of the French ecclesiastics, who barely escaped from the guillotine with his life. That though an epicure, of the most exquisite taste (and his *Tabella Cibaria* bore witness to it), he would avail himself of only a moderate assistance to enable him to enjoy his refined gourmetism on the cheapest fare, would rarely accept the invitations of the few friends who knew and appreciated him, and sojourned in an obscure lodging in Southwark, generally his own caterer and always his own cook. After a long exile, cheered by occasional visits to the gorgeous palace of Fonthill,* the contrast of contrasts to his abode

* From Fonthill, in the autumn of 1822, he contributed an able essay on the Satyricon attributed to Petronius Arbiter, and a series of papers giving an historical account of the Abbey, a biography of the family of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and a fine description of the place and its contents previous to the grand sale. The second paper was illustrated by a drawing, of which I published a neat engraving. The fifth is in verse, and concludes with the following tribute:

Through the blazon'd halls,
The storied galleries and princely rooms,

in the Borough, the restoration of Louis XVIII. enabled him to return to France, which he did, as he informed me in 1814, and was reinstated in a considerable part, if not the whole, of his funded property, though his landed possessions were lost for ever. But the long practical habits of his London life had got too firm a hold of him; and he once more sought a residence, though of a superior class, on the banks of the Thames. Here he continued, not to vegetate, but to indulge in his literary researches and *cuisine recherchée*,* including the cellar, not despising the hotel accommodations of Greenwich, in their season, or

A bright galaxy of heraldic stars,
Long lines of noble ancestry, declare
Who planned, who raised the splendid mansion, where,
Above the puny jarrings of the world,
Above the strife for glory and for power,
Wrapt in his cloak of learning and of art—
A mind of fire, a deeply feeling heart,—
The founder stands aloft,—a stranger to our sphere!

* I ought not, in justice, to allow the portrait of a Gourmet to be received as a likeness of this remarkable man, a short serious poem by whom, at this period, is enough to prove his depth of religious feeling, reverential awe, and holy aspirations.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: ah! do not dream
That on vain toys I throw my time away.

In the recesses of the forest-vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to Thee,—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name.

O all pervading Spirit—sacred beam—
Parent of life and light—Eternal Power—
Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence in my dying hour!

turtle, whitebait, and champagne, and, in short, demonstrating how much an abbé of the nineteenth century could surpass a friar of the fifteenth, in the superabundance and preparations of viands then unknown,* and in pressing elegance into the service of luxury. In the fulness of time he was, at the close of July, 1823, gathered to his parent earth. *Requiescat in pace!*

I might have mentioned that his habits were extremely studious, and that he seldom retired to rest till three or four o'clock in the morning, and always rose at eight o'clock. An anonymous correspondent, signing himself A. Z., wrote to me, after his death, that "his papers were locked up;" but I never could ascertain more, nor what became of them. The following are the last two letters I found of his among my masses :—

"Dec. 31, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,

"Had it not been for a temporary numbness in the fingers of my right hand, which prevented my writing, and for the certainty that you were not in want of matter, especially at this time, I should have sent back 'Pope and Mademoiselle Dacier'* several days sooner. Although the proof was not faultless, considering the quantity of Greek, Latin, and French it contains, I think it was tolerably *clean* in the state it came to me. Make use of it how and when you think proper.

"If I could persuade myself that the removal of the veil which still hangs between you and me could afford you the least gratification, it would be done instantly; but I am convinced you would find yourself disappointed. This adoption of the anonyme is more owing to a whim of mine than to anything else; yet, until the 'Gleanings' have

* An interesting disquisition published in the Literary Gazette, No. 314.

found a purchaser, you must forgive me ; and I know you will, for nobody can be more thankfully and more sincerely,

"My dear sir,

"Yours, than

"THE GLEANER."

"April 23, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"Having no doubt but the annexed paper will amuse some of your readers, I place it entirely at your disposal.

"Pray, is my 'Man of Brass'* gone to the *Refuge?* Alas, poor man! if you cannot give him a better place, leave him there, or return it, if not inconvenient, to

"Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"THE GLEANER."

"At Messrs. ROBINS & Co.,
Stationers, Tooley Street."

The return of Captain Parry from the Expedition of the *Hecla* and *Griper* to the Arctic regions, stimulated me to much exertion ; and I not only procured very interesting accounts of the voyage for the "Gazette," which raised its circulation, but formed intimacies with several of the officers, and enabled my journal to establish itself almost as an official organ for all future Expeditions, having the first and most authentic intelligence of their proceedings. This was an essential benefit to the publication ; but far greater pleasures arose out of the friendships emanating from this source, and so cordially enjoyed with our most distinguished navigators. Among the foremost I may mention the gallant Sir James Clark Ross, and after him Beverley, the surgeon, and Alexander Fisher, of the *Hecla* (of whose

* In "Literary Gazette," No. 333, June 7.

immediate "Journal" of the Expedition I procured the publication, and saw it through the press), Colonel (then Captain) Sabine, Captain Crozier, Mr. Beechy, and other brave fellows, to whose talk, like Othello's, of 'hairbreadth 'scapes, and antres vast, and deserts idle,' it was a delight to listen. It is laughable enough to read in the Gazette, now in altogether different hands, an occasional reference to past years, such as "WE then observed so and so," or, "WE stated our opinion that," et cetera, taking due credit for the prescience and judgment of a WE with whom the present WE has nothing in common, as the original WE has nothing to do with the opinions or conduct of this WE! The King is dead—Vive le Roi!

In October, 1823, upon a similar occasion, when the *Fury* and *Hecla* reached home from Captain Parry's second voyage, I made one of those stirring exertions which, as I have stated before, used (for I do not think they do now produce such striking effects) often to contribute to the marked success of any newspaper or periodical publication which got the start with intelligence of national interest. In consequence of my former intercourse with the officers, I was received on board the vessels then lying at the Galleons below Woolwich, on Wednesday forenoon, and came up with them to Deptford dockyard (off which they moored). I had only a few hours to acquire, in the midst of much bustle and interruption, the information I sought; and it was late on Wednesday night when I reached home, tolerably tired. But I set to work "with a will," and had a good account of the Expedition in the "Gazette" of Saturday morning, which was followed by a second on the ensuing Saturday; and the circulation of the journal rose seven hundred, getting it, before the end of the year, to print four thousand copies.

Thus buoyant, I made an attempt to relieve myself from the pressure of the barren past; but the riddance could not be achieved; and it was still Hope and the Employment I delighted in, which cheered me on, and covered troubles and vexations, as bees enclose offensive matters with sarcophagi of wax.

Parties hostile to the "Gazette," and imitators and rivals, as they sprang up, never ceased to represent it as a tool of the publishers connected with it, and not conducted on independent principles. Nothing could be more untrue than this libel: from first to last I never admitted one whisper of control. Even so early as the time I am now treating off, I see a letter from Mr. Orme, alluding to an offence taken by Mr. Colburn at my review of one of his books. "Our co-partner may be sore; but the lady deserves all she has got; and these independent articles do us a world of good. Alexander Chambers told me, on Saturday, that he was induced to take in the 'Gazette' from what he heard of the article on Dibdin, to every word of which he subscribed." So far so good; but, some time after, I happened to write a notice of Mrs. Graham's (afterwards Lady Callcott) work, which gave no less offence to Mr. Longman; and I did not visit Hampstead for two years after. Mr. Longman tried to compromise matters; and only desired that if I could not commend in certain cases where he felt a personal interest, I would abstain altogether from noticing; but even this modification I refused to accede to, as it would be dishonest in a publication which professed to give a fair report of all the literary production of the passing time. The falsehood was, nevertheless, pertinaciously repeated till it was a good deal believed; and it was small comfort to me that I had frequent proofs in my possession where the very parties who spread the report

were absolutely prostituting their own services venally to publishers.

In 1820, Mrs. Bray, then Mrs. Stothard, and since so distinguished as a novelist, first appeared in print as the author of "A Tour in Normandy," &c.; and Mr. Payne Collier commenced his literary career with the "Poetical Decameron," indicating the entire route he has since so diligently pursued. Accum's "Death in the Pot" showed the way to Aunt Margaret's papers on the adulteration of food, which ran through a year of the "Gazette;" and a course which the "Lancet" has recently followed more systematically, and with more effect. It is one of the utmost importance to the population of the metropolis, the very air of which is saturated with frauds perpetrated to an enormous extent on every branch of the provision trade. Of the infamous practices resorted to I had plenty of demonstration during Aunt Margaret's researches; and some so vile as to be absolutely unfit for publication, and some almost farcically amusing. The shopman of a grocer not far from Fitzroy-square, whose master had kicked him out from jealousy of his wife helping to mix the teas in the cellar, had in revenge agreed to reveal the whole process of manufacturing privet leaves and thorn into congous and hysons. But he failed to come to appointment and earn his fee; and when asked the reason, he excused himself on the ground that a friend was about to enable him to open a shop in the same line, and, of course, it would not do to let the public know anything about it!

Bernard Barton was hailed by the "Gazette" on his *début* with a volume of poems in the spring, and also on the appearance of a slighter performance, "A Day in Autumn," though published in November. A Quaker bard needed encouragement, who dared to vindicate the rights of

formal broad-cloth and beaver, to the finer feelings of humanity and the poetry of imagination; especially if it were true that Scott of Amwell was beset on his deathbed by bigots earnest, but in vain, to induce him to repent of the sin of verse. Friend Barton and I became literary and friendly correspondents from the earliest of the above dates, and many a *long* letter did I receive from him, for he was not sparing in pen, ink, and paper when occasion offered; but his first and introductory epistle is so curious an exposition of the question involved in the union of Quakerism and poetry, and so striking a confession of the writer's own feelings on the subject—feelings which ruled the whole of his future poetical life and voluminous productions—that I am sure it will be perused with more than common interest both by the general reader, and the Society of which he was so prominent a member. As a proof also of the progress of liberal and enlightened views in clearing away sectarian prejudices, the commencement and reception of Bernard Barton by all religious denominations, and his whole career of authorship, form a literary epoch in the sphere to which they appertain, and therefore I proceed to give the letter alluded to:—

"Woodbridge, Suffolk, 2nd Mo. 26th, 1820.

"RESPECTED FRIEND,

"An individual taking upon himself to address, in his own undisguised name, one whom he can only designate officially, starts with vast odds; because he has no idea how he may most effectually further his own views; how far candour may be construed impertinence, or a prudent reserve imply distrust. *I* can have no other data to go on, in this case, than a consciousness how I should myself be most easily induced to give my attention to an unknown corres-

pondent, and knowing that I should excessively dislike long apologies to begin with, I shall proceed at once to the point.

"I am engaged just now in superintending a volume of poetry through the press, or, in other words, expect shortly to have one out. As soon as it is ready for delivery, and if possible, a few days before any copies are laid on a bookseller's counter, I could wish to have one transmitted to thee. This is all in the usual course, certainly, and could hardly require any previous address; but as a thousand things may prevent me at the time from explaining my views as to the claims of this volume on public notice, and as I have a leisure half hour this evening, I feel quite disposed to avail myself of it. Indeed, I could wish, before I actually present my production to thy critical inspection and consequent verdict, to have some grounds for hoping, not that it will be praised, but that it will be fairly and fully examined. Without some such encouragement, I might naturally doubt whether a volume of poems coming out neither from the Row, Albemarle-street, Conduit-street, nor any other birth-place of equal celebrity, but from Grace-church-street, and having in the title-page a name never before in print, would be ever looked into.

"But now for a word or two as to the book itself, and its claims on public notice. Its author is certainly not the most suitable judge of those claims; though I believe, judging from the occasional comments in the 'Literary Journal,' *we* should not differ very materially on the merits of the volume. I have read too much *excellent* poetry to over-rate my own very egregiously; but waving this part of the business, I may be allowed perhaps to know more than any one can of my own views in publishing, and my own feelings in composing these poems; and perhaps I may be

allowed, in reference to *them*, to state why I think the book ought to have a reading. Of the feelings which dictated them, I shall only say that they are not precisely *Arthur Brooke's*; some of them are not feelings of which I should be inclined to boast in company, but of none of them should I be ashamed in private: on this point my limits will not allow me to say more. As to my views in publishing, they are not mercenary; for I expect no profit; they are not aspiring—for fame would be of little value to me, though I by no meas *affect* to think lightly of the praise of competent and intelligent judges—but I have published, or rather prevailed on the booksellers to publish, this volume as an *experiment* how far a QUAKER POET might hope to win attention. This is, so far as I know, the first volume of poems published by a member of our Society, bearing the visible stamp of Quakerism upon it. Wiffen's 'Aonian Hours' does not, to my view, solve the question. I know very well, before I read that volume, that a Quaker might be a poet, if he divested himself of his Quakerism, and wrote in the style of a *popular* poet. I am not now finding fault with my friend Wiffen, for I was pleased with his book; but it does not determine the compatibility of Poetry and Quakerism to my satisfaction. There is not a little in it, particularly his excessive admiration of Lord Byron, which many a Quaker would be alarmed at. But I am inclined to think poetry may be composed with strict consistency, and by no means in opposition to the spirit of our code—and yet not be exclusively *religious*. He who undertakes the task has a nice path to tread; I may have failed, but I wish the work to be known, that by being known the question may be decided. It is needless for me to add, what I think my frankness may have proved, that I have written in that unreserved confidence with which I should

myself wish to be addressed, and in which I subscribe myself,

"Thy respectful Friend,

"BERNARD BARTON."

"P.S. If not requesting too great a favour, I would add that I should have great pleasure in paying the postage of a few lines in reply to this. I have no improper curiosity about who my correspondents may be, so, if most agreeable, keep up thy impersonality and address me officially. A letter will find me addressed Bernard Barton, Woodbridge, Suffolk."

This letter of the 26th of February, not having been promptly acknowledged, was followed by another of the 19th of March, in which the subject is resumed, and from which the subjoined are extracts:—

"The 'Literary Gazette' has now assumed a feature so different, and I should think to most readers and lovers of literature, so much more interesting than most of our literary journals, that the attention of authors, readers, and publishers is turned to it with accelerated and increasing force. I have certainly long been of opinion that a journal frequent in its appearance, copious in its selections, brief in its criticisms, and enabling the public thus to judge for itself on the merits of new claimants for its favour, would soon obtain an extensive circulation. People begin to get tired of seeing so much of the critic, and so little comparatively of the author, and the 'Literary Gazette' is now a rising paper, and its successive numbers are looked for with interest, simply because it is what it professes to be,—a mirror of the literature of the age. Of late the value and interest of the publication has been not a little increased by

its being a sort of *avant-courrier* of the works it reports, and this advantage, in which it never can be even attempted to be rivalled by its monthly or quarterly competitors, it will, I doubt not, sedulously follow up. An analysis of, and specimens from, works not yet accessible to the public, must always give peculiar value, in the estimation of the reading part of the public, to any journal."

Upon this ground he promises to send me an early impression, and adds:—

"Do not let me be misunderstood. If this rough copy, on candid inspection of its contents, should appear to thee not deserving of being thus introduced *to the public*, yet if any inclination on thy part exist to have a fair copy of it for thy personal and private gratification, it is equally at thy service, trusting that thou wilt, in such case, give me thy private and personal opinion on its merits.

"I must acknowledge I feel no small solicitude respecting this publication, for the reasons stated in my last. I am anxious to know, in the opinion of accomplished and adequate judges, how far we, members of the Society of Friends, have a just and legitimate right

"'To sport in syllables and play with song.'

The Review of Wiffen's 'Aonian Hours' has proved that, in the estimation of the literary, we are not proscribed or interdicted the cultivation of such poetical talent as we may be gifted with by nature. I am inclined myself to think that poetical feeling and poetical talent is existent in our Society to a much greater extent than witlings of the superficial order are disposed to give us credit for. How far my volume may illustrate either, or exemplify both, I am content

to leave to the judgment of those who really love poetry; but I have not ventured on this publication, and especially on prefixing my name to it, and betraying its Quaker origin by the dates of several of the pieces, without some previous thought. Though, in my original determination to publish, I had neither adviser nor confidant, (and I have said so in the preface, that my poetical sins may not be imputed to my fellow-professors, *some* of whom I believe to look with a cautious eye on these pursuits,) yet I have, while the volume has been going through the press, frankly consulted and furnished detached specimens of the poetry to literary characters of the very highest eminence, from all of whom I have had the most flattering encouragement, accompanied by the expression of the most cordial hopes that the experiment may answer my most sanguine expectations—not of profit, for I shall not be a penny the richer for it; nor of fame, for what I consider pre-eminently such is the reward only of the loftiest genius;—but that it may prove that there is no necessary connexion between the simplicity of our creed and that uncouth and gothic barbarity of thought and feeling, that sordid selfishness, and phlegmatic torpor, which in the idea of many is associated with it. For my own part, I am a fearless and firm believer not only in the refining, humanising influence of a pure literary taste, of a love for the 'vision and the faculty divine,' but of its perfect compatibility with the letter and spirit of our code and creed. It has been said of us, that we are the most illiterate sect in the Christian world, that all our conversation is of merchandise, &c. I do not see why such things necessarily should be, but I do know that the imputation will not be removed unless we have fair play given us, and we cannot be said to have this unless they, in whose hands is vested the power of dispensing notoriety, *you* who are

the *reporters* of the literary commonwealth, will have sufficient magnanimity to overlook exterior disadvantages, and bring us forward. To superficial and heartless levity, the very scope afforded to sarcasm and wit by our mere *attempts*, will always offer an irresistible temptation. Such, taking up a volume of poetry, seeing that the preface is dated 12th Mo., 31st, 1819, or whatever the date may be, may probably exclaim, 'An excellent joke! here is a volume of poems by a Quaker poet! and dedicated forsooth to his sister!' But I would appeal to 'Philip-sober!' and I would say with the Grecian orator of old, 'Strike! but *hear* me' It is not by such 'ultra-Crepidarian critics,' as they have been styled, that the real beauties of our best poets, our Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, have been rightly felt; nor have these ever been truly susceptible of the emphasised energy of Byron, the simplicity of Wordsworth, the pathos of Campbell, the spirit and gracefulness of Scott, the tenderness of Rogers; if they had, they would take up such a volume with kindlier feelings, and would rather rejoice in seeing Poetry acquire new votaries from a class unjustly supposed insensible to her charms, than ridicule their efforts."

I answered this appeal by return of post, and a number of letters were interchanged; but the main subject does not appear to need further illustration, and it may be sufficient to say that my review of the volume in the "Gazette" was so satisfactory to its author, that his immoderate and subsequent correspondence was subscribed by my, *i. e.* "Thy affectionate and respected friend, B.B."

In the controversy which I have unwittingly provoked respecting the perils that beset a life dependent upon literature, no less eminent authority than Mr. Justice Talfourd

has given an opinion (see Biography of his schoolfellow, W. F. Deacon, prefatory to a posthumous novel, called "Annette," recently published), that failure in the pursuit may frequently be traced to natural inaptitude for its successful cultivation or to habits of improvidence in those who seek its tempting fruits. Now, I am perfectly ready to concede to this reasoning; but I hold that the great majority of melancholy disappointments arise out of other relations, and that the latter branch of the dilemma is often a complete mistake of an effect for a cause: in a word, that the carelessness and imprudence imputed to spring from extraneous sources are far more universally and literally due to the essential and inherent accidents of the imaginative temperament, studious devotedness to deep learning, or the eccentricities too common to true genius,* and consequent immersion in the precarious and ill-requited toils of authorship. I can quote hundreds of instances to demonstrate this sad fact: whereas the contrary tenet is, after all, but a supposititious accusation of moral infirmity and incapable of proof! I am led, however, to these remarks at present by the letters of another Poet, of ten years later date, and which supply one, among the multitude of examples that support the view my experience has led me to adopt; without offence, I hope (though it does not seem so), to those who entertain an opposite opinion. Mr. N. T. Carrington, the author of the "Banks of Tamar" and "Dartmoor" (the latter one of the finest descriptive poems in the English language), will hardly be charged as an unjustified aspirant to poetic fame or a man whose prospects were marred by imprudence. Mr. Carrington, to the noble ambition of the bard, superadded the labours of the schoolmaster. He taught the children of Plymouth and

* The alliance of great wit to madness is not always a fiction; and in an inferior degree of development, it is always adverse to business habits.

Devonport every day and all day long, and in the stillness of night he elaborated these compositions, which have excited general admiration and will hand down his name with honour to a distant posterity. Though published by Murray, how fared the Poet?

"I am here (he writes me in the cold month of January) struggling with a consumptive disorder, and the north-east gales are trying my frail constitution. If, therefore, dear Sir, you can say anything in favour of the 'Tamar,' it would materially brighten the gloom of my prospects at this trying moment." Over such a statement not unmanly tears might be shed; and I have seen but too many similar pictures! I did my best for the author, and had the year before done him a slight service in procuring admission for minor effusions to the "Bijou" and other annuals; for some of which he was never thanked and from none of which did he reap reward. But to continue my painful story. In the lovely and glowing month of May, when the Nature so admirably painted by Carrington was effulgent with beauty and gushing with life—how is it with him? Listen!

"I am unable to creep into the sunshine without assistance. I am reduced to a skeleton. I have had no school for the last quarter, and subsist entirely from my son's scanty income."*

I will not dwell longer on the theme. I had the satisfaction to obtain a grant of money from the Literary Fund for the Poet. He received it and—died.

* Let me add, a good son whose filial affections sustained and comforted the last days of his honoured parent. But he, too, must embrace literature. Fortunately the editing of respectable provincial newspapers has (as in Mr. Deacon's own case, as a literary contributor to the "Sun") proved sufficient for a competency. The periodical press, I repeat, is an excellent refuge for the destitute, and but for it the calamities of authors would be much greater and more numerous!

CHAPTER IX.

MISCELLANEOUS—MULOCK—MILLETT AND ALADDIN—INSANITY—DR. J. CONOLLY—DEATH OF MY MOTHER—HAYDON—POETIC BARGAINING.

> She's dead! and all which die
> To their first elements resolve;
> And we were mutual elements to us,
> And made of one another.—DONNE.

Of my old friend, Mr. Mulock, regretted as lost sight of in my preceding volume, I am happy to have heard as in the land of the living, and one of the most able and zealous public writers, in the cause of another acquaintance of mine mentioned in the same work, viz., Prince Louis Napoleon. It is, therefore, an odd coincidence that I also recognise him as the author of three clever satirical letters in the "Gazette," under the signature and in the character of Satan, which made a noise at the time; which my correspondent was increasing by giving a course of lectures on English literature with immense effect at Geneva! and afterwards in London.

Of another friend, about this period, I have a curious theatrical anecdote to relate. Mr. Millett was a miniature painter of fashionable repute, and one of the best artists in his line of that day. He had just finished a likeness of the famous King of Poyais, Macgregor (a royal-looking personage

he was) which I called to see, and we afterwards strolled out together. Reading the playbills on the walls we saw "Aladdin" announced, at which Millett laughed and said, "You would hardly believe that some years ago I tried my hand at dramatic writing, and really sent in a piece under that very title, of which I have never heard since. I should like to go and see this novelty of the same name." "The play's the *thing*," answered I, and after a quiet chop in the neighbourhood, to the theatre we went. After the play the curtain drew up for the grand spectacle of the Wonderful Lamp; and not the least extraordinary and amusing part of it was performed in our box by my companion. On the opening scene he gave me a dreadful kick on the shins, exclaiming, "That's mine; by ——, that's mine!" A little change took place, and he added, *sotto voce*, "Or very like it!" As the piece proceeded I heard either "No, no," "That won't do," or got another deuce of a kick with exclamations as before. The short and the long of it was, that Aladdin was Millett's drama, converted into one of the most successful spectacles ever produced, and perhaps he was the first dramatist who ever went to see a piece of his own performed without knowing it. By my advice he wrote to Mr. Harris the next day, stating the circumstances, and, in return, received from that gentleman a letter of thanks and a cheque for a hundred guineas. Whether it was to follow the example of his hero I cannot tell, but he left off painting in London and settled in Cheltenham, where he built a most magnificent palace for an hotel, and let it at a rent of 500*l.* a year.

As a personal incident, of some satisfaction when one is too old to have the joke repeated—for age has some though very few advantages, and would be glad of more—I was drawn for the militia, and had the honour to serve my

country by a "fit and able substitute" named Frederick Harrison, whose glories, if ever he achieved any, ought in fairness to be reflected on me.

With regard to what depended on myself, and was not performed by substitute—and it would have been better for me if I had trusted less to deputies—I can truly say that I never entered into any undertaking of a literary nature, or business, or benevolence, or enjoyment, without taking my heart and soul along with me. I could not be a sleeping partner. If it tended rightly, so much the better; if wrong, so much the worse. It was my disposition; and as long as there was a hook to hang a hope upon, I could not desert a failing good cause, nor even abandon an unpropitious plan. I always found myself sticking to the last; and, as we had it at school, never said Die.

In this way, and with such idiosyncrasy, I persuade myself the "Gazette" was brought to take the initiative in many projects of great public utility, the problems of which have since been nobly and profitably wrought out. For example, even thus early in its course, it had, with all its strength, directed attention to a scheme for forming a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by Panama, and recurred to the proposition year after year: that great fact is now being accomplished!

Having given an extremely interesting account of an institution for the insane at Aversa, in Italy, where the patients were indulged in beautiful gardens, music, pastimes, and scarcely the semblance of restraint, I took up the subject, and in many articles insisted on the humanity, beauty, and curative powers of that mild system which Dr. John Conolly has brought to perfection in this country, and blessed the suffering by educating disciples to apply it to their unhappy cases—but oh, how much happier than

before!—in many places throughout the land. To have an early interest and part in such a reform is a consolation under the severest trials.

In a less degree I can but repeat the truism, that the endeavour to promote the good and beneficial is calculated to furnish far more gratifying reflections to the journalist in later years than the cleverest articles he ever penned of an opposite tendency: and I name the journalist especially, because no other class has so much influence for good or evil. Two slight testimonies shall speak for me in minor affairs, and all I shall trouble my readers with just now. The first relates to the project for settling commercial differences by reference, as now, in the north of Europe, without incurring the ruinous expense of law; and the other, one of hundreds of such individual assurances which have cheered and piloted me on in the difficult course I had prescribed to myself to steer.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"Chamber of Commerce, London.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to hand you an extract from the minutes of the committee and members of the Equitable Trade Society and Chamber of Commerce, which was unanimously agreed to at their meeting this day.

"In taking the earliest opportunity of making this communication,

"I have the pleasure to remain,

"Very respectfully,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient faithful servant,

"FREDERICK ARNAUD CLARKE,

"V. P. and Secretary.

"'It was proposed by Mr. Clarke, and seconded by Mr. Barber, and resolved unanimously,

"'That the thanks of this Society be given to the Editor of the "Literary Gazette," for the explanatory and handsome paragraphs inserted, concerning the Equitable Trade Society, in his publication, and that the Secretary be requested to communicate the same, and that the printers to the Society be desired to strike off 1000 copies thereof, for the information of the members.'"

"Mr. EDITOR,

"'Stern Fate,' &c. decrees that, in about eight days' time, I shall embark for that bourne, from whence God knows when I shall return, *i.e.* Asia; and if the enclosed meet your approving nod, I entreat they may meet mine over the pages of your publication before I go.

"And now, Sir, although the thanks of a stranger may be of little concern to you, I cannot refrain expressing my respect for a man whose classical exertions have afforded delight to so many of my hours. It may be I shall never return to my native land, but my recollection will frequently recur to your paper, where sometimes I have disguisedly appeared. I do sincerely wish you well.

"I am most respectfully yours,

"R. T. LAMBE."

To this last tribute I shall merely add, that besides such incitements to discharge a public duty, to the best of my humble abilities, as it ought to be fulfilled, I ever had Mr. Canning and his advice in my view, and whenever I felt myself doubtfully tempted, I would ask (aloud to myself sometimes), "If you did so, what would Mr. Canning think

or say of it?" This criterion, I believe, often kept me in the better way, and at least checked inclinations to error.

But I had graver monition for my private than for my public life. In July, my loved and venerated mother died. The everlasting truth was spoken—

> "Your mother cannot wake—not in this world—
> But in another she *will* wake for us.
> When we have slept, like her, then shall we see her."
>
> BERESFORD.

The death was sudden, as my father's had been—a few insensate hours, and the vital flame was extinct. I was deeply affected, but such feelings are not for public obtrusion. I shall only say in a voice still vibrating from my heart—It is hard to Bury loving Clay! Yet this hard task we must all learn: may God give us strength to bear it when it falls upon us! I have had frequent occasion to allude to my connection with the "Morning Post," and its proprietor and editor, Mr. Byrne. Up to the year 1821, I at all times, when I could be of use, lent my aid (not unrequited) to his service, and it is grateful to the memory of that intercourse of fourteen years that I should preserve the last record I possess of it in a letter from him on this afflicting event, which does honour to the man and the Irishman—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I sincerely condole with you on the mournful event of which you yesterday informed me. Your feelings on the occasion do honour to you as a man and as a son; but let me entreat of you to give no more way to your grief than you can help, and to console yourself with the heavenly reflection that your departed, venerated, and beloved has

only left the miserable pilgrimage of this sad life to enjoy in the kingdom of God that bliss eternal which is awarded to the righteous. Take, my dear friend, as much consolation as you can ; and do not think of returning to business till you find yourself perfectly tranquil and composed.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"N. BYRNE."

"I was myself ill in bed when your note reached me yesterday ; otherwise I should have answered it instantly."

The kind condescension of Lord Belmore allowed me, under his own guidance, to examine the interesting collection of antiquities he had just brought from Egypt ; and I notice the period with pleasure as connected with the return from the same country, and under the same auspices, of Mr., now Sir Richard Barry, with whose fine genius as an architect, and admirable qualities as a man, I thus became first acquainted.

Besides the continued poetical, and other contributions of Croly, Proctor, Beresford, A.M. (not as has been stated the present Secretary-at-War, who disowns the soft impeachment), Dagley, &c., my vase was enriched by the compositions of E. Crowe ; Marshall, a Sydney Smith genius, Vicar of Pomfret ; A. A. Watts, the amiable Eugenius Roche, Ismael Fitzadam, Henry Neele, Mrs. Hofland, and others, whose pleasant effusions were now joined by the first efforts of the muse of "L. E. L."

I had nearly forgot to mention a narrow escape I had from the fury of a bookseller's man in Bond Street, and as it may serve as a model for vituperation and abuse, I beg leave to present it for the study of the emulous—

"Mr. JERDAN,

"I subscribed the 'New Tales of my Landlord,' containing 'Pontefract Castle.'

"As you have had the impudence, considering your notoriously bad character, to intimate that I have committed a fraud on Messrs. Longmans, I write first to say that you are a liar in regard to that assertion, and that you know well you are a liar while you utter it.

"And, in the second place, that you are a scoundrel and a swindler; and in order that I may not appear to say so without foundation, take a walk down to Brompton.

"I am Mr. Fearman's man, and consider myself the only proper person (and indeed I am almost ashamed to put myself on a level with you), to answer so paltry and worthless a fellow. You must be the most grovelling blackguard that ever lived to make use of the following expressions:—

"'But when the trick was found out, many of the honourable dealers refused to receive even a single copy!'

"Now, so far from that being the case, Messrs. Longman have sent to renew their numbers twice; and the trade well know that, in answer to letters from Messrs. Whittakers and Ogles, ordering a certain number, Mr. Fearman in one line declined their subscription altogether; but that afterwards, on Mr. Whittaker's calling, it was arranged that he should have fifty copies, and, at his particular request, a promise of fifty more was made.

"W. KERBEY.

"At Mr. Fearman's, 170, New Bond Street."

"N.B. Unless you apologise to me, and in a very satisfactory manner too, I shall take steps which will be very unpleasant to your feelings."

That one survived so damaging and dangerous an assault is astonishing; yet here I am, who did not fear Mr. Fearman's man, and almost fancying that I must have been slaughtered and come to life again, like an Egyptian mummy which feels nothing. But to leave such worthless trash—even though it shows that the life of an author is as desperate as the life of a highwayman—I will quote a very characteristic note from an artist, whose sad fate was deplored by a nation which had not adequately cherished his genius. "The Entry into Jerusalem," though not faultless, belonged to the high standard of art—

> A host is at thy gates, Jerusalem.
> Above them Judah's lion banners gleam,
> Join'd with the palm and olive's leafy stem:
> Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,
> As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
> And to the cloudless Heaven Hosannas ring.—CROLY.

The painter had done much to realise the poet, or rather the poet had written this in honour of what the painter had accomplished; but it seems I had ventured some observation, and the following was the result:—

"SIR,

"I beg to thank you sincerely for your manly criticism on my picture. The way in which you spoke of me is the way in which I like to be spoken of, viz., with force both in praise and censure. Allow me to say that no other eyes or brows would have done for my principal figure; dark eyes and forcible brows gave him at once the look of a being liable to appetite and passion. The great thing to give him was the look of power without the appearance as if its exercise was an effort. I painted the head seven times, and tried every variety of human feature; this

is no reason that I have succeeded, only it gives me experience as to the nature of the means of representing him. I write this in confidence. And believe me, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"B. R. HAYDON."

My readers have, I dare say, heard or read of matter-of-fact people, who understand everything literally, and can see just as far into a millstone as into a jest; but I think they could hardly beat the following instance, which I would not venture to state as *bonâ fide* if the original MS. letter did not go as a voucher to the printers. In joke at receiving, in truth, an immense quantity of indifferent poetry, I inserted a Notice to Correspondents: "Any one in want of a ton of bad poetry, may have it for the price of the paper as waste, at the 'Literary Gazette' Office, 362, Strand. A nearly equal quantity of inferior prose on the same terms.

"N.B. As there are so many persons who like to write such things, there may be persons who like to read them: if any such incline to purchase, we shall expect an advance of 1½ per cent. ad valorem; and the following sample of the wares may be relied on as literally the conclusion of a long poem received this week upon the theme, 'Your's sincerely,' at the bottom of a lady's letter:—

"What then can I, the words yet doubly sweet
Had met those eyes, which vainly must eye you,
Though from thy lips themselves, love's fav'rite seat,
I'd caught the words fresh with their balmy dew.

"Then, Juliet, tho' most tenderly, sincerely,
Humbly, adoringly, I bend the knee,
And swear that swain never half so dearly
Loved, as I am willing to love thee.

"If, as she ought, fortune would act fairly,
And change as I could wish my destiny;
But as it is, heart-broken I recline—
Old Romeo's fortune it was bliss to mine!"

That such a temptation should tempt a bidder was certainly what I never expected; but the following letter came by return of post:—

"Plymouth, 30th October.

"SIR,

"Observing in your valuable 'Literary Gazette' of Saturday last, under the head of 'Correspondence,' of your having a lot of bad poetry, &c. to dispose of, I wish to know if such is actually the case; if so, I shall feel particularly obliged by your informing me, per return, on what terms you will part with, not a ton, but about 30, 40, or 50 lb. I am at present confined to my room from ill health, and in all probability will be safely stowed in that situation during the winter; therefore those to-be-expected *very interesting* papers will form a fund of amusement during that period. I should have no objection, if convenient to you, to purchase some of those manuscripts which may be *tolerably good*, such as those taken notice of under the head of 'too great a length,' 'not adapted for the publication,' &c. &c., at a moderate price.

"I shall feel obliged by your answering me 'pro or con' if not too much trouble, per return, addressed 'at Mrs. Mary Lawton's, Jubilee-street.'

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"HENRY JOHNSONE.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE, LONDON."

The reader will, I dare say, think as I did, that this was a fair joke in requital; but I made inquiry and found that Mr. Johnsone, invalided from the Navy and very fond of poetry, was a real person and fully disposed to be a real purchaser. Indeed, he afterwards tried to treat "were it only for half a ton," and I was quite shocked that I could not spare him that quantity [!]

CHAPTER X.

FOUNDATION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Now rising from the dusk-subjected Earth,
Forth walks Civilisation, to illume
With learning's light divine the Gothic gloom,
Awaking man as 'twere to second birth;
Greens barren valley,—blossoms desert plain,—
Towers city flourishing,—smiles hamlet home,—
Track venturous navies the engirding main,—
O'er willing lands Religion's banners roam,—
Dawns mental day—and Freedom's sacred pile
Is reared, by proud resolve, in Albion's favoured isle.—Moir.

My preceding chapter has conducted me to two subjects on which I must enlarge to a considerable extent: the one is the advent of L. E. L. to the "Gazette" and the poetical world in which her extraordinary productions created so intense a sensation, and the other the origin and institution of the Royal Society of Literature. I shall, in the first place, address myself to the latter, and present a history, before I quit the scene, which no other individual can give, and yet which ought to be given of a Royal and National Establishment for the promotion of sound literature.

I have truly, and I trust not boastfully, stated that it belonged to my character to enter energetically and continue to act zealously in any cause in which I embarked; and I

may affirm that the time and painstaking I devoted to the formation and progress of this Society afforded a convincing proof of that assertion.

The first public announcement of the design was made in the "Literary Gazette;" and an outline of the prospectus which had been submitted to his Majesty, agreeably to his own spontaneous suggestion, was accompanied by such reasoning in its support as its present importance and a consideration of its future influence seemed to the writer to demand, as a manly, wise, and noble plan, of which the monarch was the personal as well as royal founder and patron, and Dr. Burgess, the learned and most estimable Bishop of St. Davids, the immediate agent and head.

The association, which was originally declared to be "for the encouragement of *indigent* merit and the promotion of *general* literature," was immediately assailed by the opposition periodicals of the day, and the "Morning Chronicle" described it as an "extra-loyal" invention for the benefit of persons in "high places," to meet which it was intimated that a rival liberal establishment ought to be set up and sustained by parties as capable of writing able essays, &c., as those who might belong to the primary body. As this jealous idea was never carried into effect (and the first part of the plan was never acted upon), I may dismiss it, and proceed with my history.

As people collect with more of curiosity for the sight of digging the foundations of a building than for the superstructure after it appears above ground, I shall bestow a few pages upon the earliest movements of this Royal Society. My first intimation about it I received from my friend, Mr. James Christie, a warm colleague with me in the conduct of the Literary Fund, and not only an accomplished virtuoso especially in ancient art, but also a ripe

Greek scholar, who wrote me: "The institution is a favourite plan of his Majesty, who has engaged the Bishop of St. Davids to form it and to enrol the first members. His Majesty contributes 1000*l.* a year, and others of the royal family subscribe smaller sums." I particularly request attention to this passage, because an erroneous rumour obtained circulation and some belief with well-informed individuals even to this day, that his Majesty had signified his intention to grant only 1000*l.* altogether, which the Bishop mistook for that amount per annum, and so placed the King in a dilemma, from the horn of which he could not extricate himself in a princely manner without acceding to the episcopal misunderstanding. This jocular anecdote, however, is the sole misunderstanding in the transaction, for his Majesty (as will immediately appear) not only meant a thousand guineas annually, but added a hundred guineas more for two medals to be awarded every year for distinguished literary merits. Mr. Christie goes on to inform me: "The Ministers give their aid, and a great part of the clergy of the Establishment and members of both Universities concur with it. The Society is, I understand, professedly formed on the plan of the 'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres' of Louis XIV.; for it had been observed that we have a Royal Society for General Science, another for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, and one for National Antiquities, but none for General Literature.

"The accompanying paper of subjects proposed for prizes was given me in confidence, but I don't scruple to transfer it to you. * * * *

"The institution, it is hoped, will tend to raise the tone of general literature, and I even anticipate some good result from it, that will be felt by the Literary Fund Society to which we belong.

"Your favourable report of the Royal Literary Society will, I know, be very gratifying to some gentlemen of rank and worth, who are much interested for its establishment and consequence; and I trust you will have pleasure in speaking favourably of it."

It was upon this hint I spake; for it was indeed a very great pleasure to take the initiative in such a munificent design; a design, like many others, springing from the best and noblest impulses of a truly generous soul, though obscured by sensuous indulgences, for which even stern morality and justice must confess there were redeeming excuses in the whole of his career, from childhood and education, and the manners of the times, and the pamperings of exalted station, and the adulation of party, till he arrived at the throne and unlimited power. I knew several instances in which the first feeling of George the Fourth led to most gracious acts; and I have reason to believe that during his latter years, especially, many more were intercepted and turned to corrupt and selfish uses by the favourites and sycophants who batten round a court. In one instance my own humble agency was employed to administer a liberal relief to a distinguished artist, and the amount having been lost by the villany of a banker, his Majesty, on reading the statement in the "Gazette," immediately remitted the donation a second time.

On the publication of my remarks, I had the honour of a letter from the Bishop of St. Davids, approving cordially of my views, and inviting the writer to "continue his observations, which may materially promote the success of the design. The King (he adds) has made the institution so entirely his own, by his generous adoption of it, and by the warmth and interest with which he entered into the whole of the plan, that the Bishop requests the editor not

to notice this communication." His lordship pointed out two errata in the programme, which were consequently corrected.

As marking progress by the growth of my personal and literary connection with the formation of this royal institute, I am compelled to copy several of the immediately ensuing correspondence:—

"Durham, Feb. 10, 1821.

"SIR,

"I thank you for your very obliging, and, to me, most interesting letter. I rejoice to find a person so able to appreciate, and so zealously prepared to co-operate with the projected institution of the Royal Society of Literature. Some unavoidable business at Abergnelly, which I could not postpone, and the necessity of taking immediate possession of a new stall in the church of Durham, which the Bishop had given me, obliged me to leave London at a time when I should otherwise have been most anxious to stay there for the purpose of promoting the advancement of our new institution. It was therefore with great pleasure that I read your account of the institution in the 'Literary Gazette.' It has kept the subject alive; it has put it on its right footing, and must have excited very widely those higher feelings in its favour which are calculated to render the institution, what it was wished to be, honourable to the King, and creditable to the country, and capable of becoming a great instrument of national good.

"I hope to be in London on the 24th of this month, and should be very glad to have the pleasure of talking over the whole plan of the institution with you, very soon after I am in town.

"I shall be detained here till the 21st (among other

engagements) by printing a small pamphlet, of which the inclosed pages are the commencement.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"T. ST. DAVIDS."

"P.S. In order to bring the objects of the Society into as comprehensive and tangible a view as possible, I always state its two main objects to be,—to *reward literary merit*, and to *excite literary talent*."

The first committee meeting which I attended was at Messrs. Hatchards', on the 12th of April, previous to which there had been six meetings, in the following order:—

Nov. 30, 1820, at which were present the Bishop of St. Davids, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Vansittart, Mr. Villiers, and Prince Hoare. His lordship stated, and a minute was made of the communication, that the design had originated in a conversation which he had in October with an eminent person in the household (I think he informed me afterwards, Sir B. Bloomfield), which being reported to his Majesty, he expressed his approbation of it, and signified a desire that an outline should be submitted to him. On the 2nd of November, the Bishop, by command, attended his Majesty at Carlton House, and was entrusted with full liberty to arrange the plan of the proposed society. His lordship, in proof of this authority, and as a ground and warrant for proceeding, presented two letters from Sir B. Bloomfield, the first in October, and before the royal audience, in which he was informed that the outline had been submitted to the King, and to assure his lordship of his Majesty's eagerness to promote the object

connected with such an institution. The second letter appointed the audience, at which this gratifying view was fully confirmed, his Majesty having entered warmly, and "with the interest of a most devoted friend to literature, into the design." [I would remind readers of the condition of the country for a long period up to this time: riots and disturbances, and affairs of threatening political aspect, kept the public in a ferment, and distracted the government. Rejoiced must the monarch have been to divert his anxieties by turning to an object he could pursue with pleasure and satisfaction; planting a scheme for the encouragement of learning and promotion of social improvement, on a soil, even then, so torn up and wasted by unhappy struggles.]

December 4, 1821. The committee met again, with the addition of Sir Alexander Johnstone, and Mr. John Mortlock, a personal friend of the Bishop's, and a gentleman of high respectability in trade, one of a class which I only wish was more numerous in London, to which they do honour by uniting with the most able and assiduous habits of business, a love of literature, and thorough enjoyment of the charm its cultivation affords. This conjunction of the mercantile and the intellectual forms an English character of a very superior nature; and it has been my good fortune to meet with striking examples of it. With progress in education, and refinement of manners, I am inclined to expect that this minority will be largely augmented, and the community, in consequence, astonishingly benefited.

At this second meeting the issue of notices for prizes to be given by the society was discussed; and three were agreed upon, though not ultimately carried into effect. The first was a hundred guineas by the King for the best essay upon the genius of Homer; the second of fifty guineas,

by the society, for the best poem on Dartmoor; and the third, of twenty-five guineas, for the best paper on the history of Greece. The first and third dropped out of operation, and only the second was brought to bear, as I shall relate in its due place.

Prospectuses and subscription lists were ordered to be sent out, and an adjournment to the first Thursday in February was agreed to. It was however

March 1st before there was another meeting, and on that day and the 8th nothing of consequence was transacted, though six candidates for the Dartmoor prize sent in their productions, and a seventh afterwards arrived, but too late to meet the conditions for the competition.

March 15. The Duke of York became a subscriber, and a month later the Duke of Clarence. The rest of the royal family joined afterwards.

April 5. Archdeacon Prosser and Mr. Baber were added to the committee, and there were several meetings held in the rooms of the latter at the British Museum; and a few in the apartments of the Literary Fund in Lincoln's Inn Fields, till a convenient accommodation was rented in Parliament-street, near the "whereabouts" of Lords and Commons.

April 12. Mr. Lewis Way and I took our seats; on the 19th, Archdeacon Nares and the Rev. Dr. Gray; on the 10th of May, the Bishop of Gloucester; on the 17th, Mr. Westley Hall Dare, and B. Bunbury, and Dr. Croly; the future accessions in the course of a few months, being the Bishops of Carlisle, Chester, Bangor, and Lincoln, and several noble and literary men, but none to take a regular and active share in the business, which indeed fell into the hands of not more than half-a-dozen indefatigable individuals.

The first public step worth recording was the adjudication

of the prize of fifty guineas for the best poem on Dartmoor. The arbiters appointed were seven, five to be a quorum, and the duty was assigned to the Bishop, Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Gray, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Baber, Dr. Croly, and Archdeacon Nares, for whom I was substituted, in consequence of his being obliged to leave town.

The verdict, given on the 6th of June, was unanimous. The key-paper was opened, and the charming poetess of many a future year found to be the successful author.

From this period there were continual meetings of the provisional committee, and it must be acknowledged that their task was not only onerous, but exceedingly troublesome. The preparation and correction of the prospectus for publication occupied us something after the fashion in which Penelope's web occupied her, till I really thought there would be no end to our Odyssey! Owing to the irregular attendance of the members, what was agreed to at one meeting was traversed at the next, and what was done after, probably, a careful examination of all circumstances to be put forth and the language in which to express them, was undone by alterations proposed by some one or other who had not taken part in these proceedings, and who "respectfully, &c." took the liberty to suggest such and such improvements. The good bishop was very accessible to all, and everybody seemed inclined to yield to everybody, till the business was so overlaid and perplexed, that even the foundations were threatened with reconstruction, and preliminary steps appeared to be interminable. I have before me the printed circulars considered and reconsidered and revised, taken home and corrected on the 9th and 12th of April, so covered and blotted with changes and memoranda, as to be hardly intelligible. Here the objects of the society were varied; there the

means were proposed to be differently applied; and anon the constitution was remodelled. I remember one day when Dr. Majendie, infected by a hostile outside influence, gave his opinion that the medals, without the large pecuniary endowment, would be sufficient to effect the avowed purposes of the society, one of which was to counteract the poisons of the profane and demoralising press, then so widely and dangerously propagated; and I quietly asked him, if he thought hanging a penny piece over London bridge would stop the tide? the notion tickled his fancy, and he and I were such fast friends from that time, that on a Welsh tour, I had the gratification to be discovered, and taken to spend a pleasant day with him at the palace at Bangor.

At the last-mentioned meeting, the parties present were the Bishop of St. Davids; Dr. Prosser, Archdeacon of Durham; the Rev. Lewis Way, Prince Hoare, Rev. Mr. Baber, and myself; and, to judge by our chips, we must have done yeoman's work. But it was all to little purpose. At the next assemblage, as usual, three or four strangers to our labour attended, and mutilated and reversed enough of the arrangement to require it to be begun all over again, almost *de novo*. Two notes from the Bishop, May 8th and 9th, will indicate the minutiæ of details to which the workers were obliged to give their time:—

"11, Orchard-street, May 8, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,

"I like all your corrections but one—*formation*—which you propose instead of *origin*. Its formation has had some aid from one of his Majesty's Ministers; its origin had no connection whatever with the Ministry.

"I have not Mr. Croly's address; I must therefore

request you to give my thanks to him for his obliging present of the second part of 'Paris in 1815,' and especially for the ten admirable pages which are prefixed to it.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"T. ST. DAVIDS."

"11, Orchard-street, May 9, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have inclosed a revised paper. I have retained *proposal* in line 5, as a less strong term than *design*. As a matter of conversation, it was a mere proposal to institute a society. In line 3, I have retained *by*, because, if I mistake not, Louis XIV. was at the whole expense of the institution.

"Yours faithfully,

"T."

I may here repeat that the principal and more efficient individuals who took an active share in these inchoate measures, besides those I have more pointedly named, were the Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Bexley; Dr. Law, Bishop of Chester; Dr. Sumner, now Bishop of Winchester; the Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon; Archdeacon Nares; Dr. Gray, afterwards Bishop of Bristol; Dr. Croly; and but seldom my friend Mr. Hall Dare. By the month of May we met at Messrs. Hatchards', in Piccadilly, and flattered ourselves on having overcome our difficulties, and sufficiently matured the plan for publicity. But a perfectly new obstacle was unexpectedly interposed from another quarter. It was notified to the Committee at one of its sittings (I think by Dr. Majendie), that his Majesty had been advised with on the

subject, and that Lord Sidmouth had intimated the royal wish that the plan should proceed no farther. Immediately previous to this startling annunciation, I had received the annexed letter and inclosure from the President :—

"Wednesday, May 2.

"DEAR SIR,

"The interest you take in our new society induces me to send you a copy of the last letter which I received from Sir B. Bloomfield subsequently to the two letters of which Mr. Yeates read copies yesterday. The inclosed letter was in answer to one which conveyed to him our latest printed paper previous to the 25th of December, and the proposal for augmenting the number of associates from ten to twelve.

"Yours faithfully,

"T. ST. DAVIDS."

COPY OF SIR B. BLOOMFIELD'S LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

"The Pavilion, Dec. 25th, 1820.

"MY LORD,

"I did not fail to make the King acquainted with your Lordship's last communication ; and I am commanded to assure your lordship of his Majesty's full participation in your Lordship's anxiety for the success of this infant undertaking.

"With great respect,

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's obliged and

"Very humble servant,

"B. BLOOMFIELD."

"32, Park-street, Feb. 26, 1821.

"The Bishop of. St. Davids will be glad to see Mr. Jerdan, if it should not be inconvenient to him, to-morrow morning any time before twelve o'clock."

Though staggered by the message (if I may so call it) from Lord Sidmouth, Secretary for the Home Department, it was not easy to reconcile such a rebuff with the communications already quoted; but, as I have hinted, the President had not confidence enough in himself, and though firmly determined to walk in the right, straightforward path, he was too susceptible of opposition, and allowed this new obstacle almost to paralyse his enterprise. The wavering thus induced checked all useful advance. There was consultation after consultation, and a continual occurrence of that which, both before and after, was a heavy drag upon the proceedings. It was perhaps characteristic of the class of persons of whom the committee was chiefly composed; but so it was, that it was hardly ever possible to procure A. B. to go directly to C. D., or E. F. to G. H. (however intimate, or allied by private or public ties); and we literally realised the apparent ridicule of asking Tom to tell Jack to inquire of Bill if the master's bell had rung. Suppose it was wished to consult Lord Grenville or Lord Lansdowne, might it not be presumed that some one or other among the parties named might have felt at liberty to accept the honorary mission; but no such thing! It was, I will speak to So-and-So, or go to such a one, and I dare say he will be able to find an opportunity to broach the subject to his Lordship. This is no caricature: it substantially took place amongst us above a hundred times.

But even matters so managed must come to a conclusion. Upon some inquiry it was ascertained that Sir Walter Scott—on what invitation was unknown—had communicated to Lord Sidmouth his opinion at length, upon the establishment of the society, and given his reasons for thinking all such institutions injurious, rather than beneficial, to the interests they espoused. This letter his lordship had—not officially but confidentially—shown to his royal master; and it was upon this condition of things that the President and Committee had been affrighted from their proper functions. I do not desire to make my doings of consequence, but I saw this matter in a very strong light, and felt more than regret that all the time and pains I had bestowed on the design should be wasted. I accordingly sought an interview with the bishop, and urgently represented to him that I thought he would be acting disrespectfully to his Majesty, by abandoning a commission given *vivâ voce* into his charge, upon the credibility of any counter-order or change of sentiment, no matter how high the quarter from which it came. His Lordship was pleased to agree with me, and said he would seize the opportunity of the next levee to ascertain the King's wishes. But an earlier opportunity accidentally offered itself, and, by the application of more facile means, the true state of affairs was promptly and decisively settled. The King had gone to Brighton, where Prince Hoare, who was one of the most zealous and effective members of the Committee from the first, had an abode and considerable property, on which he was resident at the time. I wrote to him a circumstantial account of all I have just related, and begged of him, if the relaxation of the Sovereign from the toils of the capital admitted of it, to endeavour to make out how we really stood. The process turned out to be very easy. Mr. Hoare was well acquainted with the royal

chaplain, Mr. Carr (soon after a bishop), and took occasion to explain all the particulars to him. They were also stated to the Marchioness of Conyngham, lady of the chamberlain, and an inmate of the Pavilion; and within a few hours the whole subject was discussed, over wine and walnuts, perhaps, in an evening's conversation. The result was, that Sir Walter Scott's objections had made no impression on the King's mind, who astutely enough remarked that he knew Scott very well, and that where he did not lead he was not much inclined to co-operate, and far less to follow; and therefore he trusted the worthy bishop would bring his work to a consummation.

In justice to my immortal countryman, I should confess that in his objections he only echoed the opinions of other very eminent men. In my endeavour to recruit the ranks in the month of June, I was disappointed in Sir F. Freeling, though for private reasons he assigned; and from Mr. Canning I received the following very interesting negative:—

[Private.]

"Gloucester Lodge, June 24, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry that you should have had the trouble of calling here to no purpose. But you will not be surprised that, on my return with my family, after a pretty long absence, I should have a good deal upon my hands of private affairs, to fill the interval which public matters leave me.

"As soon as I am a little more settled I shall be most happy to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meantime I have read the paper which you have been so good as to send for my perusal.

"I had already become acquainted with the plan through the medium of your "Gazette;" and I am afraid I shall

incur your displeasure (at least in your editorial capacity) when I add that I had early determined not to have anything to do with it.

"My reasons are partly general, partly personal.

"1st, I am really of opinion, with Dr. Johnson, that the multitudinous personage, called the *Public*, is, after all, the best patron of literature and learned men.

"2nd, A much older authority, Horace, has described the general character of poets (in which other authors may perhaps be comprehended) in a way which would make it unadvisable for any individual, who is already in hot water *enough*, as a politician, to prepare another warm bath for himself, as arbiter of literary pretensions and literary rivalries.

"It is obviously much easier to avoid belonging to the institution, than, belonging to it, to decline executing its functions; and therefore I should wish very much to avoid it.

"Do not betray either my apprehensions or my heresy (if you think it such); and believe me, dear sir, very truly,

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"GEO. CANNING."

In order to finish what relates to Sir Walter Scott, in connection with the society, I may mention that, some years after, I consulted with my colleagues in the council, and, finding a perfect agreement among them on the propriety of conferring one of the golden medals of the year on that illustrious ornament of our country's literature, took the liberty to sound Mr. Lockhart on the proposal, and was answered:—

"Wimbledon, March 6, 1827.

"My Dear Sir,

"Mrs. Lockhart desires to return many thanks for your elegant present of L. E. L.'s Poems.

"I cannot think it right to communicate to Sir W. Scott anything of your proposition, but shall simply content myself with expressing my belief that he would feel highly gratified with such a mark of approbation from such a body as the R. S. L.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

The medal was consequently voted to, and cordially accepted by, Sir Walter Scott; the other being conferred on Southey. But to return to my narrative. With the renewed impulse the Provisional Council (authorised in May to act till the society should consist of two hundred members, when a regular or permanent Council should be elected) proceeded with the necessary arrangements diligently and successfully.

CHAPTER XI.

HISTORY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE CONCLUDED.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.—POPE.

As an example of the way in which Royal Societies may be made, I proceed to add a few further particulars to the preceding chapter. Among the earliest members who entered zealously into the promotion of the design, as workers, were Mr. Taylor Combe, A. J. Valpy, Dr. Yeates, William Tooke, A. Impey, Mr. Jacobs, and Dr. Richards; and it was also strengthened by the junction and occasional services of Sir M. Tierney, Sir Thomas D. Acland, Sir Henry Halford, T. Bosworth, Sharon Turner, C. A. Smith, and others, so that by the end of 1821 it was in a fair way and satisfactory condition. I do not say too much, when I state that I was the President's deputy manager, and really had my hands full of correcting proofs, and had more to do than Mr. Yeates, the provisional secretary. The premiums resolved to be announced for the year 1822 were a renewal of—

I. The King's premium of one hundred guineas * for the best Dissertation on the AGE OF HOMER;—his

* No essay presented for any of these premiums was at all commen-

Writings and Genius; and on the state of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts, during that period, collected from the Writings of HOMER.

II. Also the Society's premium of fifty guineas for the best Essay on the HISTORY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE; comprehending the present Language of Greece, especially in the Ionian Islands; and the differences between Ancient and Modern Greek.

III. And the Society's premium of fifty guineas for the best poem on the FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE in the fifteenth century.

This list being finally made ready for publication, after half a dozen times undergoing the revision of the bishop, Mr. Baber, and myself, was advertised in the newspapers; Mr. Baber left town, and the rest that might require to be done was remitted to a quorum of three; being about one, if not two, more than could be got together! at the season of the year. I was therefore left alone, like the one soldier from India, who represented Hamilton's regiment at the review.

In February, 1822, the Council began to muster again, and the proceedings of the year, though several matters of importance were discussed, did not advance to any material transaction. A limited number of Mrs. Hemans's prize poem was printed at the expense of the society, in a neat quarto of twenty-two pages, and distributed among the members; a fine memorial of the desolate Dartmoor, which is nevertheless one of the most antiquarian localities in our island, and yet wants the research of archæology to explore

surate to even limited expectation, and no award was made. There were, indeed, very few; and on the subjects which required great learning and labour, I think the offer was a mistake, and that nothing of sufficient character could be expected.

its wonderful remains, and the powers of history to explain them. There is, perhaps, more of Ancient Britain on Dartmoor, than on all the rest of England together. Thus sung the bard-like Hemans :—

Who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages which have left no trace
No sunbeam on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs, who pass'd without their praise,
Thou might'st have rear'd the valiant and the free,
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,
But hallow'd by that instinct, which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years—
And such are these. Long centuries have flown,
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne.
. . . . . .
But still these nameless chronicles of death,
Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
The eternity of nature.

A year after this society-printing and distribution, I received the following notes from the author relating to the poem on the Fall of Constantinople, which I also had the pleasure to arrange for her :—

"Bronwhylfa, St. Asaph, May 8th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I am ignorant of the proper medium of communication with the Royal Society of Literature, and am aware that you are one of its members, may I request you would do me the favour of making known to that society, in whatever manner you consider most expedient, that it is my intention to publish, without delay, a poem of mine,

now in their hands, and originally written for the prize offered by them in 1821. The present season of the year being considered the most favourable for publication, I have been advised, on that account, no longer to wait the adjudgment of the prize. As I think it right that the society should be made acquainted with this without delay, it will be a satisfaction to me if you will have the kindness to inform me that it has been done. My poem, which is the one with a motto from Horace—'*Barbarus, heu! insistet victor*, &c.,' and another from Montesquieu, '*Sous les derniers Empereurs, l'Empire, réduit aux faubourgs de Constantinople*,' &c., will be in the hands of Mr. Murray by the time you receive this.

"Should you be induced to visit this country in the course of the ensuing summer, I trust you will not pass St. Asaph without giving me an opportunity of assuring you that I am,

"Dear sir, very truly,

"Your obliged, &c.,

"F. HEMANS."

"Bronwhylfa, St. Asaph, May 19.

"DEAR SIR,

"I feel particularly obliged by the kindness and consideration with which you have fulfilled the wishes I took the liberty of communicating to you, on the subject of my poem. It appears to me, however, that it would be taking an advantage hardly fair, of the permission to publish granted by the R. S. L., to leave the piece amongst those of the candidates for the offered prize, after laying it before the public. I had indeed imagined that the very request which the society have done me the favour to

grant, amounted to a withdrawal of my claim as a candidate. May I therefore still farther trouble you to procure for me the copy in the hands of the society (which, I conclude can be obtained on presenting the mottoes), and to do me the kindness of forwarding it to the address of Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, at L. Hesse's, Esq., No. 6, Somerset House.

"I have requested Mr. Murray to transmit you a copy of the little volume immediately on its publication. You will, I hope, receive, and favour me by accepting it, in the course of a few days. I have called it the 'Last Constantine,' having seen a poem advertised some time ago, by the title of the 'Fall of Constantinople.'

"When you next see my old friend with a new name, Mr. Dare, be so kind as to offer him my congratulations on his recent acquisition of property. With much esteem, believe me, Dear Sir,

"Your obliged servant,

"F. HEMANS.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

At last the Provisional Council finished its long and arduous task, and laid the results before his Majesty, as the Originator and Founder of "The Society for the Promotion of General Literature," into which comprehensive formula all the various propositions, titles, alterations and amendments, were thus finally resolved. All the preceding motions, irregularly and desultorily brought forward (as I have described) and discussed at Council after Council on their insulated merits, without time and opportunity for weighing them with reference to the whole, were happily discarded, and the following official notification, under the sign manual, and addressed to the Bishop

of St. Davids, testified to his Majesty's unwearied love of literature, and patriotic desire to effect a royal and national association in its favour.

"G. R.

"Carlton Palace, 2nd June, 1823.

"My Lord,

"I am honoured with the commands of the King, to acquaint your Lordship, that his Majesty most entirely approves of the Constitution and Regulations of the Royal Society of Literature, as submitted by your Lordship.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) W. KNIGHTON."

This welcome intelligence having been laid before the Council, a general meeting of the *Fellows* was ordered to be summoned for the 17th, and this, the first public meeting, took place accordingly. The learned and excellent bishop, who, during all the period passed in maturing the plan agreeably to his Majesty's direction, had acted as Provisional President, took the chair, and read an admirable address, in which he took a succinct but clear and complete view of the origin, present state, and future prospects of the society, upon which I need not dwell, having as well as I could, given an historical and anecdotical account of the royal intention, and the process by which it was brought to its existing establishment.

Under the patronage, and endowed by the munificence of the King, the institution was defined to be for the advancement of Literature, by 1, the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by 2, the promotion of discoveries in literature; by 3, endeavours to

fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of our language, by the critical improvement of our lexicography; by 4, the reading, at public meetings, of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts; and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of, in the Society's Transactions; by 5, the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by 6, establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purposes of literary inquiry and information.

Such was the original scope of the society, with a grant of eleven hundred guineas annually from the Crown, and its own fund of donations and subscriptions, to defray the charges. Before going farther, I shall briefly notice the results of this programme, as the society has been able to realise it, with, unquestionably, very liberal support from many members, but without that adhesion of numbers which alone could have done justice to the entire system.

1. As yet in embryo. The late Dr. Richards, however, bequeathed a legacy of 5000*l.* to the society for the execution of this object. Owing to private circumstances, the legacy, reduced to one-third, about 1650*l.*, was only recovered last year, and it is thought must accumulate with interest before any work worthy of the society can be undertaken. [In my humble opinion, it ought to be acted upon directly to the extent of its supply.] The publication of two sterling volumes, entitled "Biographia Britannica Literaria," ably edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, does not come exactly within the terms of this bequest, and is the only separate work that has been issued by the society; though a second

volume of the. "Hieroglyphics," begun for the Egyptian Society by Dr. Young, has also been produced.

2. Almost an entire blank.

3. An expensive design, and beyond the means of the society. Yet, as Todd, the editor of "Johnson's Dictionary," presented to it all his valuable and lexicographical collection,* it may still be hoped, that, possessed of such materials and a large body of useful accessories, this grand branch of the pristine plan may, at some future period, be brought into operation.

4. Regularly carried on, and the source of many very learned and admirable papers. On Egyptian, and, latterly, Assyrian antiquities, the communications have been remarkably interesting; and a list of the contributors would at once prove that they could not be otherwise. Hallam, W. Hamilton, Col. Leake, Sir G. Wilkinson, Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, Mr. Bonomi, Dr. P. Colquhoun, Mr. John Hogg, the late Isaac Cullimore, Dr. Hincks, the late Granville Penn, Sharon Turner, Sir W. Ouseley, Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Millingen, Sir W. Gell, Henry Holland, W. Osburn, Sir C. Fellowes, Mr. Layard, Colonel Rawlinson, Colonel Mure, W. S. W. Vaux, J. P. Collier, J. Landseer, G. Burges, and a host of other distinguished authors and literary antiquaries (not to swell the catalogue with foreign scholars), have thrown much light upon many curious and long-vexed inquiries.

5. During the life of the founder, George IV., ten royal associates were endowed with a permanent honorarium of one hundred guineas each, and every year two splendid gold medals were voted by the Council to men most eminent in the pursuits of literature. On the death of his

* Prince Hoare also was a great benefactor to the library, which now contains many standard and some rare works.

Majesty, this munificent source of distinction ceased. King William IV. intimated that he was too poor, and had too many nearer claims upon the Privy Purse to admit of this deduction, and the royal endowment came to an unexpected and painful close. Several of the royal associates, the recipients of the pension (if I may so call the tribute to their deserts, accompanied by a pecuniary revenue), had been taught to rely upon it as a certainty; and I was aware that to some inconveniency, amounting to distress, was the consequence of this sudden stoppage of income. I have mentioned my slight acquaintance with Lord Melbourne, and the cuff he bestowed upon me; and I record it, as an honour to his memory, that he renewed our intercourse to ascertain through me how parties were affected by this change; and when I represented the particular hardships to him, provided the same amount from other sources of national disbursement.

6. Has not perhaps been carried out to the extent which a very wealthy and flourishing institution, especially when fresh and young, might desire; but, in this respect, it is gratifying to have to state that, with the accession of new and active members, there is a manifest improvement going on, and a much wider intercommunication with foreign literati likely to be concerted.

The management of the society's affairs was, at this meeting, vested in the Bishop of St. Davids, as President; as Vice-presidents, the Bishop of Chester, the Lord Chief Justice, the Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, the Hon. G. Agar Ellis, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Macintosh, Archdeacon Nares, and Colonel Leake; Council, Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Grenville, Lord Morpeth, Sir T. Acland, F. Chantrey, Taylor Combe, Rev. G. Croly, James Cumming, W. Empson, Rev. Dr. Gray, Prince Hoare, W. Jerdan, Archdeacon Prosser, Rev. Dr. Richards, and Rev. C. Sumner (now

Bishop of Winchester); treasurer, A. E. Impey; librarian, Rev. H. H. Baber; secretary, Rev. R. Cattermole.

In the ensuing season, early in November, the council re-assembled; the business of the society advanced, and its strength and prosperity increased.

I have a little way back put the word "Fellows" into italics, in order that I may mention one of our formative dilemmas. We wanted a name by which to designate our members, as other societies had their capital letters, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.A., &c. &c.; and it was almost, if not altogether, ludicrous, but gave us much trouble at the time, that the Royal Society and the Royal Society of Antiquaries formally protested against our additions exhibiting the distinguishing letters which they employed to designate a Fellow, and the Royal Academy objected to our having an M., which pertained to them to designate Members. We had a deal of correspondence on the subject, and how we were to be permitted to range our P's and Q's, or rather our F's, M's, R's, and S's, became a matter of grave consideration. I forget how the difficulty was overcome; but I think it was by adding an L. to the literal measure, and swelling ourselves into the four letters, M. R. S. L.

The "Literary Gazette," I need hardly say, had been from the first a hearty supporter of the plan, and became its demi-official organ; and in this course it published a report of a meeting of primary importance, in its No. 374, March 20, 1824. In this, however, a mistake occurred, in describing the appointment of the Royal Associates as proceeding from a *carte blanche* given to the Council by the Sovereign; upon which I received the annexed letter from the President, which shows his great anxiety to have nothing misunderstood regarding the society:—

"Durham, March 23.

"DEAR SIR,

"The more I consider the account of the *carte blanche expressly signified* to the Council by the King, and his *expressed will*, that no party or political feelings should be permitted to have the slightest influence in the proceedings of the society, the more I am concerned at the incorrectness (to say the least of it) of such a representation. The only *carte blanche* which the King gave was to me, and it certainly expressed no such direction. If the King should see this account, he must think I have abused his confidence. In the two letters under the sign manual, which are the only public expressions of his will, there are not the slightest intimations respecting party or politics. I am really anxious on my own account, as well as the Society's, that this misconstruction of the King's authority should be set right, which I hope the letter of 'Chartophylax' will do

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"T. ST. DAVIDS."

This correction was inserted in the "Literary Gazette," No. 375, and the Royal Associates elected under the proper authority appeared as follows:—S. T. Coleridge, Rev. E. Davies (Celtic Researches, Mythology, &c.); Dr. John Jamieson, Edinburgh; T. R. Malthus; T. J. Matthias; J. Millingen; Sir W. Ouseley; W. Roscoe; Todd, editor of "Johnson's Dictionary;" and Sharon Turner;—a list I believe unanimously approved of by the public and literary world.

The honorary members elected at the same period gave equal satisfaction, as evincing the absence of all little or

party feelings in the selection. Alison, the historian, Bishop Gleig, Von Hammer, Archbishop Magee, Angelo Mai, Sir John Malcolm, W. Mitford, J. Rennell, H. Salt, W. A. Von Schlegel, Sir G. Staunton, Dr. Thomas Young, and Dr. C. Wilkins, are names that could hardly be surpassed in the sphere of contemporary literature; and I may add, as an amusing fact, that at a later date the good orthodox Bishop of St. Davids moved, and I seconded, the nomination of a certain scholarly M. Wiseman, little foreseeing that he would become a Cardinal, and the greatest Roman Catholic authority in England. It is almost enough to stir my venerated old friend in his tomb. As for myself, I read the name, still on the honorary list, with becoming equanimity.

Meetings at which a number of the celebrated persons I have named in these pages were usually present, possessed great interest; and there were also, at various times, connected with the society, as honorary associates, as well as honorary members, Dr. Rees, Professor Lee, Mr. Duppa, Mr. Fosbrooke, Lisle Bowles, B. Barton, Dr. Lingard, Dr. G. Miller, James Rennell, Dugald Stewart, G. Crabbe, Archdeacon Coxe, A. Roscoe, Washington Irving, T. Mitchell, James Montgomery, P. F. Tytler, the Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Lepsius, G. P. R. James, Dawson Turner, and many more who have enriched our literature in every class. That the society was steered clear of party or sectarian prejudices need not be asserted after the contemplation of such a list of men of every description of political and religious opinion; but, if farther proof were wanted, it would be supplied by the names of the fourteen individuals who were honoured with the gold medals during the seven years, from 1824 to 1830, in which the bounty of George IV. was expended upon these distinctions, viz., W. Mitford and Angelo Mai, James Rennell and C. Wilkins, Professor Schweighæuser

and Dugald Stewart, Sir W. Scott and R. Southey, George Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe, W. Roscoe and Baron Silvestre de Lacy, Washington Irving and Henry Hallam.

From the period of the second anniversary, when the President delivered another eloquent address, any small portion of research may trace the future history of the Society; and therefore I may consistently finish my sketch of its origin and earliest proceedings here. That I claim some credit and feel considerable pride in the share I took in its formation, of which I can truly say *quorum pars magna fui*, and deem a prominent event in my literary life, I have no wish to conceal; for it is not amiss to affirm the insufficiently appreciated fact, that when a man engaged in literary pursuits devotes his precious time to the public cause, he is contributing much more, both in substance and assistance, than the noble or wealthy who subscribe even munificently for its benefit. For thirty-two years I have not slackened in any zeal for the promotion of the design, whose birth I witnessed and whose prosperity I aided, out of the council-room and the committees on papers for publication, by personal exertions to augment its numbers and procure the co-operation of powerful allies. That I was very successful in both ways the list of living members still bears testimony (though, alas, the list of the departed would be more demonstrative); and when I add that two of the future presidents were introduced through me, namely, Lord Dover, and the Earl of Ripon, I need scarcely refer to the Duke of Rutland, Earl of Munster, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Farnborough, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, and others, whom it was my good fortune to enrol among the friends of the institution. I append the note of Lord Ripon (then Lord Goderich) on his election, as he afterwards did so much to advance the welfare of the society, and as the allusion at

its close may demand some observations, as connected with another hardly less important but far less known affair, in which the press was intimately concerned.

"DEAR SIR, "Pembroke House, March 9.

"Will you do me the favour to let me know to whom I am to address myself upon the subject of my election to be a member of the Royal Society of Literature. I have received a communication respecting it, but I have mislaid the letter, and know not to whom or where the answer ought to be sent.

"I think your idea about 'Truth' a very good one, and will talk to Mr. Ellis about it.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"GODERICH."

In all the Bishop of St. Davids' (afterwards Salisbury) proceedings and addresses I was gratified by being usefully and confidentially employed; and the more so because in all my experience of mankind I never knew a character superior to his. In London and at Abergwilly I had opportunities for studying him closely, and for scholarship, humanity, and Christianity, I never met his equal. He was indeed the good Samaritan, the man without guile, the Protestant prelate of purest apostolic principles. His charity was only limited by his means to bestow, and hardly by that, and his very strong orthodoxy was often dissolved in a tide of liberality in which the great ingredient was nearly lost. A more simple-minded, sincere, virtuous, and pious being never adorned creation. I trust I may be forgiven the addition of a few brief notes, to show the terms on which I

had the happiness to live for many years with this exemplary man. I preface them with one from Prince Hoare :—

"DEAR SIR, "Thursday, Norfolk-street.

"The Bishop of St. Davids is very desirous of reading to the Council on Thursday, your *first announcement* of the R. S. L. in the 'Literary Gazette.' Can you conveniently favour him with it on Thursday?

"Yours, with regard,

"P. HOARE."

"DEAR SIR,

"I have here sent you the title, &c., of the tract which has been advertised in the 'Literary Gazette.' In the last page of the enclosed you will find a reference to the *Address to the Royal Society of Literature*, which I shall not advertise publicly till it has been printed.

"Yours very truly,

"T. SARUM."

"DEAR SIR,

"You will of course prefix to the enclosed some reason for printing the entire Anniversary Discourse, instead of the epitome, and state that it has been done with my consent. It was my intention to publish the Discourse as a tract; but, for the present, I shall be content with the wider circulation which the 'Literary Gazette' will give to its contents, than could have been done in the form of a tract. Yours very truly,

"T. SARUM."

"DEAR SIR,

"I was truly concerned to hear of your severe accident, and I hope that you will be soon a convalescent. I sent a copy of our Address to Colonel Fitzclarence,

and received yesterday evening an answer from him, which I shall lay before a meeting of the Council on Monday. With best wishes for your perfect recovery,

"I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

"T. SARUM."

"DEAR SIR,

"I leave London next week, and should be glad to have my Anniversary Discourse on Monday, that I may commit it to the press, so as to get a proof or two before I leave London. Yours very truly,

"T. SARUM."

The last I shall quote is amusing, as referring to Mr. Davies:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Your compositor has succeeded much better than I expected. There is one droll erratum—*Cellar* Researches, instead of *Celtic* Researches—the author having been one of the most *abstemious* men in the world.

"Yours very truly,

"T. SARUM."

I have only to add, that the commodious house now occupied by the Royal Society of Literature, in St. Martin's Place, was indebted for its building to liberal voluntary subscriptions from leading members; and that the Society is now flourishing under the presidency of the Earl of Carlisle, with the able assistance of Lord Colborne, Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chief Baron, Sir John Boileau, Mr. Hallam, Col. Leake, Dr. Spry, Mr. Wm. Tooke, Mr. B. Botfield, Sir John Doratt, Mr. B. Austen, Mr. Teed, &c., amongst its Vice-presidents and Council. *Esto perpetua!*

CHAPTER XII.

L. E. L.

We love the bird we taught to sing.—L. E. L.

I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me.

THE foregoing lines may suggest that I have arrived at the most difficult point in these memoirs. Of the gifted being whose career, intimately blended for nearly twenty years with my own in every intellectual and literary pursuit, it is my inevitable task to describe, I cannot write in a language addressed to common minds or submitted to mere worldly rules. I must appeal to the feeling and the imaginative; for such was L. E. L. She cannot be understood by an ordinary estimate nor measured by an ordinary standard; and those who have not poetry in their souls and warm and deep sympathies in their natures, will find little to interest them in this portion of my work.

Yet is the mystery of the tragedy powerfully affecting; and when I am calling on readers to look back above thirty years upon its earliest scenes, I implore them not to view my statements as those of age and reflection, but, as they belong to a distant period; to take all the conditions of that period into their consideration; and put themselves in the mood to feel that what is new to them, is to me a retrospect the

most painful that can be conceived, and exciting emotions of unutterable grief.

I found in L. E. L. a creature of another sphere, though with every fascination which could render her most loveable in our every-day world. The exquisite simplicity of childhood, the fine form of womanhood, the sweetest of dispositions, the utmost charm of unaffected manners, and, above all, an impassioned ideal and poetical temperament which absorbed her existence and held all else comparatively as nothing. The development of this Psyche-phenomenon was her life, and all that pertained to it. Her whole history realised the allegory, if it be an allegory, of Apuleius, as closely as if it had been invented to shape her course, with the exception of its fatal termination on earth—death instead of slumber; but let us hope only a different mode of raising her to that heaven where her prototype entered into the glories of immortality and the unalloyed raptures which are sought in vain in mortal communion.

"We love the bird we taught to sing;"

so sung she to me; and it but weakly expressed the idolisation which the constant watch over the expansion of that extraordinary and yet most natural Intelligence inspired. From day to day and hour to hour, it was mine to facilitate her studies, to shape her objects, to regulate her taste, to direct her genius, and cultivate the divine organisation of her being. For the divine part was in Her! She was the Myth of the Grecian tale; and unless it can be comprehended that there are two almost distinct yet inseparably united faculties to be traced in human nature—the one celestial and the other terrestrial—I must confess it to be impossible for me by any description to convey an accurate

idea of the dual individuality of L. E. L. In exoteric society she was like others; but in her inmost abstract and visioned moods (and these prevailed) she was the Poet, seen and glorified in her immortal writings.

And immortal they will be, despite of the critical censures which may justly be bestowed upon immature blots and careless errors: so long as love and passion animate the breast of youth, so long as tenderness and pathos affect the mind of man, so long as glowing imagery and natural truth have power over the intellect and heart, so long will the poetry of L. E. L. exert a voice to delight, touch, refine, and exalt the universal soul.

I have endeavoured to explain this subject, not metaphysically, but absolutely and truly, in order that what follows may not be mistaken for self-assumption.

It is the very essence of the being I have so faintly portrayed, not to see things in their actual state, but to imagine, create, exaggerate, and form them into idealities; and then to view them in the light in which vivid fancy alone has made them appear. Thus it befel with my tuition of L. E. L. Her poetic emotions and aspirations were intense, usurping in fact almost every other function of the brain; and the assistance I could give her in the ardent pursuit produced an influence not readily to be conceived under other circumstances or upon a less imaginative nature. The result was a grateful and devoted attachment; all phases of which demonstrate and illume the origin of her productions. Critics and biographers may guess, and speculate, and expatiate for ever; but without this master-key they will make nothing of their reveries. With it, all is intelligible and obvious, and I have only to call on the admirers of her delicious compositions to remember this one fact to settle the question of their reality or romance—that

they are the effusions of passionate inspiration, lighted from such unlike sources, and not uncommon events, and that they must be attributed to the spirit which clothed them according to its own unreal dreams, and not to the apparent cause.

Whilst I state an interesting fact absolutely necessary for the true understanding of a destiny and vein of poetry, which at once attracted extraordinary attention, and will for ever stir responsive chords in human hearts, I would fain disarm criticism of its possible power to misinterpret what I have stated into personal application. Shakespeare, even in his Faery Land, drew exquisitely from the deepest fountains of Nature, and exhibited her illusions in the reflected enchantments of Oberon ; but that She is far more potent than he. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and what is a whole life but such a vision ?—Helena says—

> "Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
> Love can transpose to forme and dignitie ;"

and the infatuation of Titania with a mere vulgar mortal, and with the head of an ass to boot, is thus readily accounted for.

The medium through which the Poet looks is not the atmosphere of reason, or of our accustomed day and night. Reason is overpowered by imagination ; the visible objects of the clear day are electrically lighted with halos of splendour ; and the obscure objects of night are distorted into shapes of amazement and terror. The super-Natural reigns, and exercises a dominion which could account for a hundred times greater marvels than I have candidly attempted to explain ; and I have only once more to beg for a candid construction. With this philosophy of cause and effect, it is no vain folly in me to show how I became invested with such credulous perfections. Cherishing the

ruling passion, there was an incessant community of thought; every line and every motion of a soul imbued with a quenchless thirst for literary distinction and poetic glory was submitted for my advice; mine was the counsel that pointed the course and the hand that steered the bark, and the breath that filled the sail: was it then to be wondered at that the conscious progress towards the fruit of this engrossing ambition should resolve and extend itself into an enthusiastic feeling, even on such feeble foundations of affection for the guide and the hyperbolical estimate, which magnified and illuminated every trivial and common feature till very slight, if any, resemblance to the original remained? The world was only opening and unknown to her, and she might —even holding her child-like gratitude in view—both feel and say, "For almost every pleasure I can remember I am indebted to one friend. I love poetry; who taught me to love it but he? I love praise; to whom do I owe so much of it as to him? I love paintings; I have rarely seen them but with him. I love the theatre, and there I have seldom gone but with him. I love the acquisition of ideas; he has conducted me to their attainment. Thus his image has become associated with my enjoyments and the public admiration already accorded to my efforts, and he must be all I picture of kindness, talents, and excellence."

Gratitude is prone to such illusions, and especially where combined with the fire and fervour of genius; and if

> We love the bird we taught to sing,

how much more intensely must we cherish the love of the bird that sings in such a strain?

I asked the reader to shut out the present from contemplation, and throw back his glance to the date of which I am writing—to recognise, if congenial, the character

whose outline I have traced, and the circumstances which developed it: through the intervening gloom, the retrospect, even to the sympathising stranger, must be uninviting; to me it is as the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and attempted to be recalled through floods of unavailing tears flowing from aged eyes, it is impossible to declare whether the impenetrable darkness is more dismal or the revealing light more distressing.

The Fate of Genius, the title of one of her own works, was the unhappy fate of L. E. L.

To me the return of services was great. Within a little time after the appearance of her poetical productions in the "Literary Gazette," she began to exercise her talents upon publications in general literature, principally in the provinces of poetry, fiction, and romance; and very soon evinced such power of discrimination and judgment as to aid me much in increasing the growing popularity of that journal, and lighten those labours which, even with all the assistance they received, were incessant and oppressive. By and by, the casual help became permanent, and, for a number of years, I might account L. E. L. rather an effective colleague than an occasional contributor; for she delighted in the work to the extent of craving for the employment, reading everything voraciously, forming opinions, and adding to her stores of knowledge, writing skilfully, and often beautifully upon her favourite subjects, and, in short, doing little less for the "Gazette" than I did myself.

And looking at the existing condition of periodicals of this class, amid the clashing of rivalry and the multiplicity of claimants upon the public attention, it is not easy to apprehend the station and influence of the "Literary Gazette" in its palmy days. It was the court of appeal for all the literature of the period; its voice was potential, and its

character held high throughout the sphere it essayed to occupy, in letters, and sciences, and fine arts. I am bold to say, decry it who will, that it deserved the confidence reposed in its integrity, and some share of the praise bestowed upon its ability. It could not be otherwise, for its columns were enriched from week to week with contributions from the most distinguished individuals of the age; and it was only my good fortune, as its editor, to have much of the credit it so fairly won, reflected upon me. This, without presumption, solves the problem of the prominent position assigned to my humble deserts, and witnessed by the acknowledgments and thanks, now spread in many hundred letters around me, signed by the highest names of the present century, in the three noble, intellectual pursuits I have enumerated; flattering and gratifying were they at the time, and still they impart a balm to the wounds since inflicted by hands which ought to have brought healing and solace instead of wrong and injury. But the fair and the foul of the world must be met as the world is constituted; the fair with thankfulness and pleasure, the foul with endurance and regret. Much could I moralise on this tempting theme, but this is neither time nor place, and I hasten to resume my narrative.

My cottage overlooked the mansion and grounds of Mr. Landon, the father of L. E. L., at Old Brompton; a narrow lane only dividing our residences. My first recollection of the future poetess is that of a plump girl, grown enough to be almost mistaken for a woman, bowling a hoop round the walks, with the hoop-stick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and as well as she could manage both exercise and instruction at the same time. The exercise was prescribed and insisted upon: the book was her own irrepressible choice.

A slight acquaintance grew out of neighbourhood; and I was surprised one day by an intimation from her mother that Letitia was addicted to poetical composition, and asking me to peruse a few of her efforts and say what I thought of them. I read, and was exceedingly struck by these juvenile productions—crude and inaccurate, as might be anticipated, in style, but containing ideas so original and extraordinary, that I found it impossible to believe they emanated from the apparent romp, and singular contradiction of the hoop and volume. An elder cousin, who took a part in her education, seemed to me to be the real, and Letitia only the ostensible writer; and the application made under this disguise to conceal the diffidence of a first attempt at authorship. But the bill was a true bill, and my doubts were speedily dispelled.

I hope, however, it will interest my readers to note the first steps of a career so brilliant in the fictitious, so shadowed in the real world. The first two notes from the cousin, to whom I have alluded, open the scene and indicate my opinion:—

"Old Brompton, Feb. 13th.

"Miss Landon, though not having the pleasure of personally knowing Mr. Jerdan, from the very great politeness the family have at all times received, ventures to intrude the enclosed lines. They are written by a young friend, for whom Miss L. feels most anxious solicitude. If Mr. Jerdan will, therefore, give his candid opinion whether he considers any taste or genius is expressed, or, on the contrary, if he should only call it a waste of time from which no benefit can arise. Miss L. feels the liberty she is taking; trusts Mr. Jerdan will believe it is an obligation never to be forgotten."

"Old Brompton, Feb. 14th.

"Miss Landon feels particularly indebted to Mr. Jerdan for the trouble he has kindly taken, and more so for the very friendly and candid opinion he has given on the subject. It will prove a source of much gratification to the youthful writer that a man of Mr. Jerdan's acknowledged talent should allow them the smallest merit; at the same time it will prove a strong inducement for further improvement, endeavouring to avoid those errors in each branch his kindness has pointed out. Miss L. cannot conclude without again apologising for the very great liberty taken, and to assure Mr. J. it will ever be remembered with gratitude."

The manuscripts were corrected, and some other short compositions submitted to me, from all of which I was the more and more forcibly struck with the innate genius they displayed, and the unmistakeable proofs that the writer possessed the great essential elements of taste, feeling, warmth, and imagination, without which the attempt to write poetry is but a sham. On the 11th of March, No. 164 of the "Literary Gazette," her first composition, entitled "Rome," was printed and published, under the signature of L. I copy it:—

Oh, how art thou changed, thou proud daughter of fame,
Since that hour of *ripe* glory when empire was thine,
When Earth's *purple* rulers, kings, quail'd at thy name,
And thy Capitol worshipp'd as Liberty's shrine.

In the day of thy pride, when thy crest was untamed,
And the *red* star of conquest was bright on thy path,
When the meteor of death thy *stern falchion's edge flamed*,
And earth trembled as burst the dark storm of thy wrath.

But Rome, thou art fallen, the memory of yore,
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art now:
The joy of thy triumph for ever is o'er,
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.

Like the wind-shaken reed, thy degenerate race,
The children of those once the brave and the free—
Ah, who can the page of thy history trace,
Nor blush, thou lost city, blush deeply for thee!

Could the graves raise their dead, and thy warriors arise,
And see thy blades rusted, thy war-banners furled,
Would they know the proud eagle that soared through the skies,
Whose glance lighted over a terror-struck world?

Yet, e'en in disgrace, in thy sadness and gloom,
An halo of splendour is over thee cast:
It is but the death-light that *reddens* the tomb,
And calls to remembrance the glories long past.

It is unnecessary to point out the crudities in this exercise, such as the utter mistake in the fourth line; but I fancied there was a redeeming quality in some of the epithets and expressions, and the sentiment of the whole an evidence of thought which broods upon its subject. But the next little effusion, in the following "Gazette," set my mind at rest; for it spoke in the same tone of touching simplicity which has adorned later productions of a similar nature:—

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

Last smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown;
Thy pensive wreath is still more dear,
From blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have pass'd;
But now thou com'st with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,
Emblem of Hope's gay wing;
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind—
To promise future spring.—L.

A temporary absence afforded the muse a season to reflect on friendly criticism and dogmatic rules, till August furnished a passing *jeu d'esprit* at its commencement, and the following germ of the future L. E. L. at its close :—

Is not this grove
A scene of pensive loveliness—the gleam
Of Dian's gentle ray falls on the trees,
And piercing through the gloom, seems like the smile
That pity gives to cheer the brow of grief:
The turf has caught a silvery hue of light
Broken by shadows, where the branching oak
Rears its dark shade, or where the aspen waves
Its trembling leaves. The breeze is murmuring by,
Fraught with sweet sighs of flowers and the song
Of sorrow, that the nightingale pours fourth,
Like the soft dirge of Love.

There is oft told
A melancholy record of this grove—
It was time once the haunt of young affection,
And now seems hallowed by the tender vows
That erst were breathed here.

Sad is the tale
That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;
But love is like the rose, so many ills
Assail it in the bud—the cankering blast,
The frost of winter, and the summer's storm,
All bow it down; rarely the blossom comes
To full maturity; but there is nought
Sinks with so chill a breath as Faithlessness,—
As she could tell, whose loveliness yet lives
In village legend. Often, at this hour
Of lonely beauty, would she list the tale
Of tenderness, and hearken to the vows
Of one more dear than life unto her soul!
He twined him round a heart which beat with all
The deep devotedness of early love—
Then left her, careless of the passion which
He had awakened into wretchedness:

The blight which withered all the blossoms love
Had fondly cherished, withered to the heart
Which gave them birth. Her sorrow had no voice,
Save in her faded beauty; for she looked
A melancholy, broken-hearted girl.
She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that which eve
Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with roseate hue,
Had faded into paleness, broken by
Bright burning blushes, torches of the tomb,
There was such sadness, even in her smiles,
And such a look of utter hopelessness
Dwelt in her soft blue eye—a form so frail,
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth—
'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,
And see it traced with such a tale of woe—
To think that one so young and beautiful
Was wasting to the grave.

Within yon bower,
Of honeysuckle and the snowy wealth
The mountain ash puts forth to welcome spring,
Her form was found reclined upon a bank,
Where Nature's sweet unnurtured children bloom.
One white arm lay beneath her drooping head,
While her bright tresses twined their sunny wreath
Around the polished ivory; there was not
A tinge of colour mantling o'er her face,
'Twas like to marble, where the sculptor's skill
Has traced each charm of beauty but the blush.
Serenity so sweet sat on her brow;
So soft a smile yet hovered on her lips,
At first they thought 'twas sleep—and sleep it was—
The cold long rest of death.—L.

Only one other piece, called "Vaucluse," appeared this year, in October, and to it was tagged the annexed prettiness:—

The bee, when varying flowers are nigh,
On many a sweet will careless dwell;
Just sips their dew, and then will fly
Again to its own fragrant cell:
Thus, though my heart, by fancy led,
A wanderer awhile may be,
Yet soon returning whence it fled,
It comes more fondly back to thee.—L.

The "Fate of Adelaide" was published in August, 1821, dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, who was a friend of Mrs. Bishop, the grandmother of the author, and had undertaken to interest herself more for the volume than she had time or opportunity to perform. In this line of parentage there was a mystery I never understood, *i. e.*, who were the progenitors of Mrs. Bishop, herself an old lady of lady-like manners, pleasing conversation, affectionately fond of her grand-daughter, and possessed of a sufficient life-income to enable her to live genteely, and often have her pet-child to stay with her. I have a confused idea that she was the natural daughter of an aristocratic family. A contribution from her purse assisted the publication, and was the more needed, as a dissolution of the army agency partnership of Adair & Co., of which Mr. Landon was a member, and his expensive experiments in amateur model-farming, at the handsome country residence where the childhood of L. E. L., as artlessly and sweetly described by herself, was passed—not only rendered the cost an object, but even excited hopes of profitable results. That these hopes were doomed to be disappointed, I need not add; but the popularity of the poem was so decided, that it placed the gifted author in a position to negotiate for and receive considerable sums for all her subsequent works; of which I shall state the items when I come to that part of my memoir. As the composition proceeded, the anxieties about it increased; and two or three very short documents may be inserted to show the outer world some of the tribulations which young aspirants to literary fame must undergo, even when they have a popular editor, intimate with publishers, to help and cheer them on:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Having now rendered my first canto as perfect as is in my power, I now venture to intrude it on your notice. I am too well aware of my many defects, and the high advantages of your opinion, not to anxiously avail myself of your permission to submit it to your inspection. Of the poem itself I have nothing more to say than that your judgment will be most unmurmuringly and implicitly relied on. It is quite at your option to throw it behind the fire, or allow it a little longer existence.

"But however delightful your praise may be, is it presumption to say, do not let me receive from your kindness what I would owe to your real sentiments?

"Before I conclude, I must be permitted to express my pleasure on seeing I had been honoured with a place in the "Gazette." Pray accept my best thanks for the improvements you made.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Ever yours most gratefully,

"LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON."

My timid and docile pupil, if I may so say of this period, did not lack my sincere stimulus of genuine admiration to finish her task; and at length all was ready for the important launch. Still there were preliminaries and considerations.

"Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Again I am intruding upon your time, having received the enclosed from Letitia. Your former kindness induces my taking the liberty of asking you to look them over. Need I say how very anxious she is for your

opinion? I trust you will not think her arrogant, as I believe you are aware of her reasons for wishing to publish. I shall send to her next week. Perhaps you will do her the favour of then giving her your opinion. Need I say how very anxious she is to learn her fiat.

"In very great haste,

"Most truly yours,

"C. J. LANDON."

The minor pieces to fill up the volume were definitely arranged, in answer to the following note, and "The Fate of Adelaide" and of the author sealed:—

"138, Sloane-street, Nov. 27th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Conscious that your time is much occupied, I feel a great repugnance in intruding my present request; but Letitia's anxiety for your opinion will, I am afraid, make you consider us both very troublesome. Without your sanction she feels herself without a hope of success, and has no resolution to go on. She has upon her list more than sufficient to defray the expenses of publication—I do not mean by subscription.

"Mrs. Siddons is shortly going to Oxford, and as we have connections there, and Mrs. S. is taking it up very warmly, we have hope that something may be done for our poetic sketches. A line from you, giving her your opinion, will settle the matter, whether she may proceed.

"I am, dear sir,

"Very gratefully yours,

"C. J. LANDON."

The poem has not been reprinted in the two-volume

edition of her poetical works, published by Messrs. Longman in 1850, with the biographical sketch by the lamented Laman Blanchard, who did all he could with his imperfect data and materials. Yet, with all its immaturity and want of polish, it is a performance of great promise, full of beautiful thoughts and glowing passages. The feeling and soul of poetry were there; and mechanical requisites and a more chastened style, might surely be predicted, to add another brilliant constellation to the admired galaxy of British female genius.

CHAPTER XIII.

L. E. L.

Oh! if Love—the sister dear
Of Youth which we have lost,—
Come not, in swift pity, here,—
Come not, with a host
Of affections strong and kind,
To hold up our sinking mind,—
If she will not, of her grace,
Take her brother's holy place,
And be, to us, at least a part
Of what he was, in life and heart—
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but death!—M. Milnes.

In the course of little more than ten years were published the Improvvisatrice, the Troubadour, the Golden Violet, and the Venetian Bracelet, which gave titles to as many volumes, filled up with shorter poems, though some of them, such as the Lost Pleiad, Erinna, the Ancestress (dramatic), and others were of sufficient importance to warrant separate publication. To all the popular annuals there were also numerous contributions; the Drawing-Room Scrap Book was for several years the author's favourite task, without assistance from any hand, though a biography of Maginn erroneously claims a share in the compositions for him; the Easter Offering was another of her productions; and the Literary Gazette, as I have stated, was in almost every number enriched by her captivating poetry, and judicious, as well

as piquant, essays in criticism and original prose. Romance and Reality, and Francesca Carrara, novels in three volumes each, afforded farther proof of genius and industry, and were thus requited :—

For the Improvvisatrice she received	£300
For the Troubadour	600
For the Golden Violet	200
For the Venetian Bracelet	150
For the Easter Offering	30
For the Drawing-Room Scrap Book, per vol. . . .	105
For Romance and Reality	300
For Francesca Carrara	300
For Heath's Book of Beauty	300
And certainly from other Annuals, Magazines, and Periodicals, not less in ten or twelve years than . .	200
In all. . .	£2585

Say on an average (estimating the annual Scrap-Book) 250*l.* a-year, and a close approximation will be made to the literary production and the market price. On the death of her grandmother she received a legacy of 350*l.* and I the good old lady's good old gold watch (of which my pocket was picked in the Olympic Theatre on a memorable dramatic evening, the first appearance, I think, of Charles Mathews the younger, with Liston, his father's old friend); and would have been, in a pecuniary sense, more easy and happy, but for certain family drawbacks which her generous soul never regretted, but rather rejoiced in, whilst her genuine economic spirit, as regarded herself, never, I believe, allowed her expenditure to exceed 120*l.* a year ! ! In truth, she was the most unselfish of human creatures ; and it was quite extraordinary to witness her ceaseless consideration for the feelings of others, even in minute trifles, whilst her own mind was probably troubled and oppressed ; a sweet disposition, so perfectly amiable, from Nature's fount, and so unalterable in its manifestations throughout her entire life,

that every one who enjoyed her society loved her, and servants, companions, intimates, friends, all united in esteem and affection for the gentle and self-sacrificing being who never exhibited a single trait of egotism, presumption, or unkindliness!

As I must, at a later date, refer to the sequel of her literary career, I think I cannot do better in this place, than anticipate a series of letters, and let her illustrate herself and her talents, under such circumstances as a visit to Paris called forth, by the correspondence with which I was favoured on the occasion. To me it appears worthy of the atmosphere of that city which has produced the cleverest letter-writers in the world of literature, and to partake of much of their *naïveté* and *spirituel* nerve, tinged with her own characteristics, and I offer it as a contrast to my own descriptions twenty years before, in 1814 (see vol. i.), when Paris was seen, indeed, under very different aspects. Two years hence, another twenty years will have elapsed, and the epochs of 1814, 1834, and 1854, would furnish ample materials for a memorable contrast and tale. But *allons* to the sprightly pictures painted by L. E. L., in the summer of 1834. The first note I refer to is preliminary, and says, "I really must settle definitively about my going to France. As to merely going for the sake of pleasure, I care as little about it as any one can care; but I wish to go for two or three reasons. Firstly, because of the scenes of my next novel being laid in Paris, it would be such an advantage really seeing it. Secondly, I think I should get some new ideas, which I very much want; and last, though not least, it would be something to be out of the perpetual worry here [money short], for a little while. I wish I could have talked over 'Philip Van Artevelde' with you. Parts I think very fine, but rather, if

I may say so, acquired, than inspired, poetry. If you intend calling to-morrow, will you let me know, as Mrs. Bulwer sent here to day, and I must go and see her. I wish you would work to-morrow, and be idle all Thursday afternoon" [for some excursion up the river to visit Mrs. Hall].

Matters were arranged, and in company with a friend, Miss Turin, her senior by some years, and of independent fortune, our fair traveller set out on her first excursion from that London which she liked so well. I may merely offer an excuse for the tone of reliance on me in regard to literary projects and business, which had not lessened with the passage of time. The first letter is from Boulogne, and dated 22nd of June, 1834: —

"Dear Sir,

"I began a letter to you yesterday, but on taking it up this morning, I find it is, even to you, scarcely legible, so will begin it over again. I have also another reason; I wrote on English paper, which is heavier, and I have to pay the inland postage, and to-day my time *ne vaut pas mes sous*. We parted on Thursday, though not at all too soon, much as I regretted it. You cannot think how I missed you. I really thought the morning never would pass. It did pass, however, and then I wished it back again. The wind blew directly in our teeth, and your friend the captain talked doubtingly as to whether we should reach Boulogne that night. Miss Turin was not out of bed the whole day. It was impossible to read for three reasons—the sun, the wind, and the noise. I suppose Lord Byron had the deck of a steam-vessel in his mind when he said,

> 'This is to be alone;
> This, this is solitude;'

And when I endeavoured to get into a pleasant train of

thought, it made me melancholy to think I was leaving my native country. I was fairly dying with a desire of talking. At last I made a sort of acquaintanceship with the proprietor of the rabbits, and really but for his kindness I know not what I should have done afterwards. I am quite cured of my wish to die for some time to come, as I really think that now I quite understand what the sensation is. I was not sick—scarcely at all; but so faint! As to what Boulogne is like from the sea, I cannot tell. I scarcely recollect anything about my landing. Misfortune first recalled my scattered faculties. At the Custom House you are searched. I had nothing; but poor Miss Turin had a lace pelerine, &c., which was seized. Except that, we have had no trouble. Yesterday is almost a blank. I was scarcely able to rise from my bed. I only began to revive towards evening, when we walked out on the pier. Nothing could exceed the beauty—the sea of that peculiar green, like no colour that I ever saw before—a sky of a soft grey blue, without a tint—a rich warmth rather than a tint—upon the west—the air so clear and soft—and such a moon; 'the luminous vibration' of her reflection in the water was not, as we say, silvery, but golden, like sunshine without its heat or dazzling. The town is a pretty, old-looking town, seemingly surrounded with English, all looking very vulgar. As for myself, I am a perfect horror. The sun has scorched my face to such a hideous degree—forehead, nose, and cheeks are all a 'lively crimson,' and swelled till I do not know myself in the glass. The bread is delicious, so is the wine; but Mr. Kempe's house, where we are, is quite English. It is a disappointment being so comfortable; but there is such a pretty little French *femme de chambre*, with such a high neck, such short petticoats, and ancles so neatly rounded. I find I can make myself pretty well

understood, and understand perfectly. We could not get places to go to Paris till Sunday. Miss Turin wanted to have taken the whole *coupé*, which would have been very comfortable; but a gentleman has already one place, and it is scarcely worth while waiting till Tuesday. Moreover, the *conducteur* says that '*c'est un Monsieur si poli.*' How he has ascertained that fact I do not know. It has a very odd effect hearing a strange language spoken under our windows; and now I have told you everything that I can think of, which does not amount to much. However, I have taken two things for granted, first, that you would expect my first letter, and also that you would be glad to hear how I was. I fear I shall never make a traveller. I am already beginning to count the days for my return. Kind regards to all inquiring friends, and hoping that you are missing me very much,

"I remain,

"Most truly yours,

"L. E. LANDON."

The next epistles (for there are two) reached me July 1st, bear date, "Paris, 35, Rue Louis-le-Grand, Thursday," and describe some of the incidents of the journey thither:—

"Dear Sir,

"The first thing that I did was to write to you from Boulogne, and the first thing that I do is to write to you from Paris; but truly the pleasure of seeing my hand-writing must be sufficient. Never was there a worse traveller. I arrived in Paris more dead than alive, and till this evening have not held up my head. The beginning of our journey was delightful; the road is like one avenue, and it was so pretty, having the children, every hill we

ascended, throwing roses into the carriage, asking for *sous*. Moreover, our *compagnon de voyage* was a very intelligent and gentlemanlike Frenchman ; but all my stock of admiration ended at the very pretty town of Abbeville. I had not a notion that fatigue could have so completely paralysed me. I was scarcely sensible when we arrived at Paris, and was just lifted out of the *diligence*. Since then the extent of my travels has been from the bed to the sofa. We have very pleasant apartments, looking on the Boulevards —such a gay scene. It seems so odd to see the people walking about in caps, looking so neat, and I must add so clean. Mercy on the French carriages and horses ; they make such a clatter ; drive far more with their tongues than the reins. We have delicious dinners, if I could but eat, which at present is an impossibility. I am still a horrid figure with my sea and sunburning. Miss Gibbon, a very pretty Scotch girl, a cousin of Miss Turin's, is staying with us, very agreeable to me, for she is so kind, and quite *au fait* at manners, customs, language, &c. I value a companion now. Poor Miss Turin is quite confined to her bed ; but sends her love to you. I hope that my next letter will be more amusing ; this is only a kind remembrance. Pray, if you can do anything polite by the Misses Lance, do.* Any tickets will be so acceptable while Miss Castleman is staying with them. Write to me by Mr. Huntly Gordon, H. M. Stationery Office, Buckingham Gate, or you have my address in the date.

" Be sure wafer, and thin paper. I shall be very glad to see England again.

" Yours most truly,

" L. E. LANDON."

* The maiden ladies who kept house in Hans Place with an old father who died of age while Miss Landon stayed there. Her attentions to the old man were beautiful ; and the attachment of the sisters to her, and hers to them, were most cordial.

In the second letter of the same day there is a terrible economising about franks and postages—evidently concerns of no small weight—but in the midst of it showing what I have mentioned, that thoughtfulness and remembrance about others in the most trivial things.

"DEAR SIR,

"I wish I could find any channel of writing by the ambassador's bag, for the postage which I have to pay is two francs, and, what is much worse, the post-office is at the other end of the town, and even when I have a messenger, whom I must pay, the chances are that he will not pay it. Will you tell Nanon * that if she sends my letter to Gordon she must tell him that Mr. Douglas is not in Paris. I enclose a note I wrote yesterday. I am much better this evening, and have been for a short walk in the gardens of the Tuileries. How much I like the avenues. They were so crowded, the people looking so gay; but Paris is very empty—and it is unfortunate that Mrs. Fagan is just on the point of being confined, as they would have been such pleasant escorts. It is dreadfully hot. I long to see the 'Gazette;' and now must end abruptly or lose my opportunity. Pray write to me. I wish I were at home without the journey. I shall write the moment I have anything to tell, and must watch my means of going to the post-office. I fear that you will scarce be able to read this hasty scrawl.

"Yours truly,

"L. E. L."

* Nanon Williams, who, with her sister Ellen and their mamma, lodged and boarded with the Misses Lance in Hans Place. They were two very pretty girls, of quite different styles of beauty—allied to L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. L. E. L. was very fond of them, and they of her. They were generally made her companions in pleasures and amusements.

The next communication which I find is two days later, and it will speak for itself:—

"Saturday.

"DEAR SIR,

"Love and fear are the greatest principles of human existence. If you owed my letter of yesterday to the first of these, you owe that of to-day to the last. What, in the name of all that is dreadful in the way of postage, could induce you to put the 'Gazette' in your letter? welcome as it was, it has cost me dear, nearly six shillings. I was so glad to see your hand-writing that the shock was lost in the pleasure; but truly, when I come to reflect and put it down in my pocket-book, I am 'in a state.' The 'Gazette' alone would have only cost twopence, and the letter *deux* francs; but altogether it is ruinous. Please when you next write, let it be on the thinnest paper, and put a wafer. Still I was delighted to hear from you, and a most amusing letter it was. The 'Gazette' is a real treat. It is such an excellent one as to make me quite jealous. I have, however, given but a hurried glance, having lent it to Colonel Fagan. I am now pretty well recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and have this evening sent round my letters. I was this morning *à l'exposition*, an admirable exhibition, a great stimulus to national industry. Such shawls! and the carpets are beautiful, and velvets which made into waistcoats would be too destructive.* Thence we went to the Louvre, certainly the most superb gallery in the world. I cannot but notice the politeness of the French to strangers; it

* This waistcoat became a sore jocular subject; for my kind friend tried to smuggle a "destructive" for me, but was detected *flagrante delicto* at Dover, stript to the skin, and *divested* not only of the male garment, but of other less fiscally obnoxious articles concealed in its vicinity.

was not one of the public days, but all foreigners are admitted on showing their passports. Who do you think I met on the Boulevards to-day? Mr. Gore. He recognised me at once; was so polite, offered his services in any possible manner; and I dare say I should have found them an agreeable acquaintance; but unfortunately Mrs. Gore is just confined; they are quite the rage here. He asked so politely after you. Miss Gibbon I find such a pleasant companion; and ladies can walk in any part of Paris without the least molestation. I really know not what I should have done without her. We walked together till nearly ten o'clock in the Tuileries last night; such a gay-looking crowd. She and another young lady are gone to-night to the Champs Elysées. I, however, have staid at home to write to you. See what the fright of a few francs can effect. Gloves, stockings, shoes, &c., are exceedingly cheap here. Whether it is, perhaps, that one is more on the look out for them; but never were so many things assembled together. The French ladies, I must say, well deserve their reputation for *tournure* and grace. There is certainly an air, or something, which it is quite impossible to describe. They are not thought pretty generally. As yet I have really had nothing to put in a journal; my only approach to an adventure has been as follows:—I was advised, as the best remedy against the excessive fatigue under which I was suffering, to take a bath, which I did early one morning. I found it quite delicious, and was reading '*La Dernière Journée*,' when I fell asleep, and was in consequence nearly drowned. I suppose the noise of the book falling aroused me, and I shall never forget the really dreadful feeling of suffocation, the ringing in my ears like a great bell with which I awakened. I think some very interesting papers might

be written on the modern French authors. We know nothing of them. If I do write them I must buy some. At Galignani's they only allow two works at a time, and I can scarcely get any that I desire. I am thinking of subscribing to a French library. One feels the want of a gentleman here very much. Poor Miss Turin is still ill. Miss Gibbon and I, even now, daily plan our return; but she cannot leave Paris till after an event, which is, however, daily expected. The dinners are exquisite. I wish, instead of a stupid letter, I could send you some of the *plats*. We have to use what is quite a rational phrase—such a *gentil femme de chambre*. You will perceive from the paper on which I write that I have at least made one purchase in Paris. I am so very glad that the dear girls * went to the theatre. How very kind you are. Remember me to all enquiring friends, and believe me,

"Your affectionate

"L. E. LANDON.

"I was so glad of your letter.

"I have been hitherto too ill to do anything; but I have quite arranged my plan to write in my own room four or five hours every morning, so I hope to get a good deal done. Adieu, *au révoir*.

"On Tuesday next Miss Montgomery goes to England, and as she will take charge of letters I shall write by her. To-morrow we are going with her to a M. Dupin's *maison de campagne*, so I shall see the interior of a French family at the summit of rural felicity. You shall have a full account.

"Many thanks for the letter to Miss Greenwood."

* The Misses Williams.

The sprightliness of the following needs no comment:—

"35, Rue-le-Grand, Lundi,
"which being done into English means Monday.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will not think that I intend writing you to death; but I cannot let this opportunity pass. Miss Montgomery leaves Paris to-morrow, and so write I must. I am quite surprised that I should have so little to tell you; but really I have nothing, as ill-luck would have it. I went to call on Madame Tastu, from whom I received a charming note, and while I was out Monsieur Sainte Beuve and Monsieur Odillon Barrot called; however, the latter wrote to me offering his services as cicerone, &c., and I expect him this morning. M. Heine called yesterday; a most pleasant person. I am afraid he did not think me a *personne bien spirituelle*, for you know it takes a long time with me to get over the shame of speaking to a stranger by way of conversation. He said, 'Mademoiselle donc a beaucoup couru les boutiques?' 'Mais non.' 'A-t-elle été au Jardin des Plantes?' 'Mais non.' 'Avez vous été à l'opéra, aux théâtres?' 'Mais non.' 'Peut-être Mademoiselle aime la promenade?' 'Mais non.' 'A-t-elle donc apporté beaucoup de livres, ou peut-être elle écrit?' 'Mais non.' At last, in seeming despair, he exclaimed, 'Mais Mademoiselle, qu'est que ce donc, qu'elle a fait?' 'Mais—mais—j'ai regardé par la fenêtre.' Was there ever anything *si bête?* but I really could think of nothing else. I am enchanted with Madame Tastu; her manners are so kind, so encouraging. I did not feel much embarrassed after the first. She has fine features, though there was something about her face that put me in mind of Miss Roberts; but with a softened expression. If I had known as much of Paris as I do even

now, I would not have come. In the first place, there is nobody here; *à la campagne* is almost the universal answer. Secondly, it is of no use coming with only a lady; I might almost as well have stayed in London. Thirdly, it is too short a time; I shall not have made a little acquaintance before I must leave. Fourthly, Miss Turin, though she has been here so often, knows nothing of the customs, &c. Her sole reason for coming to Paris is to see the dresses, shops, &c., and her idea of a delightful morning is shopping; also she has been and is so ill. Fifthly, one ought to be married; and sixthly, I wish myself at home again. If I had the opportunity, the time, and could procure the books, I am sure a most delightful series of articles might be written on French literature. *We* know nothing of it; and it would require an immense deal of softening and adaptation to suit it to English taste. The *soirées* are where I should have met all the French *littérateurs*; but none are being given just now. It is like London in the month of September. Miss Gibbon is going to her sister's next week; and then I really shall not know what to do with myself. I can perfectly understand Paris being delightful, but it must be under other circumstances. I like the manners of the people very much; the servants even have a way of expressing themselves—*tout à fait particulier*. We have delightful weather, not too hot. How well you have done 'The Revolutionary Epic;' though with less vanity, Disraeli has all the elements of a great poet; but there is something wanting in the putting together. Taste is his great deficiency.

"I quite dread—though impatient for it—my journey back again. I shall never make a traveller. I am far too indolent, and do not care for seeing. My pleasure comes in at my ears. Lady Kingsmill, too, called the morning I

went to Madame Tastu. She asked me to spend the evening there to-day, and I am going. Last night we went to *la maison de campagne* of a French gentleman. The garden prettily laid out, while the vines and acacias gave it quite a foreign look. The flowers are so beautiful. Such carnations and such geraniums. One gentleman was seized with such a fit of poetry, that he wrote some verses in my honour, with a pea-pod on a cabbage leaf. Nothing can equal the noise of this place. I cannot even hear myself think.

"Well, adieu, *au révoir*.

"Yours very truly,

"L. E. LANDON."

A change of residence is noted in the next letter, and continued in the only other epistles till the 19th July, when the month's tour concluded; and from which I shall make such extracts as I fancy will be interesting to all the lovers of poetry and admirers of L. E. L.

"No. 30, Rue Taibout, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

"DEAR SIR,

"My present address ought to be well known to you.* I write on purpose to scold you. Why have you not sent me the 'Gazette;' it would have been such a treat. Also, you have not (like everybody else) written to me, and I quite pine for news from England. I would return to-morrow if I had the opportunity. I do not think that you have properly valued my letters, for things ought to be valued according to their difficulty, and really writing is no little trouble, to say nothing of putting my epistles in the post. I have been very unwell ever since my arrival, and for

* From my translation and publication of "L'Hermite" of Jouy.

the last three days I have scarcely been off the sofa. The fatigue and the heat are equally overpowering. I feel so unequal to the exertion of hearing and seeing. Yesterday I was going to a little party at Lady Kingsmill's, but I was too unwell. I cannot tell you half the kindness and civility which I have received. Of all the persons I have met, or rather who have called upon me—for there is no meeting anybody now, all the *soirées* being over—I have been the most struck with M. Heine; his conversation is most original and amusing. Next to him, I like Monsieur Sainte Beuve, he is very French, very animated, and, to use the national expression, *très-spirituelle.* Monsieur Merimée, whom I met at Mr. Bulwer's, wrote me first a most polite note, asking permission to claim my acquaintance, and then called to offer his services, and made himself so agreeable. Certainly the conversation here is very delightful, far more intellectual, and with a great deal more thought in it than English talking in general. M. Odillon Barrot has been our chief cicerone, he is what we should call a remarkably quiet and gentleman-like person, — rather English than French. Another, who has shown us the very greatest *civilité,* is M. Beulot, *rédacteur de 'Revue de deux Mondes,'* a work that has the greatest reputation here. He has given us a box for the opera next Wednesday. Excepting the morning that M. Odillon Barrot took us to Notre Dame and Le Jardin des Plantes, I have scarcely been out of the house. Poor Miss Turin is still in the doctor's hands, and of course it is impossible for me to go out by myself, or accept the attendance of any gentleman alone, so that I am surrounded with all sorts of little difficulties and embarrassments. I never again would think of going anywhere with only a lady; one might almost as well stay at home. I had no idea till now how useful you gentlemen are—I might say,

how indispensable. We are very comfortably situated; we have delightful bed-rooms, a little ante-chamber, and the prettiest saloon, looking on a charming garden. The quiet is such a relief; for in Rue Louis-le-Grand we could not hear each other's voice for the noise; and above my head was a printer, and opposite my window a carpenter's. I do not know what it may be in the city, but at the West End there is nothing that can give an idea of the noise of Paris; the streets are all paved, the omnibusses innumerable, and carts and carriages all of the heaviest kind. I was delighted with the giraffe—it is like the creation of a fairy tale—with the light, graceful head, like that of a serpent, and the heavy, ill-shaped body of an animal; it seems as if nature had been making two creatures at once, and not having time to finish both, joined them together in a hurry, being about as well matched as marriages in general.* The elephant, too, was stupendous, it gave me sensation of fear, and made me understand, better than anything else, the gigantic size of life in the East. Next to these was a tremendous cedar of Lebanon, more like a tree built than one planted. Such a tree, standing alone in a plain, would be the most magnificent temple in the world. I have read as many books as I could get, having subscribed to a French library. We have not an idea of French literature in England. As far as I can judge, it is full of novelty, vivid

* Unequal marriages are, it is true, seldom happy, but sometimes those which appear to be equal at the outset, turn out no better. Baron Bolland, of tall memory, used to tell that in walking out near London one day he saw an old wizened Italian Tramp on one side of the road with two or three monkeys, and on the other a rather buxom woman trudging along in the same manner with a tambourine. He was struck by the contrast, and entering into chat with the lady found she was the Signor's wife, and asked her, How she could marry that old man? "Oh, Sir," said she, with a deep drawn sigh, and a meaning glance at the questioner, "when I married him, he had a dromedary!"

conceptions, and, I must say, genius, but what we should call blasphemous and indelicate to the last degree. If my money holds out I shall buy several works and translate them at home, but I doubt being able to accomplish it; for though I have bought nothing but what was indispensable, such as gloves, shoes, paper, &c., I have little more left than will bring me home. The dust here is something not to be told; before you have walked a hundred yards your feet are of a whitish brown. A great deal of my time has hung heavily on my hands, I have been so languid and so feverish; still I feel that I have quite a new stock of ideas, and much material for future use: and as to Paris, it has more than realised my expectations, but to have seen anything of the society I should have been here two months earlier. Now, excepting the visits that are paid me, I can see nothing of the people; as to sights, you know me too well to suppose that I care two straws about them. I would sooner have a morning visit from an amusing person than see the Tuileries or the Louvre ten times over. One ridiculous misfortune is continually befalling me; I am always falling down, the *parquet, i.e.* the floor, is so slippery, and I am never very steady on my feet. I really thought I had broken my arm yesterday. I am very anxious about getting home. Miss Gibbon and I were to have returned together, but as her sister is not yet recovered she is obliged to wait. I have settled to stay one fortnight from to-day, Sunday, with Miss Turin, in hopes of Mrs. Fagan being sufficiently restored to allow of her sister's departure. However I have set everybody to inquire that I can think of. I like our new lodgings so much. They are, according to Sir William Curtis's orthography, three C.'s, namely, clean, cool, and quiet. We are going to-day, with Monsieur Odillon Barrot, to the prison de l'Abbaye, but as we shall go

near the post-office I shall put in this letter. Tell Nanon and Ellen I am quite disappointed in not having a letter from either. I wrote them a long letter by Miss Montgomery, and have another nearly finished in my desk. I am more and more enchanted with Madame Tastu. And now, with kindest remembrances,

"Yours very truly,

"L. E. LANDON."

One of the many projects of her fertile mind and invincible industry is announced in the following :—

"30, Rue Taibout, Chaussée d'Antin.

"DEAR SIR,

"This is quite a business letter, so I beg you will read it with all due attention. I have read now a considerable portion of French new works, and find a great many which, translated with *judgment*, would, I think, tell. I underline judgment, for not a little would be required. What I propose, is to make an annual, consisting entirely of French translations—prose and verse. I could get it ready in about a month. I propose first, a slight, general, and popular view of the present literature; secondly, tales, which must be abridged, altered, and adapted to our taste; thirdly, poems. To be called—what? We must think of a good title. 'The Laurel, or Leaves from French Literature;' 'The Exchange, or Selection of French Authors,' with a little vignette on the title-page of the Bourse; or 'The Stranger,' &c. &c.

"I do not propose new prints; anyone who knew how to set about it might form here a collection of very pretty prints of all sorts of popular subjects. You must please see if any publisher will undertake this, and if they will, please

write as soon as possible. I feel convinced I could make a very amusing book; shortening, softening down, omitting, and altering in my translations, according to my own discretion. I could have my part of the volume ready in about six weeks.

"The weather is now awfully hot—it is a positive exertion to open one's eyes—yet I went yesterday to see the Museum d'Artillerie, and one or two old churches, but truly sight-seeing is the most tiresome thing in the world. God never sent me into the world to use my hands, or my feet, or my eyes; he put all my activity into my tongue and ears. Yesterday I had a visit from Monsieur and Madame Roget Collard, and a very pleasant visit it was. I have received so much kindness and attention from Monsieur Merimée; he is very amusing, speaks English (a great fault in my eyes) like a native, and tells you all sorts of anecdotes in the most unscrupulous fashion. I think a young man called A. Fontanez, more realises my *beau ideal* of a young French poet than any one that I have seen, being pale, silent, *rêveur*, with a sort, too, of enthusiasm. I like Monsieur Odillon Barrot the best; there is something so very kind in his manners. As to seeing the 'Gazette' at Galignani's, first, we do not subscribe there; secondly, it is so crowded with gentlemen; thirdly, remember to go to any place is a matter of difficulty, as I have no walking companion. We have now very pleasant apartments, with a delightful garden, a fine view over Paris, and the windmills of Montmartre in the distance. Such a magnificent storm as we had last night. I am, however, looking out anxiously for an escort to return. If I can only get to Boulogne I should not at all mind the passage. I do not think, under your circumstances, your plan of crossing the channel at all prudent, or rather it is the very reverse, and meeting me at the custom-house will

answer every purpose. I hope to be in England in about a week from this, so you will only have one more letter and then myself. Monsieur Beulot, the *rédacteur de 'Revue de deux Mondes,'* has been exceedingly kind to me, he gave us a box at the opera the other night, where I was very much amused with the Teutchon* of Sainte Antoine. Then we went and had ices at Tortoni's—such a brilliant scene. I fear I shall not be able to manage going to Versailles. I could not go by myself, and Miss Turin has not only seen it often, but is really so ill that she would not get through the day. I have at last obtained Captain M* * *'s letter; nothing can be kinder, but there is nothing in it of any use. The misfortune is, that there really is scarcely anyone in Paris.

"Yours most truly,

"L. E. L."

My last quotation affords an idea of that feature of character which is often painted in her poetry; an excess of feminine timidity, which, much as it might distress her, and intensely as it might long for protection, yet ever led her rather to suffer absolute agony, than trouble, or encroach upon the good offices of others; for though she was as complete a coward as could be imagined, (and often suffered in great concerns and small, from want of common resolution,) the asking or accepting of an ordinary civility, which would have averted the evil, was a difficulty which, I suppose, none but splendid female poltroons could account for. I knew she was terrified at the thoughts of the journey to Boulogne and passage, but here is the letter:—

* I am not sure of the name; nor of M. Beulot's.

"Saturday, July 19.

"DEAR SIR,

"You quite misunderstood what I said about your coming to Boulogne. As regarded myself, it is both a convenience and a pleasure. I spoke entirely with reference to yourself, and if I see you there, I shall be as glad as it is possible to be. I have now settled everything for my departure. The *Diligence La Fitte* leaves Paris on Sunday, and arrives at Boulogne on Monday morning. The packet sails in the evening; if there, you can easily ascertain at what inn the coach stops. I had a long kind letter from Mrs. Bulwer; but she did even worse than you, for she wrote on the thickest paper and put a huge seal: it cost me six francs. You seem very much to over-rate my gaiety. I have only been twice out of an evening—to the theatre each time—and, to be candid, have found these said evenings very dull—not the theatrical ones. The mornings have been dreadfully hot, so that I have gone out because it seemed so ungracious to refuse; but verily it has been making a toil of a pleasure. I went to Père la Chaise yesterday. It is a striking and beautiful place; but oh, I was so hot. I never sent my letter to Lady Granville till yesterday; she called that very evening —unluckily the second time I went to the theatre. Lady Kingsmill, who was here to-day, tells me her calling was the greatest possible compliment, and that if anything is given at the Embassy I shall be asked; but nothing is going on of gaiety just now. I would joyfully have come home at least a fortnight sooner if I could have found any sort of escort; but a journey alone in the French *Diligence* would have been not only disagreeable but so unpleasant to have it said that I did such a thing. What I

have enjoyed most at Paris has been my own reception. I have met with the most flattering kindness, and have produced a very proper effect. All say that I speak French with an '*étonnante facilité*,' and '*avec un grace tout à fait particulière*.' I am going to-day to Madame Recamier with Madame Tastu, to be presented to Chateaubriand. If you go to Boulogne try and find out Monsieur Henri Heine, who is now staying there. He is, to my taste, the wittiest and most original person that I have seen: he is a German.

"The eating here is delicious; but I have no appetite. I am obliged to force a little down: ice is the only thing that I enjoy. The people appear to take the greatest interest in English politics. How odd you should tell me that you had read the end of 'Francesca,' and not say what you think of it. How can you justify such an omission?

"I have written a good deal of the Drawing-room Scrap Book, and translated some French poetry; but for the heat, which makes one so idle, I should have got a good deal of work done.

"I hope this will be in time for the post to-day.

"Yours most truly,

"L. E. L.

"Your last letter but one—so amusing!

"This letter is re-opened by myself.

"Yours truly.

"I find that we arrive at Boulogne on Sunday, and that we must spend a night there, as the steamboat sails on Monday at 3 o'clock.

"I was delighted with my visit to-day. Madame

Recamier is really still beautiful, and with exquisite manners. I liked Chateaubriand so much.

"I must not enter into details, for I have no time."

I have no comment to offer on these natural and unaffected reminiscences. To my mind they combine the wonderfully mixed qualities of every-day sense and observation, the peculiarities of sex, the love of nature and the beautiful in all things, the playfulness of fancy, and the innate charm of genius. Out of them I, at least, can re-create a vivid portrait of the lamented writer.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETROSPECTIVE REFLECTIONS—GREAT SERVICES RENDERED TO THE "LITERARY GAZETTE" BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

> I fear me, thou
> Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.
> *Timon of Athens.*
>
> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.
> So let it be. . . . *Julius Cæsar.*

I CANNOT say that such is the case in my memory. As I look back, it is true, I see almost everything in diminished proportions, and through a misty atmosphere; but the clouds hang most heavily over the evil, the animosities, and the injuries, obscuring them to a sense now more awake to the future than to the past; whilst the view of the good, the affectionate, and the beneficial, if somewhat affected by distance (except in the few greatest events which time only magnifies and brightens) is still coloured by a mellow light, which sets the objects in clear relief, to cheer and solace the downhill of life. The petition for forgiveness as we forgive others, in our earliest-taught and never-forgotten prayer, is breathed more sincerely and deeply from the lips of age than the lips of youth; for then it is much easier to forgive, and there is more pressing need to seek forgiveness.

The retrospects in my last chapters naturally lead to these reflections, and suggest the lesson of wisdom, which is rarely, if ever thoroughly, mastered at the period when it would be most useful. If we could but measure the value of things as they are passing, by the same standard we apply to them when they are passed, how many a false estimate, how many an idle wish, how many an envious feeling, how many a bitter disappointment, how many a vain regret, how many an angry passion, how many a moral taint would we be spared. But this cannot be; it is well if so much can be acquired as to inculcate calm and patience enough for a glance into futurity, and the self-questioning likely to be of importance to after years.

> It so falls out,
> That what we have we prize not at the worth,
> While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value:

and the same law of mind causes us to over-prize what we have not, and what we desire to have.

After a lapse of years, if we revisit the scenes of our infancy and youth, it is miserable to perceive how infinitely small everything has become. The roomy home, over which you and your brethren romped and ran, is wonderfully circumscribed; the large garden is reduced to a yard, and you could almost leap over the remaining fruit trees it cost you such trouble to climb; the play-ground, with space enough for the range of bows and arrows, not to mention foot-ball or shinty, has dwindled into a hop-step-and-jump; the wide streets are narrow, the ample market-square, such a race to cross at hide-and-seek, or hare-and-hounds, may be stept across in a few strides; the fields have drawn their confines much closer to their centres; the long walks

have abridged themselves; the woods are not near so wide, nor the trees so high; the rivers are much shallower, and the dreadful whirlpool has ceased to be a vortex, the waters gliding quietly away, as if there never had been a boy-forbidden danger on the bank-overshadowed spot; the very far prospects have approached nearer;—ah, you have but turned the glass and put the wide end to your eye, or rather old Father Time has been at his sleight-of-hand, and whipt into yours a microscope, instead of the delightful magnifier (the French Panégyriste) through which you used to look in the days o' lang syne.

The cluster of half-a-dozen years, which I am endeavouring to embrace in this portion of my narrative, was full of progress, and with less of vicissitude than of endless variety. I have never been a systematic arranger and preserver of papers—if I had, I should have wanted spacious premises and an unchangeable residence for the reception and care of the collection—but, even as it is, with all my burnings, and thefts, and gifts of autographs, &c., &c., there is an appalling quantity in the midst whereof I am now seated, as if I were a literary idol, but, alas, one the majority of whose worshippers are all departed, and whose temple is empty. And when I glance over the multitude of these letters scattered around, observe their contents, and try to resuscitate the sentiments, wishes, hopes, fears, and qualities they embody, I feel myself lost in a wilderness of wanderings and reflections. The bridge of the Vision of Mirza has changed into a literary phantasmagoria, the figures appearing and disappearing, as it moves on with railway speed, till one by one the thronged scene is thinned, a little onward others have dropped, and by and by nearly all have vanished! What, indeed, has been the aftercourse and ultimate fate of that crowd of correspondents? What the results of the

applications they so tremblingly or hopefully adventured, the struggles in which they so gladly engaged, and the prospects they so arduously sought to explore? The young, the fair, the wise, the enthusiastic, the learned, the tasteful, the scientific, the ambitious, are all there—some with their first flights—some with their already jaded efforts—some for bread—some for fame—what has become of them, where are they all?

I lay down my pen—I close my eyes—I offer my faculties to imagination—I am overwhelmed—Memory, the potent Witch of Endor, has raised up the dead—these are salt tears!

Let me away to work. The "Gazette" kept rising up, with flattering approbation, but not without its, and my, afflictions, if I employ the word as I mean it, to imply the effect of low, trumpery abuse, prompted by rancour and propped by falsehood, and received with such infinite contempt, that it could not mount even to the height of a spice of disgust. Success and critical offences naturally begat these funguses and blind stingless nettles. The rejection of a bad article created a disparager; the insertion of a censure made an enemy. One after another, journals in imitation of the "Gazette" sprung up; and several of them lasted a considerable time. And they, generally speaking, deserved no less, for the majority were conducted with commendable talent, and in a gentlemanly spirit of competition towards their model, notwithstanding that its pre-occupancy of the public kept them in the background. Thus, the "Literary Review," the "Literary Chronicle," the "Museum," the "Somerset House Gazette," the "Gazette of Fashion," the "New Literary Gazette," the "Athenæum," and others I have forgotten, mewed and had their day, and all but the last-mentioned sank through inanition. The "Athenæum" held on in fruitless efforts, and with some curious acci-

dents, till the lucky idea of cheap literature suggested the expedient of lowering the price of the publication one half, and the plan, seconded by clever and not over-literary business and publishing devices, worked its way to popular success. It gradually took the wind out of the sails of the "Gazette," and possessed quite ability enough to account for the change, especially in a commercial country, where, whatever else may be misunderstood, the difference between fourpence and eightpence cannot be mistaken.*

The rivalry was, as I have hinted, accompanied by no small share of contemporaneous censure and obloquy. I was beset with anonymous condemnation. One found out indifferent English in a miscellaneous sheet, filled from many sources (and I benefitted by the strictures); another complained of particularities (of which I was unconscious); a third irately challenged the Editor for gross misrepresentations; a fourth promised him a regular notice of his errors; and a fifth controverted the opinions and impugned the criticisms of the paper; so that all he could do was to go

* The Literary Review and the Literary Chronicle were both intelligent and instructive publications, embracing the general field of literature, &c., like the Gazette; and literary men of good abilities were engaged upon them. The Museum was more fanciful, and its editor, W. J. Graham, made an unhappy noise in our London circles and fled to America, where he was slaughtered in a duel. He was a very clever, accomplished, and gentlemanly fellow, who won golden opinions of every body; and I have the frankest of notes from him, asking information and advice for the conduct of his rival paper. The Somerset House Gazette was an extremely neat sheet, and made the fine arts a leading object. The New Literary Gazette was a shameless piracy, concocted to deceive the unwary public. The Gazette of Fashion was nearly occupied with attacks on me and the Literary Gazette, and did not last long. Of the Athenæum, here I will only mention that it occasionally sought guidance from "*Our*" experience. I remember one note requiring it, and promising to "*réciproque*" it when desired —which phrase caused a good laugh, though its purport described precisely what ought to exist where literary men and gentlemen are concerned. When the press falls into the hands of persons who are neither, the degradation is pitiable.

back to his school-learning and ponder on the fable of the old man, and his son, and the jackass, who, trying to please everybody, could please nobody, no matter how they managed. The only resolve I could arrive at was, that I should not attempt to bear the ass on my shoulders.

But then came a more imposing arraignment; one of those bitter-sweet proofs that you are of sufficient consequence to provoke malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness. Half-a-dozen publications were brought out for the purpose of reviling me. They are now lying on my desk, cherished by my vanity and kept to this day, when, I dare say, all the rest of the reading world has forgotten them—copies of the "Ass," the "Wasp," the "Scorpion," and "Cockney Critics," besides other major and minor affairs, which tickled me heinously at the time, and make me quite as sore now as they did then; or as present hostile criticism does. I think it was Reynolds, Morton, or Colman (a dramatist), who was once driven by stress of weather to stay eight-and-forty hours in a country inn. To pass the time, any books were asked for, but there were none—only an old magazine volume. The imprisoned traveller had no resource but to read it, and found it to contain a series of the severest possible remarks upon him and his writings. "Well," said he, "if I had happened to see this at the time, how miserable it would have made me; but as it is, what a pack of hurtless nonsense. I shall never heed what critics say of me any more." I am afraid my skin was thicker, for I did not care a pin for my assailants "at the time." Yet they fancied they were hitting very hard. The "Wasp," No. 2, published by W. (not Judge) Jeffreys, nobly declares its principles, and parades them.

"It will be in the recollection of our readers (*i. e.*, the readers of No. 1, which appeared the week before,) that we

divided the genus Quack into two distinct species—in the latter of which we classed Liston. The individual now under consideration is an equally worthy member of the former, viz., those who gain the public applause under false colours; these must be unmasked. Mr. Jerdan shows himself forth to the world an encourager of the arts and sciences, a first-rate critic, a brilliant wit, a sublime poet, and, above all, editor and writer of the 'Literary Gazette.' Now, all these various qualities are mere gratuitous assumptions; and as we are compelled to strip him of all these fine feathers, and exhibit him in his native imbecility, we must commence by referring to the boyish days of Master Bill Jerdan; for like Ovid and Pope, and a few others of his own class, 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' At an early age, then, we find him studying Latin and Logic at the Grammar School of Kelso, a small town in the South of Scotland, sufficiently near the English borders to give him some idea of the English language, as spoken in all its purity in the wilds of Cumberland. Master Willie appears to have had every advantage in cultivating his infant genius that rank and situation could give him; his papa being not only chief baillie, but also the head skinner and tanner of the aforesaid ancient town. [There was a tan-yard on my father's property; but he never was in trade: he would have been wealthier if he had had the profits of the business as well as the rent of the yard.] This latter circumstance appears to have given him the idea that he could '*curry the hides*' of his schoolfellows with imperial impunity; he therefore began his literary career with a tolerably severe lampoon on one of his companions; but it unfortunately happened that the subject of the witticism had not a sufficiently exalted idea of the right divine of the son of the chief

baillie and head skinner of Kelso, and Master Willie got a sound drubbing for his pains [altogether new to me]. This rather damped our hero's ardour for the muses, but happening to hear, on his arrival to man's estate, that Scotch geniuses in London got (contrary to the Kelso and monkey system) more halfpence than kicks, he resolved to try his fortune in the great city, where he was lucky enough to be retained as reporter to that eminent parliamentary and political paper, the 'Morning Post.' Here he chiefly distinguished himself by his partiality for porter and puns, which he indulged amidst an admiring audience in a small pot-house in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, where he reigned supreme, the oracle of unfledged critics and embryo reporters."

With equal truth and accuracy the writer traces me through my connection with the "Sun," where I "at once assumed the airs of a man in authority;" worried my partner by petty annoyances till he bought me out "at an enormous sacrifice," which I "coolly pocketed," and therewith "managed to buy a share in the 'Literary Gazette,' a paper then recently established by Sir Richard Phillips and Longman and Co., as a portable puffing machine for their heavy productions." I also contrived, the "Sun" being a strong Ministerial paper, "to scrape an acquaintance with a few of the lower satellites of office, and was even recorded to have been honoured with a sort of semi-recognition from the great John Wilson Croker himself." There is a great deal more of the same kind of stuff, concluding with a candid estimate of my in-capacities.

"In the first place, then, his claims as a patron of the arts rest on the power which he possesses of eulogising to a certain set any unknown author, whose works may happen to be published by some of the elect; in the second place,

he arrogates to himself the title of a first-rate critic, for no other reason that we can guess, except his peculiar talent of reviewing books without reading them ; and, finally, he fancies himself a wit and a poet, because he passes the morning (having nothing else to do) in wandering about to collect bad puns, which he retails in the evening (without much regard to the decency of the subject,) at the numerous *Indigo* parties of which he is a member, and, after attentively studying the poetical contributions of all his correspondents, ventures on some such *brilliant* effusions as 'The Three Kates' in 'Friendship's Offering.' We should feel some apology due to our readers for devoting so much space to a subject apparently so insignificant, were it not that the great number of individuals who pin their faith to the 'Literary Gazette,' from the belief of its being conducted by a man of talent and education, is so great as to induce us to believe that we are conferring no ordinary benefit on the reading public, in giving them an inducement to exercise their own judgment on literary subjects, by opening their eyes to the manner in which they are imposed upon by a man who would persuade them that he is at least a modern Longinus, while, when shown in his true colours, he stands confessedly as merely 'a Quack of the day.'"

As I did not die of this terrible assault my eulogist was again "compelled" to return to the charge, and in No. 5 I am belaboured in company with George Croly, and the general opinion of my demerits is stated "(thanks to the common sense of the country) to condemn in the most indignant manner the means by which I had stepped into the Censor's chair,"—that I had written myself down an ass, and "in fact, his (my) numerous instances of injustice would furnish a whole nest of Wasps, as well as every other quality that unfits this committee man of the Royal Society

of Literature (with the learned Burgess at its head)—this inquisitor of the Literary Fund, &c., for any and every relation of literary or social life.

"'Hic niger est,
Hunc tu Romane caveto.'"

Other numbers followed up the game, for spite and malevolence are not easily satiated; and when the "Wasp" tired the "Scorpion" began, and reiterated the accusations of partiality, superficiality, interestedness, and other odious offences, too tedious to enumerate. The "Ass," published by Cowie and Co., was very filthy and indecent; and, glancing through some odd numbers I have by me, I observe only a few would-be-witty gibes of the flattest description.

"Cockney Critics," with "The Blow Fly, a Portrait, in Verse," was written by Charles Westmacott, published by J. Duncombe and T. Holt, and dedicated to "William Jerdan, Esq., Editor of Longman and Co.'s 'Literary Gazette,'" in the following flattering terms:—

"To hear an open Slander is a curse,
But not to find an answer is a worse."

"SIR,

"In dedicating to you the following Satire, I have two motives—first, to attract attention to your name, and, secondly, to display both your name and character in its true light; dedications are, thanks to the independence of modern authors, out of fashion: the singularity of this will, therefore, I trust, obtain for you that *notoriety* to which your *peculiar qualifications* have so *eminently* entitled you.

"You *would* be *thought* the censor of the press, the MAGNUS

APOLLO of criticism and literature, the *judge* upon whose fiat hangs the fate of genius. In your *own conception* there is no subject too lofty or profound for a display of your erudite skill, and liberal use of the *dissecting knife;* so also you think no trifle too mean to escape mangling by the dexterous use of your literary hatchet.

"Sir, you are a *slaughterman* of reputation, and can flay poor authors with as much facility, and *something less of feeling*, than a carcase butcher does the bleating lamb; nor do you confine your criticisms to authors alone, but, 'labouring in your vocation,' spread your pestilential breathings over the whole arena of genius, arts, and science.

"If to all these *superlative* qualifications (*got God knows how*) for the office of a public critic I could add that of *honesty*,* I would teach my tongue submission to your *sapient* judgment, and bow with becoming meekness to the Mohawk of Paternoster Row.—

"But I know ye, Sirrah, know all your paltry tricks, your devious windings, quirks, and shiftings, and will *uncase* ye to the world."

"You have placed yourself (in defiance to propriety) upon the pedestal of detraction, and are surrounded by satellites as malignant as the demoniac planet in whose orbit they move. Be it my office to expose the one and crush the other; first, then, to measure your altitude, and with my gray goose quill disjoint the pilfered fragments that compose your *colossal self;* which, like the idol of modern barbarians, disgraces the classic base where once was seen the splendid

* "I have heard, this critic boasts of *his intimacy* with such distinguished patrons of the arts as Sir John Fleming Leicester and the Marquis of Stafford: if they *ever do* suffer him into their presence, it can only be to laugh at his presumption, ignorance, and folly."—*The Blow-fly.*

statues of Phidias or Praxiteles. Could the gulph of death disgorge the mighty of the children of genius, what would Johnson, Warburton, Pope, or Harris think of the boasted refinement of the present age, to find the throne of criticism usurped by such a *nameless thing* in literature as WILLIAM JERDAN? * I know not of what base materials you imagine modern authors to be composed, that you think they will meanly succumb to a *self-elected critic*, the hired oracle of an anti-literary faction, who (*if he has the ability*) has never yet found the *courage* to put his name to anything of equal magnitude with a sixpenny pamphlet. In all other arts and sciences, save that of literature, the judge must have toiled through a probationary course, and given sterling proofs of his superior claims to genius and perfection, before he is permitted to pronounce sentence upon the acts of others.† You have impudently thrust yourself into the judgment seat *without the shadow of a qualification*, and feeling your own *lack of originality*, seek to overcloud the glimmering hope which streaks with golden hue the opening morn of genius. Nor is it envy alone that guides your poisonous shaft, the bow is strung by *interest*, and the itching palm of the critic archer directs the arrow with a force proportioned to the *bribe* he takes.

* "Take the opinion of the editor of 'The Examiner' on his (Jerdan's) abuse of Lord Byron:—"This is certainly the most 'gracious fooling' Master Jerdan has treated the town with, since he abused the finest passages in 'Heaven and Earth,' as the merest '*tol-de-rol buffoonery*' (I quote his own words). The editor of the *Literary Gazette* grudging a shilling for three Cantos of *Don Juan!* What does he imagine the public think of *eightpence* for sixteen pages of little else than a mass of unconnected extracts from about a dozen books? 'When a true genius appears in the world,' says Swift, 'you may know him by this sign—that the dunces are in confederacy against him.'"

† "It is a national disgrace that any common *pick-fault* who would experience a difficulty in stringing together three *original* sentences, should be permitted to set himself up for a critic, and mutilate what he *cannot* comprehend."

"Revenge and fear, by turns, display their power over your jaundiced mind, and every line you write is impregnated with the sulphurous spirit of the author. I need not travel far through your absurdities for damning proof. Almost every page teems with some obnoxious sarcasm levelled at those (both male and female) who have not paid *tribute* to the Mohawk chieftain of the Cockney literati. For myself, *you well know* 'I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers *with* or without arms.' The malignity of your attack upon a trifle of mine has defeated itself, while the approving voice of every other paper, and the flattering sale of the book offers the best reply to your slanders, and is a sure criterion of your critical abilities. Here I might safely waive all personal feelings but those of contempt; but I have undertaken to expose the system upon which you and your employers act, for the benefit of others, and I will fearlessly do my duty. Your arm is raised against every independent author.

"It is disgraceful to this age, that any publication *so connected* and *so conducted*, should be supported; and I am satisfied that it only requires to be generally known to meet universal condemnation."

The verse is even more killing than the prose, but I will only inflict a taste of it upon my readers, as a poetical illumination of my autobiography, according to the sound rule *audi alteram partem*.

Is this the THING whom authors dread!
This long, dull, witless, pile of lead;—
This *anything* but man.
Can such a THING as this have power
To frighten from the sacred bower
The meanest in the van
Of that bright race whom genius guides?

Satire the very thought derides,
There's none so *poor* in spirit—
A libel 'tis on those who write—
The WORLD WELL KNOW HIS DIRTY SPITE
Is SUREST PROOF OF MERIT.

A mighty hero next appear'd,
By all the Cockney witlings fear'd;
L**gm**'s Colossus, he who rides
Upon the critic winds and tides,
That from Æolian caverns blow
The storms of Paternoster-row;
Who strides o'er science, arts, and books,
And kills poor authors by his looks;
"Who, in his sieve, about doth sail,
And like a *rat* without a tail,"
Such dirty, filthy, work doth do,
As daylight will not bear to view.

Mr. Canning is introduced as

He now vents his spleen at a second-hand stall,
And prints with his neighbour of Blunderhead Hall

[cant, for my residence].

At least, 'mongst the wags, 'tis thus currently said,
"Canning's silver is visible through Jerdan's lead." *

It is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance for publishers to string together the "Opinions of the Press" upon their publications, in order to exalt their merits and increase their sale. This chapter will, I trust, however, save mine from the trouble of collective puffery; since the abuse of parties, such as are here represented, must, to every upright and intelligent reader, convey the highest recommendation of the vituperated object. This,

* "Strange as it will appear, modest *Mister* Jerdan has certainly managed to wriggle himself into notice with this distinguished statesman; to whom, during his secession from the Cabinet, certain whims are attributed in the Literary Gazette."

at least, I can truly affirm that the "Gazette" and its Editor, so serviceably reviled, reaped every beneficial consequence which was naturally to be expected—the former advancing rapidly in circulation, and the latter being (it might be unduly) more highly appreciated in social and literary life.

CHAPTER XV.

LITERATI OF THE GAZETTE-ERA! — TRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS, AND REMINISCENCES OF VALUED COLLEAGUES.

> Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
> My days and nights were full of joy,
> My mates were blithe and kind!
> No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
> And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
> To cast a look behind!—Hood.

In running over the ground, as I am doing, I have as yet abstained from two topics of much personal and some public interest, but too copious for my present undertaking. I allude to the first appearances of our greatest artists, and also of our most admirable theatrical performers, with whom it was my good fortune to form friendly relations, witness their earliest efforts, encourage their emulous achievements, and enjoy their triumphs. Still hoping for the opportunity to throw at least a partial light over some of the younger memorabilia attached to these eminent individuals, who have charmed the age in which they flourished, and (in the Fine Arts) will be the delight of future times, I will now endeavour to call up a few literary spirits from the vasty deep—made by a very brief lapse of time in these busy days, and present them, as they rise, to the notice of my readers. Shakspeare has said —and I believe it has been quoted before—that one touch

of nature makes the whole world kin ; without vouching for which, I think I may assert that one sheet of paper brought me into contact, one way or another, with half the world, in the common acceptation of the phrase. Shall I recall some instances? Some will "come like shadows ; so depart ; " but others still live, and it is my happiness still to count them among my cherished companions and most valued friends.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, the voluminous and interesting author, and father of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lived just out of, and to the eastward of Red Lion Square, and either next house to or nearly adjoining that of Lady Sanderson, who married William Huntingdon, S.S. ("Sinner Saved," and especially by her Ladyship's comfortable fortune), and I visited them both.

Mr. Disraeli's was very literary, and archæological and delightful. Douce was often there, and Archdeacon Nares from the adjacent Hart-street, and my dear old friend and colleague, Richard Dagley, who had illustrated Disraeli's "Flim-Flams," and whose stories of, and intelligence respecting the English School of Arts, judgment in appreciating its productions, and unassuming manner of communicating facts and opinions worthy of the attention of the most tasteful and best informed, endeared him to all who enjoyed the pleasure of his society and instruction of his conversation. His pencil was by no means equal to his invention : his originality and conception were but inadequately rendered by his embodiment and execution. Yet without high art or high finish, his productions told well what he imagined and wished to express : they were plain ; but there was no mistaking what they meant either in humour or pathos. What would I give, were he alive now to advise and aid me, and in his own way embellish this work? He was

well acquainted with the founders of the Water Colour School—the Sandbys, Nicholsons, and other leaders in that delicious art, which is more mannered now than it was at first, is not (all) quite so natural, and has recourse to agencies for effect which did not belong to the purer style of the earliest painters. He was also familiar with the artistic transitions from sign-boards and chasing in metals (our prominent original schools) to the establishment and infant movements of the Royal Academy; and in these respects his knowledge and communications were valuable to the most learned, laborious, and distinguished of his contemporaries; to such, indeed, as the eminent connoisseurs and antiquaries I have mentioned.

A small part of his life Dagley spent as a drawing-master at Doncaster, where, as everywhere else, he was loved and esteemed. But oh, for the fickleness of popularity, especially if dependant on boarding-schools and the mammas of the pupils. Dagley was cut out at Doncaster by a showy Frenchman, whose talents would not have entitled him to tie his shoes; but he was gifted with superior qualities for success, and the quiet, studious Englishman had no chance with him. In those days, or rather nights, it was customary for the principal townspeople to meet at taverns to drink their ale or grog, chat, and spend the evening. Of course the rival masters were there, and poor Dagley used to tell of his final defeat by the superior skill of his foreign competitor. A leading corporator, in the course of debate (it must have been wonderfully instructive) on the Fine Arts, happened to ask Monsieur what was his own peculiar style, to which he incontinently replied, "Mine own stayles! Ach-oui-yas. Vell, den, you know de immortal Raffel, de Tenniers, de Tissiano, de Mick Ange, de Vatteau, de Candletti, de Ostade, de Rubennz, dat is ma stayle." Dagley had no style to compete

with this, was floored, and left Doncaster in the possession of the extraordinary artist of the wonderful style, and returned to London, to which I may bring with him a Doncaster anecdote, which would have done for Southey's "Doctor." Over the doorway of the principal bookseller was sculptured, in bold relief, the Crown and Sceptre, and the owner, as is usual in provincial towns, was lounging one fine day at the door under the shadows thereof, when a countryman lounged up with the question, "Please, Sir, be this the Phœnix?" In answer to this, Mr. —— took him gently by the arm, and, leading him into the street, pointed to his Sign, and asked in return, "Is that like a Phœnix?" to which the heavy lout incontinently replied, with a scratch of his head, "Wha, Sir; I dinna knaw, for I never seed yane!"

I may notice a curious circumstance to show the minute accuracy of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of natural scenery. Dagley had in his portfolio a sketch of a woody nook in the woods near Doncaster, and when "Ivanhoe" was published, with the opening meeting of Gurth and Wamba, he had only to put in the two figures and the resemblance was as perfect in every feature as if it had been drawn to illustrate the author. They had both incidentally chosen the same spot; the one for the pen, and the other for the pencil. Dagley was my invaluable colleague for more than twenty years—to the day of his death.

If Mr. Disraeli's was pleasing, the entertainments at his neighbour's were by no means Calvinistic fasts. The living, on the contrary, was *très joli*, and the society anything but conventically rigid and dull. I have a faint recollection of playing whist there.

Nares was one of those men who bear a sort of charm about them, for everybody to delight in their society, pleased by their manners, amused by their talent, informed

by their intelligence, and improved by their example. His acquirements were very comprehensive, and I received much instruction from his society. His admirable and entertaining Glossary was but the partial cream of his philological inquiries and illustrations: the whole was wonderfully rich, and supplied an endless stream of literature, which seemed to flow over all its cultivated regions on the face of the earth, and to have done so from the remotest antiquity to the present day. It was laughable, occasionally, to watch him hunt out a word till he came to some vile vulgar root, and see him throw the books about in a pet at having wasted his time in such a pursuit. For an antiquary his taste was exceedingly fastidious, and anything verging on indecency or profanity was very obnoxious to him.

I have said a good deal of the Pollock family, with which my boyhood was associated, and to which I have owed many happy reliefs from cares throughout the long years that have rolled away "since we were first acquent." Distinguished as they have made themselves, there was one brother who lived not to emulate any lofty ambition, and truly he had no vocation that way; but he was a dear comrade of mine, blessed with a pitying heart and liberal hand, one of the kindest of human beings, possessed of a cool and ready wit, and of high personal courage, and I should like to carve him a niche in my humble votive temple. William Pollock was the second son, between Sir David and the Lord Chief Baron, and possessed no small share of the talents which has raised his brothers to high distinction and judicial and military rank. He was much of a humourist, and never failed to pick up the drollest stories, go where he would, or to tell them with the quaintest possible effect. He had quitted business and gone to study law in a solicitor's office, but unfortunately contracted a malady, having all the

symptoms of consumption, from a young wife whom he early lost; and for the last six or seven years of his life seemed to renew it annually, by a wandering visit to the West of England, faring at farm houses, and enjoying country air and country habits. One of his simple adventures may be repeated as a picture of the times not at all remote from us, and of primitive manners which railroad intercourse has nearly, if not quite, obliterated within the last dozen years.

William was walking along the road on his way to Chard (I think), when he was overtaken by an old farmer on horseback, and they got into conversation. My entertaining friend made a due impression upon his companion, and they proceeded together, in pleasant chat, till they arrived at a division of the road, where William inquired which was the right way to Chard. "To Chard, Heav'n bless ye; what be ye going to do at Chard on a night like this?" William explained that he was simply going to take up his quarters at the best inn he could find, and stay there as long as his fancy and the sights in the neighbourhood tempted him. "But weel," rejoined the farmer, "it's of no use ye're going to Chard to-night, for d'ye see it be market-day, and the inn so full of folks that ye can get no lodging there, I tell ye. Now, I'd advise ye just to go along wi' me, and take t'chance o' the ould farm-house. It's no fine, but t'shall have the best it can afford, and a hearty welcome." Nothing could be more agreeable to William's erratic course, and he at once accepted the invitation. Well, the farm-house, a considerable mansion in the old English style, was reached, and a hearty supper eaten at the settle, which went nearly round the square, where a large kitchen fire was burning; after which the farmer apprised his guest that it was bed time, and that he would be happy to light him to his bed. He was accordingly taken up broad stairs to the

top of the house, in the upper story of which, extending nearly over its whole area, and covered by a high roof, Master William was shown an immense four-post bed, certainly not quite so large as the great bed at Ware. The size of the chamber, the altitude and sloping form of the ceiling, and the capaciousness of the bed, staggered him a little. He began to recall stories of unfortunate travellers, meeting accidentally with apparent farmers, being seduced to their humble retreat, and, in spite of all honest outward seeming, foully murdered, and never heard of more. He rallied, however, wished his guide good night—detecting, as he thought, a cursed sinister look at the moment—and, as there was no help for it, undressed and crept into bed, without venturing too far from the edge, and determined to keep awake. By degrees, however, a vagueness of ideas began to possess him, and he was just on the point of falling asleep when he heard footsteps, and the door of his room slowly and noiselessly opened. He screwed himself into a position to be ready for the worst, but without stirring; and anxiously watched the approaching figure. He soon saw it was the old farmer, and prepared for the mortal struggle. But instead of coming nearer, the Protectionist placed his light upon the distant table, and leisurely began to take off his clothes. This done, he went round to the other side of the bed, and quietly resigned himself to repose somewhere about the centre. This was funny enough, but it was only the first moiety of the entertainment. In about ten minutes the same sound of footsteps and the same cautious opening of the door were repeated, and William, to his utter astonishment, saw the farmer's great fat wife also enter and prepare herself for rest. Having divested herself of her habiliments, she puffed out the candle, and also made her way to the farther side of the bed, into which she got with some exertion. She then began to

repeat the Lord's Prayer aloud, which she followed by the Creed, and then went on with portions of the Litany, till her voice got weaker and more indistinct, and slumber fell upon her weary eyelids. There was happily room enough in the "huge bed" to avoid contact, and William hitched himself nearer and nearer to the side, which the farmer noticing, said "Are the fleas at ye? We canna weel help them, for they come out o' the sacks o' wool, yonder, in druves; but I can sure ye there's na vermin, nane at all, i' the place." William at last fell asleep. The bed was evacuated the next morning, in the same order and manner in which it was occupied on the preceding night, and William, as he left the dormitory, happening to lift his pillow, saw half-a-score of the fleas hop off with great muscular vigour to abide in the woolsacks till phlebotomy was again in request at the farm! Poor fellow! how he chuckled over the adventure, and excited such ludicrous ideas at the images he suggested, by his way of telling it, that it was impossible to go along with him and not "die with laughing."

William's own ready wit was, as usual in such cases, accompanied by a keen relish for the humorous and its detection wherever it even glimmered in the horizon. The anecdote of the Welsh clerk, who, in reading the service at an assize sermon preached before Judge Buller, on coming to the passage, "We know that thou *art* (sic) come to be our Judge," turned about to the pew where he sat and made his lordship a low bow; was beaten by a piece of a genuine discourse with which my friend came primed one day from a conventicle whither he had gone to hear a celebrated preacher. The holy man was enforcing the omniscience of the Deity, and invoking sinners not to flatter themselves that they could conceal their offences;

"for," said he, "there is an eye that seeth all thy doings, and knoweth all about ye. Yes, my brethren, *He* knows where you go, and where ye live, the very street in which you dwell, the house, *and the number!*" This curious example of the loss of force in endeavouring to be more forcible was too good to be lost on an appetite for the ludicrous; but is it not also an example of an error which is far from being infrequent in compositions of the highest pretensions in all classes of public oratory and many of literary ambition?

From the beginning of the "Literary Gazette," it had no more constant and prolific supporter than Barry Cornwall, whose contributions, as yet unpublished elsewhere, are sufficient to form a delightful volume.

Mr. Proctor's first appearance in print was, as far as I am aware, in No. 45, Nov. 29th, 1817. It was signed with the initials of his real name, "W. B. P.," Waller Bryan Proctor, and not Barry Cornwall, since then so deservedly popular; the letters in which incognito employ all those in his own baptismal, excepting P. E. E. R. (which might stand for Peer), among the Lyrists and Dramatists of the day. It was some time before he adopted the signature by which he is so well known and his numerous charming productions which appeared in the "Gazette" were signed B., or W., or O., or X. Y. Z., &c.

The piece alluded to was entitled "The Portrait," with a prefix from the Italian, and is as follows—not so promising as the future fruitage!—

His name—and whence—that none may know—
  But as he wanders by,
Mark well his stern and haggard brow,
  And note his varying, dark-black eye;
It tells of feelings strong—intense—
And stamps the soul's intelligence:

No more the crowd descry;—
For woe her keenest arrow sent,
And scarr'd each noble lineament.

Though in that high, cold, searching glance
The vulgar nought espy—
Yet souls congenial, there, perchance
May see youth waken'd from its trance,
And feigned, self-scorning levity—
And deep within that troubled breast,
The workings of a love repress.

Thus far may I unfold his tale—
That in life's earlier day
His fairest, fondest hopes did fail,
His friends passed one by one away.—
Thus rudely on life's ocean thrown,
He found—he *felt* himself alone,
To thrive—or to decay—
No heart returned one answering sigh—
None soothed his deep calamity.

He sought the midnight wood—he strayed
The still and haunted stream along,—
He watched the evening glories fade
The distant shadowy hills among:—
He sought the busier haunts of men,
And tried the maddening bowl again—
The jest—the jovial song.—
Towards some fond heart he sighed to press—
He sought, and found a wilderness.

From this it could hardly be predicated what the writer has become; but like Byron's "Hours of Idleness," and hundreds of other instances, it only proves how injurious it is to check instead of cherish the first buddings of genius. Our mighty critics look for perfection in juvenile essays, and try them by a standard that never existed or can exist till children walk upright before they crawl, speak before they squall, and run like Atalantas before they totter like unsteady Bacchantes!

From this date, during the ensuing three years, the graceful effusions of the Poet adorned the "Gazette," averaging about

a poem for every fortnight or three weeks of the publication; and after this time, when L. E. L. had taken the public as it were by storm (a storm of April showers, and rainbows, and May flowers, and sweets), and contributed so much to the journal, the same welcome attractions were continued, though not so abundantly, as before. The longer pieces are chiefly on classic subjects or tinged with classic allusions—not unlike the first inspirations of Mrs. Hemans; but there are varieties of great interest and beauty—love-songs—war-songs—dramatic scenes (especially a spirited sketch of considerable length called "The Discovery," the hint taken from Boccaccio)—Anacreontics, and compositions on poetic themes, both of pathos and humour. From these I think I shall be thanked for detaching (I cannot say selecting, though I have looked for what differed most from his published collection,) half-a-dozen specimens, and therewith enriching the Appendix to this volume.*

The "Literary Gazette" acted as the wet nurse to other bards who have cultivated their poetic faculty to the extent of lasting fame; whilst others of undoubted genius played their parts with applause for a few years, and then were heard no more, and some never emerged into public honour, and some never tried to attain distinction beyond the gratifying indulgence in a private luxury and intercommunion with kindred spirits that cared little or nothing for the "outer world." It would be a very curious view of this subject, if it could be taken with sufficient knowledge, to trace the accidents or circumstances which have made one individual a celebrity, while perhaps his superior in every attribute sank into obscurity. It is a wide field for speculation, and it would require a volume to show.

Several of the principal poetic contributors to the

* See Appendix.

"Literary Gazette," contemporary with Croly, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Lisle Bowles, A. A. Watts, and others, but who died young or did not persevere in the practice of composition, would, under favouring circumstances, have risen to poetical eminence; but their fates forbade—they were taken from us or became immersed in the active business of life and pursuits uncongenial to the Muses. They were not stung to the quick by Edinburgh Reviewer, nor driven from the fashionable world into brooding seclusion and nursing nature—they had neither the stimulus nor the repose—nor even the vocation to drudgery in the hope of reward—and thus little more than a few fragments of the spring and early summer of their years are all that can be traced of fine feelings and noble aspirations, and talents of an order to accomplish high achievements had they not been turned aside by the necessities of other claims.

Among my foremost friends were William Read,* under the signature of "Eustace" (who afterwards published "The Hill of Caves," and "Rouge et Noir"); Mr. Beresford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the title of "Ignoto Secondo;" Mr. Cartwright, who signed "Zarach;" Mrs. Rolls and Henry Neele, who published volumes of poetry; Mr. Hollness, and several others whose writings were of such promise that only their estrangement from pursuits so dear to their youthful minds can account for their names being now unheard of in song.† As I pass further down the stream of time, Mary Ann Browne and Eliza Cook

* Not to be confounded with Edmund Reade, author of the "Revolt of the Angels," "Sybil Leaves," "Italy," and other admired volumes of poetry; and with whom, somewhat later, I enjoyed much intimate intercourse.

† See Appendix for specimens of the first three named—in my judgment, poetry that well merits a lasting preservation.

will be found among those whose first essays it was my good fortune to cherish ; but it is a long list, and I trust my reference to it will fulfil at least one of the public expectations from my work, that of presenting many figures and groupes who have flourished in my time, and of whom the notices are so scattered about that it would be difficult for any one, who has not enjoyed my opportunities, to bring them and their productions into a collected view.

In this way I flatter myself that a glance back at my volumes will be interesting to our literary history—and even increase in interest with years.

CHAPTER XVI.

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AUGUSTUS CONWAY; THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND VINDICATED.

What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
A short-lived flower that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade.
A stream that silently, but swiftly glides
To meet Eternity's immeasured tides!
A being, lost alike by pain or joy.—BROOME.

FROM poetry to realities, I was ever and anon called by those afflictions which mark the passing years of all human life. The dear old nurse of my infancy, whose prayers for my prosperity had never ceased to ascend to Heaven, was taken away a few months after her worthy husband. Papa and Mammy now, both were gone, and a sad void was created in my heart. Rich as we may be in the affections of those who remain with us, there is always a deep grief in the irretrievable parting from any one of that number whose love never knew change, who in weal or woe entertained the same anxious feeling for our happiness, and seemed to be utterly governed by a sentiment like predestination, which it was impossible to alter. The loss of my own Mammy, who made an idol of me in my boyhood and watched my after years with a yearning solicitude,

rejoicing in every good that befel me, and excusing, whilst deploring, any errors I committed, was a severe trial to me; and it was soon followed by another still more distressing to bear. My eldest brother, to whom our family looked up with hope and confidence as a head for the re-establishment of its scattered members when he should return from India, as his letters had promised, almost immediately, was also taken from us at the moment when our expectations were the highest and brightest. He had served with honour and distinction (see Vol. I., p. 16, and Appendix D.), and was indeed publicly noticed by Sir W. Kier and Mountstuart Elphinstone and others in authority, as one of the most intelligent as well as most gallant soldiers in the service; and his position in Bombay was in the front rank for separate and important commands. He was a dashing horseman, and the ambition which kept him in the East, only too long for his health, was the prospect of succeeding to the Colonelcy of a cavalry regiment, of which several were then about to be formed at this Presidency. A campaign far up on the Gulf of Cutch, where a country, intersected by rapid rivers and defended by nearly unassailable mountain fortresses, seen almost within cannon-shot and yet requiring immense fatigue to approach across deep ravines and rugged precipices, wore out his constitution, and instead of the noble fellow on his Arab steed hunting the wild ass of Iran (the first ever chased on Indian ground*), sent him back to Bombay, a shattered invalid, whom the toils and anxieties of war had so fatally overthrown. He loved his Sepoys as his children, and they almost adored him. He was unfortunately detained some time before he could procure a vessel to bear him homeward;

* He penetrated the mountain land of Cutch so far to the north as to be the first English officer who met the wild ass among the sporting animals of Indian pursuit.

and he was landed and died at the Cape of Good Hope, esteemed and lamented by all who knew him. Thus ended his career where his first military ardour was elicited; for the reader may remember that on his outward voyage in 1795 he set the spirited example of a cadet volunteering to serve on the attack of the Dutch forces which defended that valuable colony.

Of my brother I never heard but one opinion from the many persons from India with whom I conversed about him, and who knew him in public and private life. His praise was on every lip, and it was a pride to claim kindred with such a man. His letters to me were of infinite interest, and gave the most vivid accounts of Indian warfare and the manners of the people that ever I read; and a yet stronger proof of his superior intellect was afforded in those parts of his correspondence which were of a private nature. His fraternal advice to me, founded on an exact appreciation of my character, and those foibles or weak points which he thought were calculated to affect my progress in life, showed wonderful discernment, and could hardly be explained with reference to the distance between us and the few opportunities he had of studying that which he certainly understood so well. I used to be surprised by his acumen; and it might have been better for me had I been as sensibly instructed by his wisdom as I was impressed by his fraternal earnestness and astute talent.

We are apt to reflect on such matters too late. I had been so used to hot water, that when a calm came, I forgot that there had been storm and might be more. Then "Hope told a flattering tale." I had always conquered difficulties; and would conquer all that could occur. The spoiling of earlier years, though far from cropping out in idleness or recklessness, had not prepared a soil for a standard crop of prudence.

My endeavour to make these Memoirs light and enter-

taining—the reading of the times—does not bring out a true picture of the more imaginative, and serious, and feeling part of my character—nor even a fair measure of my capacities. Those who have been baffled in their aspirations and thwarted in their designs and undertakings by the call for unceasing labour and the distractions of life, can alone conceive what it is to have planned much, idealized much, begun much, and never completed: then to have sorrowed over the reflection of what they might have done under other circumstances—to have mistaken dreaming for action—and to have compared short forthcomings with vast desires, till the sense ached with vain and useless regret.

Such a condition of mind had at least one advantage: It taught me to look at what others accomplished with some appreciation of their difficulties and without envy of their success. It laid the flattering unction to the soul; if *I* had enjoyed similar favourable opportunities, *I*, too, might have achieved a similar victory. The gratifying deceit was deposited on the altar of self-love; and it is thus we cheat ourselves from the cradle to the coffin.

The marked division of mankind into two great orders, chiefly distinguished from each other by the characteristics of ideality and reality, or in other words, of spirituality and utilitarianism, has become far more obviously pronounced as civilisation has advanced and the conditions of the simpler states of nature been forgotten. The demarcation has made itself more and more distinct, as it is perfectly clear it must have done; but still we must not imagine that it can be mapped and separated by an abrupt line, and that there is not a wide middle space where the two divisions mingle and blend together in every possible shade and gradation. This is the world of the nineteenth

century—the world in which we live, breathe, and have our being.

But though there is this vast difference to be found among every civilised people on earth, it is, as an inevitable consequence, the most strikingly demonstrated in commercial communities, where busy pursuits engross the time and thoughts of the individual, and a constant struggle for the acquisition of gain prevails throughout the mass. The superiority of riches is never out of sight—for riches command respect, and purchase all sorts of enjoyment, and display every outward sign of happiness; and therefore it is no wonder that men seek riches with an avidity which leaves little or no room for the cultivation of intellectual pleasures. There is no disparagement to humanity in this: confined within honourable bounds, and kept free from the odious taint of unsympathising selfism, it is, on the contrary, an essential manifestation and portion of the grand system which Providence has ordained for all.

So far, therefore, from there being any just ground to censure the fair pursuit of wealth, it would seem to be more liberal to consider it as a means to an end, which, being attained, would establish a capability in the individual to do great good and become a benefactor to mankind. This is a noble aim, and worthy of perseverance and toil to accomplish.

At all events there cannot be a sound reason given for antagonism between the two orders; for the principles are not antagonistic, but, being alike founded on the nature of man, can only be considered as distinguishable modes of cultivating his powers.

In jocose moments my worthy friend, Sir Peter Laurie, has facetiously illustrated the two pursuits, and certainly to

the advantage of the pursuivant of the real as contrasted with the imaginative—

> William and Jonathan came to town together,
> William had learning, and Jonathan had leather;
> Said William to Jonathan, "What d'ye mean to do?"
> Said Jonathan to William, "I can sole a shoe."

And of course, as the song proves, there is nothing like leather; but perhaps an allegorical illustration by the learned Rabbi Yehodah ben Israel, in one of his dissertations to his disciples, may be accepted by my readers as more poetical:—

"A very old man was sitting by the road-side, and, lifting up his eyes, perceived a youth coming towards him, whose countenance was lighted up with smiles, and whose bearing evinced the elasticity of a heart free from unhappiness. Following him was an incalculable number of servants and camels, carrying gold and silver and precious stones in such profusion, that to look upon them was like gazing on the sun when it pleases God to cause him to shine forth with his utmost brilliancy on the children of earth. The old man rising from his seat, and approaching him of few years, thus accosted him:—

"'Peace be unto thee, and the guidance of the Almighty on thy path. Wilt thou, my child, tell me the name thou bearest, and whence comest thou, for surely never before did mine eyes behold such magnificence as that of which thou appearest the possessor?'

"'Unto thee be peace,' replied the youth, 'and may thy resting-place in Heaven be with the Patriarchs. My name is Chalom Taub (Good Dream). I return from visiting the sleep of a very poor man; I have caused the riches thou seest to pass before him in his slumbers, and have told him that he shall be the owner of wealth such as this; much do

I now regret that Mirth should have led me to his couch, for when he awakes, his poverty will be felt the more. And now, Father, I pray thee tell him who honours thy age, *thy* name?'

"The old man replied, 'I am called Mazol Taub (Good Fortune); man invokes my name, prays for my presence, promises to perform every good precept if I will but appear to him, and when I *do* appear, woe is *in* my heart to say, the promises that have been made are forgotten, the hungry depart from his gate unsatisfied, the naked unclothed: in my estimation, my son, thou art better than I.'

"'Not so,' replied Chalom Taub, 'how can my pursuits, which are imaginary, be better than thy functions, which are real?'

"'Hear me, my son,' exclaimed Mazol Taub, 'and thou wilt acknowledge, and the whole of men's doings on earth bear witness to the truth of what I say. It pleased me to attend to the earnest solicitations of one who with prayers supplicates my presence. I watch over him, and perhaps for twenty years bring him every kind of good that can fall to the lot of man. I find that he does not make that proper use of my gifts that my liberality and his own feelings should prompt him to do, and I withdraw my protection: he then forgets all the benefits received from my hands, and only bewails his misfortune. But thou hast been passing over the slumbers of a poor man; at a future time, if I think him deserving of my presence, I may appear to him: the life of misery and wretchedness he has passed is then forgotten, and he remembers with gratitude that thou, Chalom Taub, visited him a long time ago, and said that one day riches such as followed thee should call him master. Thus, I, who was actually present, am thought of no more, whilst thou, who wast but imaginary, art remembered,

and thy name is blessed with thankfulness, for having fulfilled thy ideal promise.' "

From the apologue of the learned Rabbi I am now led to turn to the fate of a man I greatly esteemed, and whose life presented one of those sad romances which show the real in sadder colours than the ideal can paint. Many readers will remember a performer on the London stage, Mr. Conway, who appeared in the highest walks of tragedy, and in several leading parts made a very favourable impression upon the public. He was a tall, handsome, and manly person—too tall for the boards of a small theatre like the Haymarket, to which he went from the larger house—and owing to some cause unknown, he provoked the bitterest criticism of the "Examiner" newspaper, which preyed upon his sensitive mind and injured him in the opinion of the audiences. He was compared to Gog, and his height turned into ridicule; till at last, in a passion of disgust and despair, occasioned by private circumstances even more than by the constant satire of his remorseless critics, he rushed into what he deemed the menial office of prompter at the Haymarket, and courted the apparent degradation as the means for earning his daily bread. It was a sore conflict, for Conway was a perfect gentleman, and his history a calamitous one. He was the natural son of Lord William Conway by the daughter of a respectable farmer, who, to avoid the shame of her situation, had been sent to the West Indies, where her son was born. He was well educated, or had done much in that way for himself, and obtained an honourable position in society; but, alas, a change came over his prospects, which the following letters will explain. I have only to premise that I felt a warm regard for Mr. Conway, that he was often a welcome guest at my house, and that, when made

acquainted with the particulars of his life, I could not but take the deepest interest in his future fortunes. After a confidential interview, I received the annexed from him :—

"Oct. 18th, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,

"I gladly avail myself of your kind permission to renew, through this medium, the subject of our last conversation, and though experience forbids me to entertain any *sanguine* hope from your promised interference, my most sincere acknowledgments will be yours for your friendly *endeavours* to serve me. In that conversation I spoke of Lord William Conway as my father, and I must now inform you that, owing to peculiar circumstances, he has never supported or assisted me, and though not *formally* disowned I am not acknowledged by him. My various letters soliciting that act of justice, or an interview to enable me to demonstrate my claims to it, remain unanswered. On one occasion I traced him to an inn at Ringwood, and in a note, which I prevailed upon the landlord to place in his hands, implored an audience, if only for a few minutes; instead of granting it, however, he referred me in general terms to his *family*. I then wrote to the *late* Marquis, and to give weight to my application, procured it to be conveyed by persons of rank—the Hon. Mr. Tollemache and his lady, the Duchess of Roxburgh, who had frequently distinguished me by their kindness and hospitality. The Marquis acknowledged that he had always *understood* me to belong to his family, but added, that unless Lord William became *himself* my advocate he did not feel called upon to render me assistance. I next sought Lord Robert, by whom I was very courteously received, and afterwards Lord George, but owing to their alleged disunion from their brother I could not obtain from

them any promotion of my object. My *last* effort was through the assistance of a particular friend, a gentleman eminent in the literary world, whose knowledge of my straitened circumstances and natural claims upon the Hertford family, induced him to seek an interview with the late Marquis for the purpose of pleading my pretensions. On account of ill health the Marquis declined *seeing* him, but intimated his readiness to receive a *written* communication. Such communication was accordingly made, but did not obtain an acknowledgment. I send you a copy of it, and of the request which preceded it, that you may be able to appreciate the strength of that application, which was not honoured even with a reply. I fear these details will have been sufficiently tedious, but in justice to myself I could not be less circumstantial. My hopes now rest with Lord Henry and the present Marquis, to neither of whom I have the honour of being personally known. By your strong representations, perhaps, these noblemen may bestow a closer consideration upon my very hard lot, than it has hitherto been deemed worthy of. Their lordships may be humane enough to feel, and candid enough to allow, that though Lord William chooses to estrange himself from his connections, it is most unjust that *I* should be the *sole* victim of his peculiarity. For though his legitimate children may not have a large share of his personal attention, they are at least supported by his *purse*, and enjoy the full benefit of that *rank* in society to which their birth entitles them; while I am not only without any mark of *personal* notice which might give me a decent respect with the world, but am also without the slightest *pecuniary* aid that would enable me to live without it. Little sanguine as repeated reverses have taught me to be, I cannot forbear to entertain *some* hope that their lordships will commiserate

my situation when reminded that while every member of their numerous family, legitimate or otherwise, enjoys some provision from the wealth or influence of their connections, I alone of all their blood am doomed to neglect and penury —am abandoned to struggle as I may with adversity, without assistance or encouragement—and left to battle or beg my way through the world unregarded and unrelieved! I hope, Sir, that what has fallen from my pen cannot justly subject me to a charge of vanity or presumption: it is far from my wish to urge a syllable that can be construed disrespectful to any member of their lordships' family; but I find myself struggling with an undeservedly hard fate, and in a communication like the present it becomes me to dispense with reservation or disguise. Through your kind interference, therefore, I most respectfully solicit either that their lordships will be good enough to cause some *annual* provision to be allotted me, sufficient to remove the importunities of *want*, and which I may endeavour to increase by the exercise of any little talent it has pleased Heaven to give me—or that through their powerful interest such a situation in one of the public offices may be obtained as with my own industry will yield the means of a decent livelihood. But if this assistance is considered as beyond my claims, I do then most earnestly call upon their lordships to exert that influence which their seniority may naturally be supposed to afford them with their family, and prevail upon Lord William to grant me an *audience*. To this favour I am entitled upon every principle of natural justice. Lord William may then *hear* how much I need assistance, and I shall have the long desired opportunity of learning from *himself* his reasons for withholding it.

"Such, Sir, are my opinions and feelings upon this

disagreeable subject, and such the *expectations* I have ventured to build upon them. How far they are rash or reasonable experience must determine; but I request you will be good enough to expunge or alter any *expression* of my letter your judgment disapproves, before applying it to the intended purpose.

"I know it cannot quicken your zeal, though it may *hasten* your *endeavours*, to be informed that now the theatre is closed I am without any prospect of provision for the passing day. Of course I shall attend your answer with some solicitude, and hope that it will convey a permission for me to see Lord Henry.

"I am,

"Yours truly,

"W. A. CONWAY."

This painful statement was embodied in a letter which I addressed to the Marquis of Hertford, and of which I insert a copy:—

"Michael Grove, Brompton.

"My Lord,

"Not having the honour to be known to your lordship, it becomes me to apologise for this intrusion; though I hope its motives and its object will plead my excuse. As the Editor of a Literary Periodical work it has happened to me to form the acquaintance of a very estimable individual, and to have taken that interest in his welfare which I think his merits and misfortunes can hardly fail to inspire. That individual, my lord, is Mr. Conway, who is known, as I believe, to your lordship, as he certainly is to Lord William Seymour, to Lord Robert, and to the rest of your lordship's family. In his distress he has

entrusted me with the story of his birth and struggles in life; but I hope your lordship will do him the justice to believe that this was not done till necessity overcame the long-cherished sentiments of delicacy, pride, and honour; and me the credit to be assured that my interference is unprompted by any considerations but those of respect to the House of Hertford—of regard for a worthy man suffering undeservedly—and of humanity; perhaps I might add, if without offence, of natural justice. To your lordship, as the head of the family, I am, from your general public character, emboldened to appeal without fear of misconstruction. I write to solicit the favour of an interview, in which, should there be no insurmountable obstacle in the way, I am persuaded I shall be able to impress on your lordship the extreme hardship of his case, and persuade you even to overstrain a point to become his advocate and benefactor. That he has not been successful on the stage is not his fault, for to ability he joins industry, perseverance, and a respect for himself. May I be allowed to say, that that stature and personal appearance which gives dignity to a noble station (and which he inherits in a remarkable degree from his parentage) is not auspicious to dramatic effort.

"Still, my lord, Mr. Conway is in need of little help, and this is so honourable to his discretion that I do hope that what your lordship's interest could do with a breath will not be withheld from one who has such peculiar claims, independently of his deserts, to consideration.

"The testimony of a stranger can have but slight weight; but I will not close my letter without expressing my opinion of the value and integrity of Mr. Conway. Had he no pretensions, I aver that I would deem it an act reflecting lustre on any nobleman to take him by the hand; and

sincerely do I pray that his father in acknowledging him will place him above the calamities of life, beyond which his humility looks for nothing.

"Should your lordship have the kindness to appoint a period when I can wait upon you, I shall be proud of the honour.

"My Lord,

"Your lordship's most respectful and

"obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM JERDAN."

Meanwhile poor Conway was compelled by adverse circumstances to quit London, and the negotiation was left entirely on my hands, and I did not allow it to stand still. The first steps were so favourable and promising that I became sanguine of success; though we received a shock by seeing a butler in the family gazetted to a good government appointment, which would have rendered my friend independent and happy. I had several notes from Hertford House, and was to have seen the Marquis, but his health did not admit of the interview, and even when my hope was firmest, the death of his Lordship crushed it all. Still pursued by Hazlitt and his other adversaries in the press, Conway could not bear up against this blow. He obtained an engagement and fled to America. From Liverpool he wrote me his last letter:—

"My passage is now secured in the 'Columbia' packet, Captain Rogers; my luggage on board, and I summoned to follow it early to-morrow morning. As this, then, may be the last time of my addressing you, accept the assurance of my *unfeigned respect* and *devoted regard*. Accept also my warm acknowledgment of the zeal and promptitude with

which you have on many occasions stood forward to *vindicate* my *professional* and improve my personal pretensions."

Sorry was I that I could do no more for one so unfortunate and so truly worthy of a happier fate. But the melancholy tale has yet to be concluded. After some short time passed in America, Mr. Conway took a passage from New York to Charleston, but, in a paroxysm of temporary insanity, the effect of mental suffering, he threw himself from the deck of the vessel into the sea, and there found a refuge from all his sufferings on this weary earth. His body was recovered, and in his pocket-book was found a bill of exchange, endorsed to his mother. It was asserted of him, that he was so vain of his person and talents that he could not endure justifiable criticism; but this was not true. He was extremely sensitive, suffering under injury, and desponding; and the press persecuted him with gibes upon his tallness, disparagement of his talents, and satire upon his conceit, till he writhed under the torment: and a noble human creature was destroyed.

I have little more to add. Struck by his Apollo-like presence and dramatic powers, in her old age the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi transferred the last remnant of her regard for Dr. Johnson to Mr. Conway, the rest being previously sacrificed in resentment to his dictatorial interference with her Thrale widowhood, and on the altar of her second marriage. That she was enamoured of my friend would be too much to say at her period of life; but there was a warmth in her conduct and expressions towards him which would have warranted such a phrase, had she been a few years younger —but she had been a widow, a re-married lady, and an author so long ago as nearly forty years. Her first publication was the "Anecdotes of Johnson," 1786; and the last (not hers, but posthumous, and the MSS. said to have been found among his effects on shipboard after his, Mr. Conway's death),

"Love Letters, addressed to W. Augustus Conway," written when she was eighty—(J. Russell Smith, 1843.) After all, these effusions seem to be but the language of romantic enthusiasm, in which a Della-Cruscan Octogenarian would be likely to indulge, and without a spark of the physical passion ascribed to the rhodomontade. Her unbounded admiration of Mr. Conway, as a splendid specimen of the genus homo in body and soul, and the deep and constant interest which she took in his welfare, sweetened his bitter cup, and might well be imputed to pure and generous feelings.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE WELLESLEY FAMILY—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—TALLEYRAND.

Between woman and wine, sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For wine makes his head ache,
And woman his *heart*.

HAVING broken bounds with one of the extraneous incidents of the many belonging to my social experience, in which I may say the profession of the pen made me more or less an actor, it may be more interesting now than hereafter to glance shortly at an affair where I had occasion to hold some intercourse with the great character whose funeral, at the time this will be published, must engross the national concern. Publicity has already been too much given to the circumstances to render any reserve, beyond what gentlemanly feeling always demands in such cases. The connection between Mrs Bligh and Mr. Long Wellesley, now Earl of Mornington, led to much public discussion as well as to much legal proceeding. To put herself in as fair a position as possible with the world, the ill-starred lady was induced to court my literary aid; and I am free to confess that I gave it willingly and cordially. Mrs. Bligh was a very fascinating woman, and when she desired to compass such

services as she thought I could render, she knew well how to employ those female blandishments which few men can resist. But I also saw her sorrows in the midst of luxury and apparent gaiety, and I truly pitied her. I saw what was amiable and good in her, whilst the public voice only rung in her censure; and, as in other conditions of a like nature, where there were opportunities to be perfectly acquainted with all the causes, temptations, and conspiring fatalities, I could not help feeling that there were redeeming points, which qualified the odium so unsparingly lavished on the frail or fallen by the extremely rigid and sternly virtuous. I am preaching no false morality, nor will I be the apologist for error, but I stand by the holy text, so utterly forgotten by the over-righteous, "Judge not lest ye be judged;" and I will fearlessly and frankly declare, that I have known Magdalens whose remorse and wretchedness exalted them far above the cruel degradation to which pitiless severity would have doomed them, and above many of those who declaimed most loudly against their vileness. The best have some dark spots; the worst, some relics of a brighter sphere. There are always traces left, and often precious portions of "the soul of goodness in things evil."

With that strange unaccountable blindness to her own position, which is almost an inalienable principle in human nature—for every living man and woman, inherently and to a certain extent, deceive themselves, and do not, from cunning or hypocrisy, put on all false appearances in order to deceive the rest of the world—the warm affections of Mrs. Bligh led her to take an earnest part in the Chancery suits and other transactions which brought the fortunes and family concerns of Mr. Wellesley Pole so distressfully into general notoriety. To me she looked for help to counteract impressions which she considered to be (and some of which were grossly) founded

on misrepresentations and falsehoods; and to inform my judgment I was, as it were, made a party to the public matters and a confidant in the explanations. I had to read affidavits—such as were made in Master Eden's office—in answer to one made by the Misses Long;* and I was instructed that "the cruel part of all this melancholy business is, that Lord Eldon allows these horrid women to retain possession of Mr. L. Wellesley's *only* daughter, who, poor little thing, they are bringing up to hate *her parent*. Mr. Wellesley has not seen her since Mrs. L. Wellesley's death [about a year]. Excuse my troubling you upon this painful subject; but I am sure *now* you are made acquainted with *the facts* you will feel for the distressing situation poor Mr. Wellesley is placed in. Every parent, I am sure, must, when they know how he has been treated by the Misses Long and his own family. Believe me, dear Sir, your much obliged, H. BLIGH."

I will not attempt to deny that the written appeals of this description were greatly re-inforced by their more diffused *vivâ voce* repetition in the small confidential circle chiefly interested in their results. I had no pretensions to be superior to Socrates or Pericles. Colonel Paterson, the father of Mrs. Bligh, was a well-bred and agreeable gentleman, who had served in India and seen a good deal of life, and was affectionately attached to his daughter. Mr. Wellesley, with much of the talent of the race of which he is a member, possessed most of the accomplishments that make an individual a charm in social intercourse; refined in manners, frank in speech, and exceedingly well informed, the elegance of his style of living was not to be surpassed, and, let me add, his literary productions, though principally

* The sisters of the deceased, Mrs. Long Wellesley, to whom the charge of her family was decreed by Lord Eldon.

on constitutional and political questions, displayed sterling abilities and afforded subjects for solid conversation when personal or lighter topics had served their turn. Of Mrs. Bligh I need say little more ; she was very handsome and extremely engaging—the more so from the *abandon* of these meetings, and their disclosure of remarkable circumstances, which would have made a Byron exclaim with increased relish—

O Pleasure! but thou art a pleasant thing;

or rather, more appropriately repeat from Cowley—

The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way;
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.

And so it was in these parties, usually of four, with every indulgence that epicurean taste could desire, and, as sung by W. King in his "Art of Cookery"—

The feast now done, discourses are renewed,
And witty arguments with peace pursued.

This, in short, was one of the Circe cups referred to in my first Chapter, Vol. I., and even in age "I cannot but remember such things were," which yet throw a ruddy tinge over the dark and rainy clouds of later days. But to return to my narrative. The "facts" mentioned in the preceding note were enlarged upon in another, which, however, I must somewhat obscure in the quoting :—

"A most important *fact*, which is not generally known, is that the attorney of the Misses Longs, Mr. J——, of No.——, and his clerk, J——, connected themselves with that abandoned and profligate prostitute, Mrs. ——, whom they bribed to perjure herself, and through whom they

obtained the host of low ignorant wretches to also forswear themselves. Mr. —— and his clerk have given her money to distribute to these people.

"At the time and long before Mr. —— brought the action against the 'Morning Chronicle,' the 'Times,' the 'Morning Herald,' the 'Sun,' and several other papers, for defamation of Mrs. ——'s character, he, Mr. ——, knew she had been for some time living with his head clerk —— as his wife, and travelling about the country with him to procure witnesses to swear against Mr. Wellesley—some of whom could not read or write.

"We understand [this was instruction for me to say] Mr. L. Wellesley's legal advisers have at this moment in their possession documentary evidence of all this in the hand-writing of —— and his clerk.

"This attorney, in consequence of the father, Mr. L. Wellesley, having been deprived of the custody of his children, and no guardian of *his* election having been as yet allowed to be appointed, is getting up all sorts of Chancery suits, with the *minors'* fortune, against the father, Mr. L. Wellesley. All this he asserts he is doing by the directions of the Duke of Wellington. The Misses Long, little caring how much they ruin the prospects of the unfortunate children of Mr. Wellesley, so they accomplish the ruin of the father and satiate their own unnatural and unchristian-like revenge, are also adopting every means within their power to create expense.

"The poor boys whilst under their care was [were] beat by their orders by a servant, called ——, who [whom] Mr. L. Wellesley, when at Wansted, caused to be put to school and educated upon his bounty; this wretch the Misses Long have bribed into their service, and made him swear falsely, first against his benefactor and master, Mr. L. Wellesley,

and then to become such a monster as to beat his poor children with sticks, until one, the youngest, was obliged to lay [lie] in bed for several hours to recover from the effects of the strokes.

"They were taught by the Misses Long to execrate the name of their father.

"Mr. Wellesley's only daughter, who is now unfortunately with them, notwithstanding all Mr. L. Wellesley's exertions to remove her, they are teaching to hate her *only* unfortunate *surviving parent.*

"The late tutor, Mr. ——, to Mr. Wellesley's boys, died a short time since mad. He was mad for a long time previous to his quitting the Masters Wellesley. The person now put about Mr. L. Wellesley's daughter by the Misses Long, is the sister of a woman of the name of ——, who was a woman of infamous character, having lived with several persons as their kept-mistress. This woman, now living with the Misses Long, and put about the little girl, followed the same line, and lived with her sister—so said the sister, and proved it."

This is a melancholy picture of the effects of dissensions in families, from whatever causes springing; and I beg to repeat, that in placing it in this work, I am not only maintaining conscientiously the spirit of truth which I declared should animate it, but am trespassing on no private grounds by divulging secret matters; for everything I am stating was only too notorious, and too loudly discussed in every possible shape and in every possible place, to admit of more than I am now doing, which is to furnish, from my own knowledge, such a version of the painful story as will enable my readers to form a more accurate conception of its real features than could be derived from the Babel and contradictory accounts with which the public were so profusely inundated. But I

have farther the curious advantage of being able to show what were the opinions of the Duke of Wellington respecting this "delicate inquiry," and the disastrous consequences which it unfolded. I have nowhere met with more characteristic traits of that illustrious personage. The following is a holograph letter from him to Mrs. Bligh, without a signature!—the style of which, however, is proof enough of who was the writer, for nobody ever wrote letters like "F. M. the Duke of Wellington." *

"London, 17th May.

"My Dear Mrs. Bligh,

"I received your note only this morning; but I cannot call upon you, as I have really a great deal to do; and I have a very bad [the word 'bad' struck out] heavy cold in my head which keeps me confined to my House.

"I have stipulated, *as I told Mr. W. that I had done*, that I should not be a Party to, or have any knowledge whatever of the Suit between Mrs. Wellesley's family and him, now depending in the Court of Chancery; and I don't think I ought, and my inclination would certainly lead me not to interfere in it in any manner; unless I could do so by putting a stop to it, and preventing further disclosures of Private life."

* On an occasion when I interested myself to obtain brevet rank for a lamented friend of mine in the Royal Marines, Captain (afterwards Major) Johns, against which his Grace set his face, because the commission was not in the regular army; Prince Lieven, on the part of the Emperor of Russia, to whose honour the promotion would have taken place, also pressed the matter upon the Commander-in-Chief; till one day, when I waited upon his Excellency, he told me there was no use in urging the matter any further, and indeed he could stir no more in it, since he had got from the Duke one of his F. M.'s, which were so distasteful to any foreign ambassador at the English court. This was the first I heard of his *Grace's* peculiarity, in commencing his most ungracious communications with the Field Marshal initials, now so generally known as the F. M.'s of repulsive correspondence.

In every case the same sound sense and sagacity mark the man of granite nerve and crystal intellect,—the Achilles in the camp, the Nestor in the cabinet, and, not the less, the Paris in the boudoir of beauty. From another long letter I can only transcribe a few striking extracts; it was written to Mrs. Bligh, after Lord Eldon had pronounced the judgment by which he deprived Mr. L. Wellesley of the custody of the children, on account of his connexion with the fair lady to whom it is addressed.

"I have come to town and received your letter this morning, my dear Mrs. Bligh; and I assure you that I feel for, and lament the distrest situation in which you are placed. Throughout these discussions you have been exposed and sacrificed for no one reason." * * * * "I assure you that I would willingly do everything to relieve you from such a situation." * * * * "He (Mr. L. W.) is quite mistaken in respect to me; I have nothing to say to him; and will have nothing to do with him or his affairs."

The poor, infatuated Mrs. Bligh could not induce the pitying but Iron Duke to espouse the cause as she wished; and she then accused him of very material interference, (as before in the case of Lord Westmeath), in spite of this assertion; charged him with influencing Lord Eldon, Lord Redesdale, and Lord Manners; blamed him for procuring the appointment of Sir Colin Campbell as guardian of the children; gave Sir Colin and his lady as indifferent reputations as any foe could desire; and complained bitterly of the Duke and Lord Maryborough's conduct to the nephew of the one, and the son of the other. Mr. W. himself was content with saying carelessly, "Though I have gone far enough wrong, I believe I am the most virtuous individual in the family!"

Long since the period to which these anecdotes belong, the fate of Mrs. Bligh—made Mrs. Wellesley in 1828—has

been yet more deplorably before the busy world, and excited, even in the hardest hearted, some commiseration. Abject poverty and want, after living as I have indicated, must indeed have been (I hope it does not continue to be) a draught of gall and bitterness, overflowing to the utmost limit of human endurance. Alas for erring woman!

> In vain with tears her loss she may deplore:
> She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

The lesson is an afflicting one! but Life is more full of such instruction, applicable to the business of life, than all that fiction can invent, or genius picture. It is from the actual we are best enabled to learn the course most judicious for us to pursue.

Having introduced the name of the great Duke, respecting whom every trifle is a historical desideratum, I will add the very slight reminiscences I have of him in person. He appeared to have one of the royal memories, and never to forget anybody or anything. Thus, out of the foregoing affair, I was on the list of individuals whom, or whose names at least, he remembered. At a dinner-party, of between thirty and forty, given by the Lord Mayor to his Grace and the committee who superintended the erection of the City Equestrian Statue, near the Mansion House, he condescended to notice me at the table, together with Sir Francis Chantrey, by whom I was seated, about half-a-dozen chairs from him, and which I was told was a very rare compliment. At the time, Sir Francis pointed out to me the singular conformation of the Duke's ear, which he, as an artist, modelling his head, had naturally observed; it was almost flat, and destitute of the shell-like involutions which are the usual attributes of the organ.

This committee-work obtained me another curious example of the Duke's ways. It was agreed to print fifty copies of the minutes, &c., of the proceedings, in a handsome small quarto volume, one copy as a *souvenir* of their services (and they occupied considerable time, from 1836 to 1844, and were a little arduous in consequence of competing interests), to be presented to every member, and the few remaining copies to be appropriated to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke, and other parties interested, or who had taken a zealous part in promoting the subscription and forwarding the design. This task was devolved upon me by a resolution of the committee, and in due time I sent a copy of the book by my messenger to Apsley House, into which the packet was refused admission. I consequently wrote a letter by post to his Grace, stating the circumstance, and enquiring how I might place the volume in his hands. The answer was not an F. M., and much more amusing. He said the Porter had done perfectly right, and acted according to orders, in refusing to receive the packet; and added that, if he took in all the things that came from every part of London, the house would be filled with rubbish throughout; but to insure access to the volume, the favour of which was graciously acknowledged, the Duke wrote the address of his own Porter at the bottom of the note, and requested me to cut it off and paste it on the packet!! Thus vouched, the Porter did me the honour to take it from my own hands, for I was much diverted by the manœuvre devised to carry a lodgment in Apsley House. As his Grace's answer to the communication of the proposed memorial, in honour of the great interest he had taken in the improvements of London connected with the streets leading to London Bridge is written in his admirably direct and, if I may so say, most professional manner, I add a copy of it to this anecdote:—

"My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,

"I have been much flattered by the honour which has been done me by the merchants, bankers, traders, and others, of London, in having determined to erect an Equestrian statue of me in the centre of the City, aided as they have been, in the execution of this project, by other noblemen and gentlemen.

"I was the minister of the late King; and I did no more than my duty upon the occasion to which you have been pleased to refer, in promoting to the utmost of my power the views of the King, his government, and of parliament, by assisting the City of London to complete their magnificent work, London Bridge, and the approaches thereto on both sides of the river.

"I performed this duty assiduously, as I have all others on which I have been employed in the public service; and it is gratifying to me to know that my conduct upon that occasion attracted your attention, and gave you satisfaction.

"WELLINGTON."

Mr. Lambert Jones assured me that the assiduousness mentioned by his Grace was not a strong enough term for the pains and trouble he bestowed upon these civic undertakings, and his anxiety to have them effectually executed. But "Duty" was his load-star through life.

Count D'Orsay, the accomplished and witty, painted a full-length portrait of the Duke and a companion of the Marquis of Wellesley, which adorned the drawing-room at Gore House. I was one day noticing the difference between the two, and the Count made a curious distinction in his piquant manner. "Ay," said he, "the same nest—the

one is the cock-pheasant, and the other the hen!" On another occasion, in the same room, the Marquis himself was present, and the conversation turned on a politically unexpected, and it was thought a veering speech the Duke had just made in the House of Peers, when the Marquis observed, "Oh, you don't know my brother Arthur: he is the cunningest dog alive."

The only other trifle I may relate occurred on the return of Sir James C. Ross from his nobly conducted and memorable Antarctic voyage, of which the particulars were first published in the "Literary Gazette." I happened to go down on a visit to my friend, Mr. G. P. R. James, then residing close by Walmer, and appointed to call, as he frequently was, on his Grace the following morning, when the subject of Captain Ross's arrival, and my account of it, were brought out in conversation. The Duke expressed his desire to read it, and on Mr. James stating that I was with him, he said, "Oh, I know Mr. Jerdan very well; I am sure if he can send me a paper he will be pleased to do it." It put me in mind of the Opera clown, Delpini, who, when told that the Prince Regent said he knew him very well, exclaimed, "Oh, he brags; he brags!"

The Duke was more of a matter-of-fact man than an admirer of wit; and yet that he was not insensible to humour, some of his own hard strokes and his enjoyment of the fine *jeux d'esprit* of Talleyrand, bear witness. Of the latter I remember an instance when unlooked-for political changes were very frequent in Paris, and some one asked the impenetrable statesman what he thought of it. "Why (he replied), in the morning, I believe: in the afternoon, I change my opinion; and in the evening, I have no opinion at all." And, *à propos*, his parrying in this style was carried to perfection, as when an inquisitive quidnunc, who squinted, and was asking how he thought certain measures

would go, was answered "*comme vous voyez ;*" and another example, less, if at all known. A council of the Ministry having sat three hours upon some important question, an eminent nobleman met Talleyrand as he came from the meeting, and asked "*Que s'est-il passé dans ce Conseil?*" to which the witty diplomatist drily answered, "*Trois heures!*"

Talleyrand is a fertile subject, but I will dismiss it with one other anecdote of London birth, which I received from a guest who was present. It was a small party at the Duke of Gloucester's, and for some reason the Ambassador seemed indisposed to converse, and the Duke failed in every effort to induce him to lead the conversation. No one else would venture to do so, and the company were very dull. When they rose after dinner, a now noble English diplomatist made a last attempt, and said to Talleyrand, "*Ne trouvez-vous pas, Monsieur, les protocols de Milord Palmerston très ennuyants?*" to which Talleyrand replied, "*Non, Monsieur, ce ne sont pas les affaires qui m' ennuyent* (and, casting a glance on the table he had just quitted, added), *c'est le temps perdu qui m'ennuie.*"

The chivalrous admiration of female beauty, the love of the drama, and especially of music, were marked traits in the character of the Duke ; and, by-the-by, all my readers may not be aware of the great usefulness of theatres for purposes of national intercourse and negotiations. Elsewhere, ministers, and couriers, and despatches are watched with sleepless cunning, and unintermitting activity ; but nothing can be construed out of a casual *rencontre* in an opera-box, and the affairs of Europe may be unsuspectedly settled, by two heads close together, in the midst of a bravura. But the Duke was really fond of music for itself ; and thence his personal attentions to Jenny Lind, and the tribute of having Durham's excellent likeness of her, along

with the bust of Napoleon, in the bedroom where he died. Both had afforded him gratification, though of different kinds—the first, the highest delights of melody; and the last, the most glorious triumphs of discord. His Grace had a splendid appetite for both.

CHAPTER XVIII.

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RETURN TO MYSELF AND THE "LITERARY GAZETTE"—REVIEW OF LITERARY FORCES.

> Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
> The welcomes there,—the hours when we have met
> In grief or glee?
> All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
> The kindly words of trust in days'gone by,
> Poured full and free.—Hemans.

During the few years through which the pages of this volume have pursued my labyrinthine wanderings, zig-zagging as objects attracted my steps, and carried me through the maze (for to such a travel a straight road is an impossibility, and unity of action incompatible with sequent unity of date), I resided partly in a small cottage, at the end of the Row called Michael's Grove, Brompton, enfilading Brompton Crescent; and, latterly, in Grove House, a roomy handsome mansion on the high road, Brompton. Biography, especially if various as mine, cannot be constructed with the consistency of an invented plot. My web is not woven of a fancy-pattern with the main design running from end to end, and the accessory sprigs and embroideries in apple-pie order; but more like that spun by the Mœonian Arachne, where there is indeed a centre, but from which the threads diverge in every

fashion, now apparently tied together in mathematical-looking angles and circles, now flowing freely in wider weft, now throwing out long filaments, whither, and for what purpose, it is not easy to tell, yet altogether displaying an irregular regularity which is pleasant to look upon, when once leisurely examined and properly understood!

The "Gazette" had continued to prosper and the world to mend accordingly; but never enough, *at once*, to enable me to slip my neck out of the collar, and, as I have owned the soft impeachment, when the sun shone brightest, I was not of a disposition to look far a-head for a rainy day. I had not the wit of the Devonshire lass, when pressed with love and kindness, to say, "nay; once bit, twice shy;" but on the contrary, I was just as ready to be bit as ever, and so have continued, simpleton enough, with all my worldly wisdom, to the present day, when it requires very little dexterity to take me in. *Incredulus odi.* Yet far be it from me to subscribe to an opinion that conscience slept, or the feeling of responsibility was ever deadened. What error there was, in the midst of difficulties that left it hard to choose which to meet first, arose from the very weakness and credulity to which I have confessed, and which led me to believe in the efficacy of honourable intentions and demonstrated acts to the utmost of capacity. Law was then, and it may be now, more invincible than the Lernæan Hydra, so that, even if I had been a Hercules, I could never have vanquished it. True it is that I cut off head after head, but still the two for one sprung up to replace them, and with the immortal head in the middle (Chancery Suit!) carried on the war to my great loss and sorrow. It is a curious fact, that efforts to get out of debt often increase the evil. All parties may be willing to wait, but if a beginning is made with one or more, the rest become

outrageous and cry, "Why not me?" This has been the wreck of many a good man, and decidedly of those most anxious to do justice; and so convinced am I of the fact, that I would lay it down as the safest rule for an individual who considers only himself, not to pay at all, rather than to pay partially—until he can pay all together. But this can only be a rule for such as consider conscience to be too valuable for common use, and therefore hoard it up, like other precious things, to be used only on very particular occasions.

With me, who had somehow weathered the most pelting storms, it was as with the Icelander who, in the Trembling Bridge, as the Rainbow is poetically styled in that cold northern region, sees the cessation of tempest, and the promise of a calmer and warmer sky. Such, indeed, is the quivering Arch of all human existence; the Arch which spans our earth and heaven! Though formed of tears, it is so bright that Hope, vain Hope, lives joyously gazing upon it, and fancying that the future will all glow under a sheen so brilliant, but so cold!

I have, perhaps, boasted of the peculiar advantages attached to my literary situation, which, I believe, brought me acquainted with more, and a greater variety of, persons, than any other individual in London society. It was almost ludicrous to think of the crowd from high to low; and an afternoon walk with me in a leading street, was a prodigious treat to friends from the country—for I seemed to be saluted and stopped by one out of every four of the passengers. This was the result of my *walk* in life, and connexion with the press, which addressed itself to so many classes. Thus ministers, nobility, legislators, knew me from political circumstances, and others from my intercourse with the learned, the scientific, with all public institutions

and associations, with artists, actors, authors, merchants, lawyers, printers, publishers, travellers, tradesmen, inventors, schemers, charlatans, impostors, and extraordinary people of every description. And it is this which gives so much trouble to the task of rendering even a very imperfect account of the living panorama of contemporaries now before my pen, and of what it may be worth while to record of the retrospect and of them.

Among those by whom my earlier labours with the "Literary Gazette" were most beneficially befriended and effectively aided, I have already mentioned Dr. Croly, a writer whose ardour and eloquence in the pulpit are of that powerful order which is the most convincing in regard to the great truths of Religion, and the most persuasive to lead mankind into her holy paths,

To allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way;

but whose pen, ever engaged, and over so long a space, in the same cause, and in the cause of morality and social improvement, has had a far greater influence on the age, spread as its unwearied and impressive efforts have been over the universal field of literature. As a Churchman, no doubt Dr. Croly would prefer to rest his reputation on his important theological works, and now, perhaps, when the fire is tempered by the lapse of years, would set less store on his poetic fame; but I, speaking on the part of the periodical press, am free to state my opinion that his addresses to the public intelligence through that never-silent and ever-acting organ have contributed as largely to the general weal, and would (if its extent could be known*) be

* Extensive as are his publications on Divinity, History, Poetry, Romance, and the Drama, &c., they would bear no proportion to the vast extent of his anonymous critical, political, moral, useful, and miscellaneous writings.

as lasting a monument to his memory as the most valued of his sacred works and admired of his poetical productions. Of the latter, a great number of the minor pieces, which have since been published in a collected form by the author, appeared in the "Literary Gazette," and there yet remain many beautiful compositions, to which I trust to have a future opportunity for paying due attention by restoring them to the enjoyment of the "lovers of sweet verse," and such as ought to have a local habitation instead of a scattered existence. Meanwhile I cannot debar myself or my readers of a slight taste from among the first brief snatches.

"THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"White bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloister'd cheek, as pale as moonlight snow;
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain brow.

"White bud! thou art emblem of a lovelier thing—
The broken spirit, that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears." *

At present, I regret that some charmingly descriptive lines on a picture of Aladdin, by Stewardson, are too long for quotation; † but I must look to brevity and variety, and here

* Since printing these eight pious and touching lines, I have discovered that they were reprinted.

† The beautiful verses upon the same artist's fine poetical composition of the Indian Serpent-charmer, are *familiar to the public*, from being quoted in many volumes of selected "Beauties," and other collections of poetry. Our native school suffered a marked loss, when a severe illness (known by the name of "the painters' fever," and brought on by the poisonous presence of white lead in their pigments) caused Mr. Stewardson to abandon his profession, when he had attained a style which would have done honour to Romney, under whom, I believe, he studied; or to the foremost in that high and little cultivated class of English Art, to which he turned "to air his genius" from eminent and lucrative portraiture.

is a playful and happy bit of imitation of "Don Juan" which answers my purpose:

"And then to wander by the setting sun
Just sinking on his golden bed, the sea—
That bed where many a mortal sleeper's gone;
Some in their sorrow, some, too, in their glee,
For drunk or sober mariners will drown,
When the wave o'er them makes a passage free.
Where they go—after they have touch'd the bottom,
I tell not,—Ask the fishes who have got 'em.

"O then to wander while the vapours sweep
In blue and crimson foldings on the wave,
Making a sheet of lustre of the deep,
And turning every rock, and weed, and cave,
Brown promontory, frightful granite steep
That shades the under-billow like a grave,
A thing of beauty; gem-like every speck
Hid by a pearl, like Lady J——'s neck.

"O then to wander—if you have had your tea,
For that's a thing I never go without,
Let gentle woman long for *eau-de-vie*—
I sip—not claret, for I dread the gout—
Nor heady port, nor cloying ratifia!" . . . .

For a spirited specimen I copy—

GREECE.

"Is it but the hollow wind
Through the dreary sea-beach sounding—
Is it but the hunted hind
Through the leafy desert bounding?
'Tis the tread of Grecian men,
Rushing through the twilight pale;
'Tis the echo of the glen,
To their trumpet's brazen wail.

"What has lit that sanguine star,
Sitting on the mountain's brow?
'Tis the fiery sign of war
To the warrior tribes below.
Where was born the sudden flash,
Darting upwards from the shore?
Answer—Sword and target's clash!
Answer—Freedom's hallow'd roar!

"Onward comes the mighty column,
Winding by the silver sea;
To its chaunt, severe and solemn,
Athen's hymn of liberty!
Now they climb the Spartan mountain,
Now they sweep the Arcadian vale,
Now beside the Argive fountain,
Glitters in the morn their mail!

"Like a storm the march advances,
With a deep and gathering sound;
Now above the throng of lances,
See the ancient flags unbound.
Bearing each a glorious name,
Each a summons to the soul,
Each a guiding lightning flame,—
Soon the thunderbolt shall roll!

"Not a spot that host is treading
But has been a hero's grave;
But has seen a tyrant bleeding,
But has seen a ransom'd slave!
Moslem, fly! thy hour is come,
For the sword shall smite the chain,
In that shout has peal'd thy doom,
Greece shall be herself again!"

As Cleopatra's Needle is still an object of interest, and the question of its being brought to England, in spite of Captain Smyth's irresistible argument and other potent national reasons, remains undecided, I will hope that the *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of the City, but quite as pertinent to higher authorities, may have some effect in closing the affair as it concludes these examples of diversified talent.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL.

Fogram, Botheram, Gotham, and a full Meeting.

Fog.—(*Laying down a newspaper*),

The City should be told of it—They say,
That Cleopatra's Needle's to be stuck
In front of Carlton House!

Got.—They'll make the square a pincushion!—
Bot.—No! worse—a needle-case!
Has my Lord Sidmouth sent no letter yet
To my Lord Mayor? It should be pasted up.
Fog.—'Tis said the Deptford Sheer-hulk has been cleared
Of all its vagabonds, to bring it here.
Bot.—This beats Whitechapel hollow.
What's its weight?
Fog.—About three hundred tons.—
Bot.—All *solid steel!*
Fog.—No, stone, with scratches on't; and here they say
They're making five-mile telescopes to read them!
Bot.—Zounds, what a strapping hand she must have had!
Who was the sempstress?
Fog.—Sir, a giantess.
About ten thousand yards—without her shoes!
Her thimble has been guess'd, though rotten now,
To fill the place they call the Lake of Mœris,
By Alexandria!—Nay, the noseless things,
They set upon their tails in Russell-street,
Were Cleopatra's pebbles, taws, and dolls!
Bot.—Why, what a monstrous thread she must have used!
Fog.—The *Chronicle* here says—a patent twist
Of elephants' legs, and dromedaries' spines,
And buffaloes' horns!
Got.—What was her favourite work?
Fog. (*rising majestically*).—Sir, she sewed Pyramids!

[*All lift their hands and eyes in silence; and the Council adjourns.*]

Of a countryman and early friend of Dr. Croly's, who has also distinguished himself in literature, and was a contemporary whom I often met where similar pursuits led us, I have few memorials; but I select one, as telling on the great question my little book has raised, and which I hope will lead to a more distinct recognition of the claims of literary men to public consideration—an object which it has been the unrelaxing business of my life to accomplish, while with a brotherly feeling I pointed out how much the most gifted and deserving were exposed to evils incident to, if not inseparable from, their mental constitution and pursuits, and which gave them a yet stronger claim to be up-raised and cherished.

Mr. Charles Phillips, now a Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, commenced his career, like myself, as a newspaper reporter. His first publication was a novel with his portrait prefixed, and dedicated to a French refugee lady of title, who, I remember, probably inspired the muse of the young Irishman through the medium of a handsome and accomplished daughter. That he always took a warm interest in literary matters (besides his authorship), and, on the Bench, has ever shown a generous and liberal feeling towards the too numerous class of unfortunate literary men who have come before him, is very honourable to his character. In 1816 he published "The Garland for the Grave of Sheridan" (pp. 15*). The annexed note of a distant date is worth my preserving for the sake of the concluding sentiment :—

"DEAR SIR,

"I leave you the article on Campbell; where *decyphered* you will find it very well written indeed—*the author has too much genius to be rich.* Yours very truly,

"C. PHILLIPS.

"My address is 4, Brownlow-street, Gray's-inn."

Mr. J. R. Planché, so celebrated and popular as a dramatist, the author of more than a hundred successful pieces, and also well read, especially in heraldic and costume archæology,

* *Ex. gr.* In life neglected, let him sleep in death,
Nor feign the mockery of woe for him;
Genius shall weave her amaranthine wreath,
And airy seraphs chaunt his requiem.
* * * * * *
In happier times, if e'er a better fate
Should raise thy country to her ancient state;
When with a throbbing heart she shall survey
The friends and glories of her wintry day;
Genius shall proudly point her patriot's tomb,
And in their blended tears thy laurels bloom.

and who was for many years one of my valued contributors, made his *début* as a youthful author in 1813, with a small volume of poetry, which I believe he might have printed with his own hands, being then learning the art of a compositor. It would be curious to trace how many individuals, bred as printers, have risen to distinction in the arts, sciences, and literature; they would form a brilliant phalanx, and a work devoted to their biographies, well executed, would be very interesting. Mr. Planché's first venture consisted of only forty-eight pages—dedicated with filial affection to his father, and entitled "Stanzas composed on the late glorious Victory obtained over the French on the Peninsula, by the allied forces under the command of the Most Noble Arthur Marquis and Earl of Wellington;" and with the martial Epigraph

> "Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
> Tremble France! We come! we come!"
> *Smith's Odes.*

The first stanza will show that, like all beginners to lisp in numbers, my friend's composition was not quite so perfect as Minerva when she leapt out of Jupiter's brain. Here it is!—

> Muse, wake the lyre!
> Whether on high Parnassus' top reclined,
> Inactively it lies;
> Softly re-echoing the murmuring wind,
> That wanton sporting through the cordage [chords] flies;
> Or wandering through Helicónian bowers,
> 'Midst purling streams, and incense-breathing flowers;
> If happily thou attun'st each golden string,
> Pouring sweet strains of harmony along;
> Whilst borne recumbent on soft Zephyr's wing,
> Admiring Sylphs hang list'ning to thy song;
> Tune! Tune it higher!

The writer's contributions to the "Gazette" were numerous, and displayed his various talent to my delight and

profit for many years. In the like manner was I indebted to Mr. Charles Dance, making the popular dramatic Dioscuri, but, as his favours touch on a later date, I shall only notice my obligations to him here. Well, my next ally was also a worthy connected with the drama.

Tom Dibdin wrote occasionally in the "Gazette," and one of his merriest squibs was a burlesque of the sentimental (called by their adverse critics, the "Cockney School,") tone of writing in the "Examiner," then in full play under the brothers John and Leigh Hunt. A few lines will indicate its humour :—

> The *Writer of this article*, no other,
> Had, by some sort of accident, a Mother;
> She was a woman, and 'tis ten to one,
> The *Writer of this Paper* was, her Son.

John and his mother stroll in tender mood, linked hand in hand, along Blackfriars Bridge Road; and

> While walking, squeezing, sentimentalising,
> They met (which in that road is not surprising)
> A sturdy beggar of terrific mien,
> Be-patch'd, where any patch of clothes was seen,
> With grey, blue, yellow, scarlet, white, and green,
> And where *no* patches were, the vagrant's hide
> Exhibited all colours else beside.
> "Give me," quoth she. The Writer's Mother cried,
> "I've nought to give; have you no business, say?"
> "What business is that of yours, ma'am, pray?"
> "Can you *make* nought?"—"No, madam, nor I shan't!"
> "*And* can't you *mend*?" "No," cried the Mend., "I can't!"

The result is, that the writer's mother turns up the gateway of a stable-yard with the plain-spoken beggar, and

> Her flannel petticoat,
> Somehow detaching from her taper middle,
> She did *contrive* to drop,
> Bidding the beggar stop,

And as she let the votive drap'ry fall,
Cried, while *not crying*, "Take my little all!"

The moral is a catch of rheumatism, in consequence of stripping behind a stable door,

And give their clothes
To no one knows
Who folks may be they never saw before!

The lines written in the church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire, by Herbert Knowles, the brother of Mr. Knowles, the Queen's Counsel, appeared in the "Literary Gazette," in 1818, and were followed by several other pieces, also preserved after the writer's premature death, at the age of nineteen, on the 17th of September in that year. This pathetic poem was the composition of a school-boy at the common grammar-school of Carlisle, and has been reprinted in so many collections that I will not quote even a line of it. In the following year three of his poems were inserted; the first a glowing apology, of the Abelard and Heloïse class, for loving not wisely but too well—speaks of the other part of the world—

Where but England owns a soul of fire;

and asks,

Has she alone, proud mistress of the main,
Imbibed its coldness in her sicklier train—
Has she alone, whom works of art gave birth,
The richest, blackest empire of the earth—
Snuff'd all its smoky particles from thence,
To choke the finer avenues of sense?

The second piece was the first of his known compositions, and, though marked by the faults of youth and inexperience, has some truly astonishing thoughts and lines on the inconstancy of woman, as exemplified in the unfortunate attachment of a friend.

The third and last is merely a moral verse in answer to an inquiry how a person had slept?

'Tis not, O bed, thy downy throne
The troubled mind composes—
'Tis Vice that makes the bed of thorns,
And *Virtue** that of Roses.

Mrs. Rolls, who published several volumes of pretty poetry † during the following years, began in the "Literary Gazette," in 1817, and continued to be a constant correspondent for a number of years.

Mrs. Hofland, already well known as a popular author, also contributed poetical compositions, but chiefly upon personal, local, and temporary subjects.

In the narrative portion of my work I have mentioned the contributions of other fair and gifted poetesses, many of them well worthy of a less ephemeral sphere, and more distinct appropriation to their writers. But I fear the hope of such a just decree is vain. Among the number, connected by friendship and family ties, were three daughters of my friend, Mr. Begbie, Anne, Margaret Helen, and Fanny, all of whom displayed fine tastes and feelings; and the same may be recorded of two Misses Croly, the sisters of Dr. Croly, whose poetry helped greatly to establish the repute of the paper in its earlier years, when poetry was not a drug but a public pleasure!

Lady Blessington tried her "prentice hand" in the "Gazette," in 1822, early in which year the sketches

* Depending so much as I do upon the spirit and exertions of my *publisher*, I think I must say ditto to the poet in regard to this somniferous opinion. *Vide title-page.*—W. J.

† Author of "Sacred Sketches" and other poems, "Legends of the North," &c. &c.

called "The Auction," "The Tomb," appeared in its columns; and from the encouragement which greeted them the warm-hearted author was induced to bring them out with others in a small volume, entitled "The Magic Lantern," (Longmans,) followed by "Sketches and Fragments," and devote the profits to a sad case of literary distress: for distress or friendship never sought her aid in vain!

Mrs. Dr. Hughes, the intimate of Southey, Scott, and all the eminent—herself worthy of their esteem—was also a prized contributor of interesting communications, and her residence, in Amen Corner, a delightful resort for persons distinguished in the literary circles.

In the male line, besides those I have already enumerated, my volunteer corps was very efficient, and did great service in every department to which their welcome co-operation extended. Mr. Thomas Greenwood enriched my page with valuable papers on German literature, music, and musical tuition in England, and the corn laws in political economy. Mr. Muloch, with a genius for every passing theme, failed me not with his "notions" as they crossed the scene. Translations of the patriotic and stirring "Lyrics of Körner," by Cyrus Redding, made the German author better known to the English public; and to the same able journalist and writer I owed a continuation of popular and acceptable articles.

Mr. J. P. Davis, an artist, whose paintings at this period attracted much admiration, was as skilful with his pen as his pencil, and some graceful compositions of his adorned the "Gazette." He is still "honoured in the land," but I cannot tell how it is that he has not pursued his profession to higher fame than he has achieved.

Thomas Gent, the author of several volumes, and pieces of poetry, such as "Monody on Sheridan," "Lines on the

Death of the Princess Charlotte," tried his first flights with me. Mrs. Gent was also the author of some popular little works on education and morals. "Endless Amusements" was one of the most successful; and poor Gent, in lamenting her premature loss, almost forced me to laugh in the midst of sincere grief, by assuring me, "O, my good friend, you knew her value, but you did not know how truly excellent she was. She wrote a 'Sequel to Endless Amusements' just before she died."

Eugenius Roche, the most amiable of men, and author and editor of numerous publications, much liked in their day—I do not include Rejected Dramas, which were disowned by readers as by managers—was one of my sincerely esteemed companions; and James Roche, the learned antiquary of Cork, one of my excellent correspondents.

Dr. Haslam was a great gun for several years. Himself an original, and with a tinge of that eccentricity which seems frequently to have accrued from scientific devotedness to the medical treatment of insanity, and mingling much with insane patients;* he was an astute and yet lively writer, with a vein of good-humoured satire, which tickled everybody and hurt nobody. A series of clever papers, called "The Barleycorn Club," were from, and principally by, him; and merited the character I have just expressed. But I remember this period more by a ludicrous disgrace into which he plunged me by a facetious review of Dr. Kitchiner's "Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life;" of whose dicta respecting food, clothes, air, exercise, wine,

* I have rejoicingly written this in the past tense, because I have witnessed, since the feeling and humane system has been introduced, and I trust generally adopted, the aberrations of the afflicted have not the same tendency to affect the minds of those who are charged with the most trying and interesting of all human trusts, the care of them, and the device of means to restore them to their sorrowing friends.

sleep, &c., he certainly made a very amusing *mélange*. I was (in September) enjoying the delight of Tabley House and renovating field sports, when this occurred, and could thus, after a time of dreadful wrath, fortunately prove an *alibi*, which pretty well restored me to the whimsical Doctor's good graces, as some entertaining matters will hereafter show. In the first burst of his passion however, the Doctor hurried to consult his dearest friend, Haslam, on the subject. He took the "Gazette" with him, and read to the "astonished" writer, paragraph by paragraph of the offensive article. He put to him, earnestly, such passages as he deemed too bad to be endured—in all which Haslam entirely concurred—and he came to the conclusion that he thought he ought to call me out, which the said Haslam expressed his opinion must be the only step he could or ought to take.

I was, as stated, luckily out of town; and I firmly believe my mischievous critic was distressed that he had to wait a fortnight before he could fire his second shot under the head of "Unpalatable Recollections," which incensed the Cook's Oracle to the utmost height of red culinary heat. Unable, in honour, to give up the writer, I had to bear the brunt of the fiercest resentment, and it was only by the interference of mutual friends that I was again admitted into Kitchiner's chosen circle, from which it was a real vexation to be banished. For his symposia deserve a chapter to themselves; and I am onward bound. Haslam himself was very droll and entertaining in society; he had one literary patient to whom he was much attached—a Mr. R——; but the best jest with regard to whom was that during the half of the twelvemonths he was usually out of restraint, he was absolutely employed to read the manuscripts and pronounce his judgment on the expediency or

inexpediency of publishing productions submitted by numerous writers to one of the most extensive houses in the trade!

Mr. Bolton Corney supplied a series of interesting papers of original voyages—the prototype of the publications of the Hackluyt Society. The Old Sailor contributed his very popular "Naval Sketches of Greenwich Hospital," which, when collected, ran through several editions.

Mr. Brockedon and the "Gazette" laboured zealously and effectively for the establishment of the English College of Art in Rome; and the same parties put down the forgeries of Shakspere Portraits, whether on bellows or moth-eaten boards—several by old Zinke, and *translated* from antique female as well as male portraits, and called by him "Memorandums of Shakspere."

Mr. A. A. Watts's series of critiques on the "Plagiarisms of Byron," was loudly impugned by his lordship's devoted admirers, and not a little abuse was showered upon the writer and me. I have noticed in my time that abuse is always easy—refutation occasionally difficult; and with that remark will dismiss the subject, at any rate for the present.

Among my useful endeavours at this period was, I believe, the first appeal of the press to recommend the introduction of public Baths into London—a seed which, like not a few others sown in the same field, has, in the quarter of a century, grown to be a goodly tree and bearing good fruits; and among my pleasant endeavours was, in conjunction with a few friends, including Braham and Sinclair, Mudford, Gaspey, Kitchiner, and others, that crowned with such harmonious success, the founding of the now famed Melodists' Club. It originated in an after-dinner conversation, at which I recollect a dispute between the two charming vocalists I have named, where the natural

compass of each ceased and the falsetto began; it was a delicious contest, and as it procured us song after song for the point to be determined, it may be credited that the audience-jury could not be very readily made to see the exact division!

But I am afraid if I were to go on with my illustrations as I ought to do, the list would almost stretch to the crack o' doom; but as a view of the literature of the time, if I cannot, here and now, describe at length, I must name some of the kind and liberal associates who helped so much to pitchfork the "Gazette" into a high and influential rank as an organ of science, arts, and literature. What a remarkable medley it will appear to the younger readers of this day:—Belzoni, Faraday, and Oerstedt; Galt, Lockhart, Poole; Bowles, Pennie, Wiffen; Griffin, Bowring, Roby; Social Day Peter Coxe (one of the earliest of poetical volumes magnificently illustrated by the Fine Arts); J. C. Loudon, a salaried contributor; and Kenney the dramatist, whose death was as if contrived for the fall of the curtain, and of whom, poor fellow, it was ludicrously observed, from his rickety walk and habit of taking hold of his shirt-collar with a hand on each side, that he was last seen helping himself over a gutter. His literary career was all over gutters, and through the usual mud and slush of its miry obstacles.

Bernard Barton (a great deal), Hamilton Reynolds (not enough for his humour and talent), and jocular and antiquarian Thoms, now the able Editor of the popular "Notes and Queries." I query, if I applied to him, that he could tell me who was the author of some funny things he wrote, and I fathered. Nares, Campbell, Miss Mitford; Porden, Prior, Ker Porter; John Stuart, Dr. Roget, Prof. Wallace; Paul Sandby, R. Dagley, Haydon; Clift, Bullock, T. Hunt,

author of "Tudor Architecture;" Mill (Crusades), Fallofield (critic), Allan Cunningham; Capt. Smyth, F. Mills, T. Hood, Sir R. Westmacott, Yeates (Sanscrit), W. H. Watts; Holmes, J. Graham, H. Neele (poets), and a host of other pleasing writers; S. Buckingham, Bucke, Billington (music); Dr. A. T. Thomson (regularly), T. Parris (the painter of the Colosseum), Wheatstone; C. Croker, W. H. Harrison, Stebbing.

Among these names are some that will not be forgotten —some that ought to be more remembered than they are even in our go-ahead times—some that will revive in after years—and some that I hope I shall be forgiven for hoisting up, perhaps, a little above their deserts; but all prominent and active in the many different ways which rendered their assistance of much popular importance to a journal like the "Literary Gazette."

CHAPTER XIX.

RETROSPECTIVE—FACETIÆ—LITERARY ANECDOTES—SUNDRIES.

> The pleasures of others lessen our pain,
> And memory multiplies all again;
> Nature is kind!
> Shall we be blind,
> When even her dreams are not woven in vain?
>
> LAMAN BLANCHARD.

In the preceding volumes were some statements respecting the celebrated Peter Pindar, which were impugned and drew forth an answer from me; since writing which I have re-ascertained that Dr. Wolcott did directly, through a friend, offer his pen to support the measures of Government, with the tacit understanding that it should not be without its reward. Instead of service, he did nothing, and then demanded a remuneration for his silence and discontinuing his attacks on the King. As far as the most honourable witness ought to be credited, this is the truth; and all the rest is leather and prunella. The fact must now rest, *pro* or *con*, on this assurance of W. J.

In another part of Volume II. I noticed how little of political hostilities remained, after the fierce and violent newspaper conflicts of an agitated era, to embitter the enjoyments of social intercourse; and I instanced the friendly relations which were so long cultivated between Mr. Perry and myself after the war of party politics was over, and we

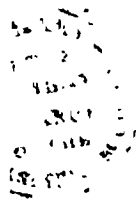
met on the pleasant field of literature, to which, as well as to the Fine Arts, he was cordially attached. As a sort of lesson or example to political writers, now raging in the brunt of fiercest fights, I have much satisfaction in appending the following letter; and I have only to express my wish that in the provinces, where such enmities are too often perpetuated, as well as in London, where they are rarely so intense and never so lasting, it might be learned that great difference of opinion did not necessarily lead to a life of anger and hatred.

"Strand, Feb. 2.

"Mr. Perry presents compliments to the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' and thanks him for his obliging note. He believes that his collection of the numbers of the 'Literary Gazette' is complete, as, from the value he set upon the work, he was careful to preserve them as they came out. He rejoices in this opportunity of expressing his warm approbation of the manner in which it is conducted, and he is persuaded that its acceptance by the public must be satisfactory to the able Editor."

In recalling such matters from the obscurity of a preceding generation, I think it may be acceptable to my readers of the present time, to have set before them an effusion of Mr. Crabbe, so strikingly personal to the poet, and descriptive of strong personal feelings, that it can hardly fail to excite much interest. It was written on the night of the 15th of April, 17**, immediately before the perusal of a Letter then received.

Through many a year the Merchant views
With steady eye his distant gains,
Right on, his object he pursues,
And what he seeks, in Time obtains.



So he some distant prospect sees
Who gazes on a Patron's smile,
And if he finds it hard to please,
That pleasant view his cares beguile.

Not such my fate—what years disclose
And piecemeal on such minds bestow;
The lively joys, the grievous woes!
Shall this tremendous instant show;
Concenter'd hopes and fears I feel;
As on the verge of fate I stand;
In sight of fortune's rapid wheel,
And with the ticket in my hand.

No intermediate good can rise,
And feeble compensation make;
'Tis one dread blank or one rich prize,
And life's grand hope is now at stake;
Where all is lost or all is won,
That can distress, that can delight—
Oh! how will rise to-morrow's Sun
On him who draws his Fate to-night!

The philosophising in suspense and in the agony of fear, before his hand could break the seal, appears to me finely and peculiarly characteristic of the poet.

I am not aware that my most estimable friend, Mr. Freeling, overwhelmed with the business of the Post Office, ever committed much poetry, though he was a diligent general collector, and also as a Roxburghe-ian of works on witchcraft and demonology, and I can only preserve one of his compositions, "On the Duke of Gloucester's Visit to Plymouth, and his descent in a Diving Machine."

Why should we Royal Gloucester's tour unfold?
What levées, routs, what mayors and maces?
It may, with truth, in one short line be told—
He Plymouth saw, and *divers* places.

His Royal Highness was not always so tenderly treated, but, on the contrary, was made the butt of many witticisms

by many witlings. Thus one describes his visit to inspect Bedlam, where one of the patients recognised him and cried out, "Silly Billy," upon which his Royal Highness observed, "Surely that man is not mad!" On another occasion he was represented as observing upon the remarkable fact, that it was no matter which road out of London he travelled, he was sure to meet ten times as many carriages as he found going the same way with himself!

To revert to Mr. Freeling (for I can hardly touch upon any circumstance in my life, for years, without finding some relic of him which gave me great pleasure at the time), the following is an interesting literary trait.

On the 7th of December, 1819, he writes:—"I never doubted that Scott was the author of 'Waverley,' and his allusion to me in the preface to 'Ivanhoe' confirms it. We corresponded a good deal together. I wrote him two letters within the last three months, and I put some points *so adroitly* that he could *not elude my grasp* if he answered them at all. He has never replied, and I think his silence is as confirmatory to my mind as if he had written. [I had just then come to my agreement with Messrs. Longman about the "Gazette:" and he adds] I have found the Longmans fair and liberal people, and I trust you will find them so too."

Two years later my imputed taste in the Fine Arts, prompted him to give Etty the commission for the "Cleopatra sailing down the Nile," the artist's first great hit in the London world. When exhibited, Mr. Freeling wrote after the private day, "It has made a great sensation among the artists and the cognoscenti. Unfortunately it wants drapery! Look also at Jones's picture of the "Inn at Waterloo," painted for me, and much praised by Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Phipps, &c. It is in the first room to the left

as you go in, and in a bad light. View that also critically, and give me your short opinion, at your leisure, on both.

"Yours ever, &c." *

Notwithstanding my grand *fracas* with Dr. Kitchiner, when amity was restored, I believe we were better friends than ever, for I was really sorry that his self-love had been so wounded, through me, and seemed to owe him some amends; whilst he, perhaps, loved, or at least courted me the more, from a sort of fear of my [*i.e.* his friend Haslam's] satirical talent at reviewing. But, however this might be, I was a frequent guest at his curious dinner-parties, and, generally speaking, their style, and the fun in which the guests always indulged, were exceedingly amusing. The Doctor boasted alike of his sauces, which were excellent; his medicaments, which might be useful upon occasion; and his cheap dishes, which were sometimes the reverse of appetising. A tureen of soup for eight at the cost of eightpence was no real recommendation, though, to say the truth, the stuff was palatable enough, and would have passed muster if the price had not been boasted of. Then the wines were queer, the Doctor maintaining an opinion that the new was superior to the old, and consequently we had to resort to various arts in order to get some of the latter out of the cellar, when we were resolved to break through our Amphytrion's written, ay, and painted law: for it was true that a board was suspended as you entered the Hall, on which, among other rules, was set down "Come at seven, go at eleven," which was waggishly improved by the insertion of the monosyllabic "it" after "go"—so that it read "Go *it* at eleven." The only way to manage this, however, was to get the Doctor to the pianoforte and ply him with requests for

* See page 301.

certain of his compositions, ideas, variations, and illustrations —at which he would sit for hours, till every accessible drop of liquid, wines, spirits, liqueurs, &c., was consumed, and the wrapt musician was only then released by his merry company from his ill-appreciated labours. He was a man of considerable acquirements, and a great oddity, which made him very entertaining. He was, besides, good-natured, and a Socialist in the best sense of the term; ever promoting convivial enjoyments of a friendly and kindly nature. I have three notes before me, all within a few months' date, which I will insert, and then explain, as amusing specimens of the Doctor's busy life, and the incidents of those days.

No. 1.

"43, Warren-street, Dec. 13th, 1823.

"My dear Sir,

"You have been unanimously elected a Member of the London Literary Club, and I am desired to request the pleasure of your company at their next dinner at Albion House, Aldersgate Street, on Monday the 22nd inst., at five o'clock precisely.

"Yours very sincerely,

"Wm. KITCHINER.

"(Secretary.)"

No. 2.

"Saturday, Noon.

"My dear Sir,

"'Everything is for the best,' is a comforting maxim which I sometimes try to think a true one—it has been so in the accident to the Eyehead,* for I think the new one is an alteration greatly for the better.

"I have seen Braham, who assures me he will do his

* Some improvement in spectacles to repair an accident. The Doctor was very ingenious in the science of the optician.

utmost to join us on Fryday [*sic* in orig.] next—and I know *you* will forget what is passed, and meet the Melodist in perfect harmony. I have also asked Harley and Tom Cooke, so we shall have a great treat, and you, the General, a capital corps to command.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"W. KITCHINER.

"The Letter B— wrote you was meant as a perfectly good-humoured bit of irony."

No. 3.

"43, Warren-street, Wednesday Eve.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hope that you are disengaged on Tuesday next, and that you will favour me with your company at FIVE PRECISELY, at Albion House, Aldersgate Street. My friend Mr. Kay and myself give on that day a little pic-nic dinner, which we hope will be a *bonne-bouche* of the best *goût*.

"Yours very sincerely,

"WM. KITCHINER."

The note No. 1 referred to a club which enjoyed some three years of a jolly existence, generally assembling from twenty to forty, and consisting of authors, publishers, stationers, printers, and others connected with literary matters. It was an invariable rule for the chairman of the day to look out for visitors, who should contribute to the pleasure of the meeting over which he presided; and the most popular singers and comic actors of the times contributed all their powers to give *éclat* to these entertainments. I never saw Munden, on or off the stage, in such rich and glorious humour as in

singing and acting ballads there—he was a perfect artist; and Mathews, and Yates, and Taylor, and *all* of voice and *vis comica*, used to minister to the delightful "fooling" of these jocund festivities. But, alas, there came a horrid handwriting to be inscribed on the wall; and the panic crisis of 1825-1826 struck no class more severely than that connexion which was flourishing as the Literary Club. Two or three absentees at a time were missing from their mess—their plates were empty, and so were their seats. Aldermen sent turtles no more; wealthy publishers forgot whence haunches came; stationers and printers, instead of baskets from their hot-houses, got a poor dessert in hot water; and as for the authors, they had to relinquish their feasting, and find themselves rather worse accommodated than they were before. I know I had my share of loss and disappointment, but I will not anticipate. It is a wise maxim never to meet troubles half way!

The note No. 2 relates to the founding of the Melodist Club, as previously mentioned. I do not remember who or what had given me offence; but I never cherished a resentment, and, of course, I attended. This was the beginning of the Society, which is now one of the most popular in the musical world.

The note No. 3 conducted to an entertainment at the Albion Tavern, at which Mr. Kay, then the landlord, professed to show of what the house was capable from kitchen and cellar; and certainly such a repast could not be excelled by royalty itself. The party was about twenty, Mr. Kay presiding; and it is fixed on my mind by one of those untoward *contre-temps* which so often mar "the best laid schemes of mice and men." Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson were present, and, in commenting jocularly on some of the compounded viands, Charles Mathews

unluckily observed, that they were at any rate much better than a raw Indian—a thoughtless remark, considering the account of the "Journey up the Coppermine River" just published, and one which had the instantaneous effect of sending Dr. Richardson from the table. The bare recollection of a melancholy event, and great privations and sufferings, was too much for the contrast with the feast in hand; and our regrets were so unavailing, that I daresay we were glad enough to drown them in some superb Sillery.

Poor Kitchiner: it so happened that I saw the last of him at a *soirée* at Braham's. He sat later at supper than usual, being much amused by the tricks and talk of a favourite parrot or cockatoo of Mrs. Braham's. He took leave at one o'clock, and was dead in seven hours after.

In the vein of anecdote, and reminded of tavern *fêtes*, with their toasts and songs and music, I may mention a few of the many amusing "àpropos" instances in the appellation of the latter, with which I have met. At a City dinner, so political that "the Three Consuls" of France were drunk, the toast-master, quite unacquainted with Buonaparte, Cambaçeres, and Lebrun, halloaed out from behind the chair, "Gentlemen, fill bumpers! The Chairman gives, 'The Three per cent. Consols!'" On another occasion, at the Freemasons', for a charity on behalf of negro children, where the little black cupids were paraded, the President drank "King Christophe of Hayti," which his Voice in waiting mistook, and proclaimed the glass "To the memory of King Henry the Eighth!" With regard to appropriate tunes, take the following amusing instances.

A wealthy farmer, whom I knew at Brompton, was induced to embark in a parochial contest at considerable expense, and in acknowledgment was fêted with a public

dinner at Kensington. On his health being drunk with all the honours, the singer on the rota sang "The Wealthy Fool with Gold in Store" amid great applause. *Miss* S—, a pretty young lass, won the prize at an archery meeting, and, on being invested, the brass band struck up "See the Conquering *Hero* comes." It was at the Guildhall dinner to the Emperor Alexander and his brother monarchs, that, on toasting his health, the orchestra played "Green grow the *Rushes!*" and at the Glasgow Reform Dinner to Brougham, Denman, and others, the wily Scotch pipers glorified them with "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre!"

The last of these Scottish *facetiæ* does not inaptly send back this chapter of recollections to the witty family of Erskine. The following epigram by Lord Erskine, on presenting the Prince Regent with Buonaparte's spurs, will, just now, be read with new interest.

These spurs Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind.—
Useless to him, if buckled on,—
Needing no spur but Wellington!

Another—

How is't the French in all they do
Have goût, while we're without!
Nature, who gives them simply goût,
Has changed our goût to *gout*.

His lordship's next, on a speech of Pascoe Grenfell, met with a fair repartee.

Pascoe attempts at eloquence to reach,
And makes a blunder which he calls a speech.

Mr. Grenfell's reply—

Erskine, at least, is guiltless of my blunder,
For ev'ry speech he makes, he calls a wonder.

His lordship got another hit on going to a masquerade in the character of an old gipsy, with a child on her back :—

That Erskine a Teller of Fortunes should act,
His friends all deny, as a matter of fact ;
But surely the thing's not so very uncommon,
For a Chancery Lord to become an Old Woman !

The next is neater. I got it in the same company, but I am not sure if it be quite new. It is an

IMPROMPTU BY MR. LE GROS,

ON THE TEXT OF A SERMON PREACHED BY PELHAM, BISHOP OF EXETER, UPON HIS TRANSLATION TO LINCOLN.

"*Be ye steadfast and immovcable.*"

Not what the Preacher says but *does*,
Ought chiefly to be noted ;
Be ye *immoveable*, he says—
But off *he* goes *promoted*.

The Preacher's comment from his Text
Appears a variation,
The original is not perplext,
The fault's in HIS Translation.

In going over the uniform portions of my life, I find a pleasure in reviewing the brighter hours, and even the glittering sparkles of minutes, which contributed to cheer and enliven the passing dullness ; and if the reader is not too fastidious to go along with me for a page or two, I must cry *peccavi*, or, as a late eminent publisher pronounced it, *pessavi!* It was the same (and I am not sure if I have not mentioned it before), who admired the cantharides (caryatides) that supported the vestry-room of the Marylebone Church, in the New Road, and had only to say *nolo Episcoperry* to an author in order to have his work printed [*Imprimatur.*]

When Thomas Sheridan was in a nervous, debilitated condition, and dining with his father at Peter Moore's, the servant, in passing by the fire-place, knocked down the plate-warmer, and made such a clatter as caused the invalid to start and tremble. Moore, provoked by the accident, rebuked the man, and added, "I suppose you have broken all the plates?" "No, sir," said the servant, "not one!" "Not one," exclaimed Sheridan, "then, d——n it, you have made all this noise for nothing!"

Sheridan's historical gossip was certainly often spontaneous, and not premeditated, as was alleged against his rarer wit. Upon some legacy to Sir Matthew Wood, he said it reminded him of Sir John Germaine, who was so utterly ignorant, that he bequeathed a considerable sum to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of Saint Matthew's Gospel!

To the oft-told jest of his son's answer when advised to take a wife, he tacked an anecdote (I rather think from Horace Walpole), of a more simple Mr. Naylor, the son of Bishop Naylor, who, when his father married his second wife, inquired—"Father, they say you are going to be married to-day; are you?"—"Well," replied the Bishop, "and what is that to you?"—"Nay, nothing," was the rejoinder; "only, if you had told me, I would have powdered my hair!"

But I have got, at this moment, a remembrance which induces me to break off here with my budget of small wares. A friend of old times was an usher at a school in Southampton, when that town was made a free port, and the schoolmaster sported an epigram on the subject, which concluded

Now our Port is made free, let's make free with our Port,

to which lively effusion his usher wrote the following answer :—

> I hail the Ré-port, not Red Port, I must own;
> For since I've been here, it so seldom has shown [or shone],
> And the jolly red Bacchus so seldom we sport,
> I thought we were long ago free of All Port.

Of such calibre as this were my friend's epigrams—some better, some worse—and he wrote one thousand of them, which he sold to a publisher for 30*l.* or 50*l.* But wherever they are, they are in manuscript still, for the purchaser took fright at the expense of printing and publishing, and the chagrined epigrammatist had no remedy but to sit down and write the best epigram he ever wrote (so he said) on the diaphragmless beast.

The consideration suggested by this fact cuts my light, sportive humour short; and I will close it with a similar publication anecdote, the force of which cannot be misunderstood. In like manner Mr. Mawman bought a copyright from Mr. Montagu (of Sandwich memory), but after weighing and calculating the matter, would not risk the printing and other expenses. On stating this resolution, the angry author (as any other burked in such a way would do) "blew up" the bookseller for depriving him of immortal fame by putting his light under a bushel. To this Mr. M. gravely replied, "You may print it yourself, and take all the profits, returning me my money (out of them); but I do not print it, because I think it will not pay." They quarrelled, however, so bitterly on the point, that the difference was never made up.

And now, therefore, to leave the lighter for the graver illustrations of my subject, I will select for this chapter one of a number of particulars of another celebrated contem-

porary (though nearly fifty years my senior), of whom, as of Porson, I have some interesting memorials. I allude to Horne Tooke, of whose boy-age, Conversation Sharpe, especially mentioned in reference to the division on Canning's Lisbon Mission (vol. ii.), related the following characteristic anecdote :—

"When Horne was about fourteen or fifteen years old, at Eton, in construing a passage in a Latin author, the Master asked him *why* some ordinary construction, the rule of which was very familiar, obtained in the passage. The pupil replied he did not know, on which the Master, provoked by his ignorance or perverseness, caused him to be flogged, a punishment which he received with perfect *sang froid* and without a murmur. The Master then put the question to the next boy in the class, who readily gave the answer, whatever it was, as laid down among the common rules in the Eton Grammar. The Master said, 'Take him down—a blockhead,' on which Horne burst into tears, which the Master observing as something not readily intelligible, exclaimed, 'Why, what is the meaning of this?' Horne replied, 'I knew the Rule as well as he did ; but you asked me the Reason, which I did not know.' 'My boy, I am afraid I have done you some wrong. I will make the best reparation I can,' and, taking down a Virgil from his bookcase, he subscribed it as a presentation copy with his own name, and presented it to Tooke, at the same time taking him back to the class and restoring him to the place he had apparently lost."

This anecdote Sharpe received from the mouth of Horne Tooke himself, who showed the Virgil when he told the story. The boy was father to the man. The youthful logical precision of Eton, quite worthy of the author of the "Diversions of Purley."

I have elsewhere given one of my yet regretted comrade, William Pollock's, amusing tales, and I will take leave not to dismiss this volume without (as well as I can) repeating another of a more affecting nature, and which to hear him tell would beguile even the careless and callous of their tears. In his clerkship he was travelling to Winchester Assizes, and made acquaintance with two young men, officers in the army, who were going to surrender and take their trial on a charge arising out of a duel in which they had been seconds. One of the Principals was killed, and the survivor, a Captain Sooper, was also to be tried. It was understood at that time (a year or two before 1817, when William died,) that the attention of the Judges had been called to the frequency of duelling, and the Government were determined to make an example, in order to put a stop to this prevailing evil. The seconds surrendered. Captain Sooper was already in custody. The grand jury threw out the bill against the seconds altogether, and did not put them on their trial even for manslaughter; but they found a true bill against Sooper for murder. At the trial the case was fully proved, that is, that Sooper and his antagonist met in the field of honour (so called), and the result was the death of Sooper's opponent. Justice Dampier presided, and laid down the law with more than usual firmness and severity. Sooper listened to his charge with great interest and anxiety. He was a married man with a family of children; he had watched the earlier proceedings with some indifference; he knew the grand jury had thrown out the bill against the seconds, and in his own case he expected the common result, either a verdict of acquittal or, at most, of manslaughter, followed by a short imprisonment. But the tone of the Judge's summing up roused him from his dream; he fully understood the import of every word that fell from

the bench, and he listened with increasing alarm. Sometimes there was even a slight movement in his face, as of spasm : but in all other respects he maintained his perfect composure. At length the jury were dismissed to consider their verdict, and were absent about half-an-hour—a delay which led to the hope of a favourable result. Their names were called over—there was the deepest silence—every one in the Court was interested, and the verdict was waited for with breathless expectation. It was pronounced, "Guilty of Murder," and the moment Sooper heard it, he fell down as if shot with a mortal wound, and amid the profoundest silence of the audience, uttered one loud, long groan. It occupied several minutes to restore the prisoner ; but in a short time he was sufficiently recovered to receive the sentence of the Court, and was called upon in the usual form to say "Why Sentence of Death should not be passed upon him according to Law ? "

He began by apologising for the interruption he had given to the business of the Court, which he said he hoped would not be imputed to the fear of death, which he had faced unmoved in the field of battle, and the more fatal climate of the West Indies. But he had a wife and children to whom he had trusted to bequeath his only fortune—the unstained character of a soldier and a man of honour ; but now he was to die the death of a felon, and to leave to his children the infamy of a murderer. He then adverted to the circumstances of the duel (which had come out in part during the trial)—that his adversary was the aggressor, and had publicly offered him an insult which he dared not overlook—that he had been willing to accept any apology, but could get none—that he had no alternative but to send a challenge or lose his commission—that it was well known (he averred) to every one acquainted with the army, that if

he had not sent a challenge to vindicate his honour, and the honour of the service, the next post would have brought an intimation from the Horse Guards that the King had no further occasion for his services ; and he pointed out strongly the strange contrast between the practice of the Army, not only authorised and encouraged, but expected and exacted by the highest powers, and the stern sentence of the law with reference to the same transaction. He spoke of the deceased with affection and regret, and declared that nothing but a sense of what he owed to his profession would have led him to send the challenge ; and he bitterly lamented that a false idea of honour had precluded a friend whom he esteemed from yielding the apology which would have prevented the result he now deplored !

This is but a faint outline of Captain Sooper's address, and ever so feelingly repeated, nothing equal in effect to the manner in which my dear informant described it, as delivered with a firm voice and in a manly style of speaking to an audience, which was moved beyond all example. Scarcely a dry eye was seen, and in many parts of the crowded court loud sobs proclaimed the deep sympathy excited. The Judge was taken quite by surprise ; he was an able and a good man, and full of the kindest feelings. He listened attentively, and was obviously much interested. Soon he stooped forward, and, leaning on his elbows, rested his chin upon one hand *clenched* ; presently, he added the other, clenching both hands, apparently to control his emotions. At length, tears started from his eyes and rolled down his fine manly face ; he raised his head, unclenched his hands, and covered his face, still leaning on his elbows, and thus awaited the end of Captain Sooper's appeal. At the conclusion, he omitted all comment on the offence, and made no remark of any sort, but simply said, "The

sentence of the Law is that you, &c." But whilst the Judge was moved, and his face covered with his hands, as I have stated, during Captain Sooper's address, when the prisoner, after alluding to the necessity of his position and his sorrow, said, "And for this, I am to be led to execution like the vilest felon and murderer," Dampier, overpowered by the appeal, said to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by the High Sheriff, who sat close by, "I'll be damned if you shall!"

Yet I believe he had some difficulty in procuring a remission of the sentence; but it was understood, at that time, that no capital punishment was ever inflicted against the opinion of the presiding Judge. Dampier was firm, and Sooper was ultimately pardoned!

I cannot resist the temptation to add one short note more from Mr. Freeling, in proof of the estimation in which some tolerably good judges held me and my literary labours, and as an Apology (if needed) for writing these Memoirs. To be so long intimately associated with, and prized by the leading Spirits of the Age, I confess it, seem to me to justify the self-approbation which screwed my courage to the sticking place:—

"General Post-office, Sunday.

"My dear Sir,

"You are as a giant in criticism as you are in kindness. I do not hesitate to send back the MS. that I may fully avail myself of your disposition to oblige me, and be thus additionally your debtor.

"Believe me, ever yours,

"F. FREELING."

CHAPTER XX.

PERSONAL AFFAIRS.

Who can discern
The infirmities they share in? Being blind,
We cannot see thy blindness: being weak,
We cannot feel thy weakness; being unwise,
We cannot understand thine idiocy!

Miss E. B. Barrett.

To conclude this volume, I will return a little to the business department. I committed an error in purchasing the lease of Grove House from Mr. Wilberforce; for though I was then in the enjoyment of a large income, I had not completely cleared off old scores. But I had enough for any degree of moderate and rational credit, and I expended a considerable amount in the purchase, furnishing, and other expenses. And my going into this mansion was owing to one of those freaks of fortune which have happened to toss me to and fro. It was agreed to be taken by Mr. Alfred Twining, partner in the rich house of that name, and something occurred to change his mind; when his brother, George Twining, with whom I was on terms of most friendly intimacy, warmly advised me to become the tenant. I frankly stated that I had not the ready means for such an undertaking; but this was soon overruled. The Messrs. Twining had recently begun their Banking Establishment, and I had it in my power to influence some valuable depositors to carry their accounts to it; and to evince their sense of these

services, George said to me, "Do you take Grove House—such a position will promote the fortunes of your publication*—and you will find a thousand pounds account opened in your name in our bank." I do not describe all this matter at length—it was an affair of consultation and hesitation—but the bank credit smoothed all difficulties, and it was also one of irresistible temptation to me, and I left my very small cottage for this very spacious and delightful abode. The drawing-room had been built by Sir John Macpherson to entertain the Prince Regent; but the whole place was fit for studious work and literary intercourse and every way desirable. One heir-loom of the "Gentle Giant," as Sir John was called, had been removed, and I was sorry that I could never trace and recover it. It was a table in the library at which Sir John, David Hume, the historian, and John Home, the author of "Douglas," were wont to sit and enjoy their wine, and their names were inscribed on the board where they sat.

I entered at Christmas, when it was an unfit time to move wines, and Mr. Wilberforce, who had laid out several hundred pounds in putting the house into perfect order for his abode, though he hardly occupied it at all, requested the favour of me to let one of the cellars be appropriated to him till the seasonable weather in spring. And I mention these little things, because I did not expect the residence of a gentleman so pre-eminent in the religious world to be fitted up and replenished as Grove House was. The patent kitchen-range for cooking cost above a hundred pounds, and would have done honour to the *cuisine* of a Ude or a Soyer, to provide for fifty or more persons every day. And the cellar was literally a curiosity for the variety of its contents, though not in excessive

* Which it did very considerably: worldly appearances go a great way in promoting success! What is a Physician without a carriage?

quantities. There were vintages of fine antiquity, and some remarkable bottles *temp. Caroli Secundi;* but, perhaps, the most uncommon portion of the stowage consisted of West India produce—presents that had been showered upon Mr. Wilberforce in consequence of his slave-abolition toils and exertions—and I never saw such a museum of gourds, calabashes, nut-shells, and other strange-looking vessels, nor tasted such liquids as some of them contained—not to ignore old rum, and solids, spices, and odd matters, which would have puzzled George Robins to catalogue.

I had no previous idea that the "Saints" (as the section was called, at the head of which Mr. Wilberforce stood,) had so many of the good things of this world to enjoy; but I found from the respectable, Scotch-like breakfasts at the Dean of Carlisle's in Kensington Gore, where I frequently met Mr. W. afterwards, that fasting, after the fashion of rigid Romanists during Lent, or Moslem during the Ramadan, is not considered absolutely necessary by truly pious and exemplary Protestant Christians. I must acknowledge that it would be difficult to convert me from my unchangeable belief in the wisdom and virtue of the latter creed and practice. I never could assent to the ascetic notions of those who would induce us to treat all the abundance and delights of earth as if they were traps for sin to be eschewed and abominated: my religious view is more consistent with the idea of a sweet flame of gratitude ever burning and throwing incense up to Heaven for bounties and the blessings lavished upon man. To enjoy, temperately and wisely, is to live. To sneak away from temptation is neither so safe nor so laudable as to meet it bravely and vanquish it. As in secular affairs, Tertullian's rule (I think) is far preferable to Mennes' coward axiom of "he who fights and runs away"—*pulchrior est miles in pugnæ prælio amissus, quam in fugâ salvus.*

But I must not be betrayed so near the casual ending of a volume into subjects of so grave a nature. I will indulge in the hope that fitter opportunity may offer for the little I may wish to say on such matters hereafter; and truly I can assure the reader, from my experience, that Hope is very excellent for such as have spirits to bear it! which is about the extent of my present temperament, tired with the work of producing what I have desired to be autobiographical no farther than is needful to illustrate my declared object, and so replenished with literary intelligence and anecdotes as to be of public interest now and for many years to come.

That the task becomes more onerous as I get more within the living circle of my contemporaries will be readily understood; but even the past has been so difficult that I feel grateful to those brethren of the press who have cheered me on, and neither misunderstood nor misrepresented me, nor abused their own legitimate functions. I am informed, but have not yet seen it, that the "Westminster Review" has taken me severely to task; and it certainly appears to me to be exceedingly perverse in any critic to charge me with depreciating the literary character and occupation or profession of literature, my whole life having been spent in asserting the one and upholding the other. Justly has Sir Thomas Talfourd remarked (Essay on John Dennis's works in American reprint of "Talfourd's Miscellanies"*): "It may be urged that criticism is useful in putting down the pretensions of those who aspire, without just claim, to the honours of genius. This, indeed, in so far as is unfavourable, is its chief object in modern times."

* The benevolent and right-minded judge, in my opinion, owes his country a revised and enlarged collection of his writings. They belong to the best class and spirit of literature, and win my admiration even where I differ most from their amiable and enlightened author.—W. J.

"The motto of its decrees, 'Judex damnatur cùm nocens absolvitur;' assuming that to publish a dull book is a *crime*, which the public good requires should be exposed, whatever laceration of the inmost soul may be inflicted on the offender in the process." Against this "damnatory process" the writer triumphantly protests; but I refrain from the argument, to find room for a few words on the executioners of such sentences as these reprehended by the learned Judge. The proprietor or chief of a review or a magazine, like the colonel of a regiment, or a police magistrate, can order the infliction of punishment upon some unfortunate who may have been guilty of publishing what he disapproves, either as namby-pamby, personally disagreeable, or unpleasant to the party or school of which he is a member. In taking this course, he may or may not be justifiable, but his power is supreme (I belonged to the crew myself so long that I know what WE can do, and though I bore my faculties rather meekly, I have had some twinges of repentance since), and the sentence is pronounced. And then appear the drummer for the triangle, and the under-hangman for the cart's-tail; and though it is quite matter of opinion whether the upper authorities are right or wrong; there is no human being who admires the drummer and his lacerating duties, or is not disgusted with the odious executioner of the law with his venal scourge and shameful office. The poor drummer is forced by discipline, and the wretched turnkey can hardly help himself; but the critic, hired to do a dirty or a vile job, is a voluntary hangman, and when legal functionaries are despised and hated throughout the realms of civilisation, what ought to be, and is the scorn and detestation felt by every honest and honourable mind towards such ignominious scavengers to literature as these!*

* I have since read the article in the "Westminster Review," and

The name of an individual has been communicated to me by good-natured friends, as being the writer of several malignant articles against me, not against my book, in more than one periodical. I never sought the information, nor would have gone three steps out of my way to acquire it; but if it be true, it shall be my business to gibbet the worthless ingrate for public infamy; and show, from papers in my possession, that his own early career was cherished by me, that his own family and his nearest relatives by marriage are under great obligations to me, and that even his later introduction to the literary connection he has thus abused was my act. When I was told of these scurrilities and advised to prosecute them, my answer was, it must be some base fellow I have benefited too much, and no enemy; and as for prosecution, I have always considered it the worst mode of vindication, and not to be resorted to by any one who can so conduct himself as to defy calumny. To punish slanderers may be another consideration.

Reverting for a moment to the question mooted, and I am glad to see much (as it will be much more) discussed, respecting my view of the literary position and system in this country, I have great satisfaction in quoting the following true and accurate judgment on my first two volumes, from an able and impartial critic, in a well-written and well-conducted Irish journal, the "Wexford Independent," of September 29th:—

perceive it to be furnished by the same individual who has got his pay for the same matter in other quarters. Upon the false allegation that I represent myself as a martyr to the literary profession, and thence the *argumentum ad hominem* that I was only too fortunate in it, the whole diatribe proceeds, and, with the inveterate inconsistency of conceding *all* my argument whilst abusing myself, on grounds which no human being has a right to assume against another, especially in the braggard style of this ubiquarian hangman reviewer. I must have been poor game to him, after Dickens!—but he is not a Tory in the "Westminster"!

"There is one subject on which Mr. Jerdan has been most eloquent — the difficulties, struggles, misfortunes, poverty, ill-treatment of authors and literary men. The deep sympathy for his brothers of the pen, manifested throughout his Autobiography, his sage advice to authors commencing their career, and his noble vindication of their position, so often misunderstood even by the amiable and good, and so often rudely treated and basely misrepresented by the heartless and mere material portion (a large one!) of mankind, must render him an object of veneration to that sorrowful class, which he so worthily represents."

At least I can declare that this is what I have all my life endeavoured to be and do; and to be censured as disparaging my own class is simply the grossest of absurdities. But I love truth, and abhor falsehood; and, if provoked, the natural indolence of my age may be raised into an active principle—*strenua nos exercet inertia*—and some may feel that I can yet strike a blow, and leave a lasting mark. Ingratitude, says the old Scotch proverb, is worse than the sin of witchcraft; and I have had so much of it in my day, that it would be but justice to exhibit the burning shame.*

But I will not part with my friends except in good humour. The last page of a book is like a farewell to the stage, or the more solemn farewell to life, when angry passions and threats should be subdued. So I, more catholic than the Highland chief, will forgive my enemies, and not

* This heroic writer, after depreciating me as much as his talent could devise and his vocabulary express, accuses me of being mercenary! and asks in the Ercles vein if there are not nobler aims for literature than mere cash; fame,—honour,—&c., &c., &c., such, I presume, being to be accredited as his objects, whom the worldly only knows as an anonymous nameless, scribbler of defamation at the wages of so much per page, or so much per sheet. This is the magnanimous critic and pure author who dare not avow himself, but, mystery of mysteries, writes only for glory.

bequeath clan vengeance in everlasting feud to those who come after me. My readers, I daresay, know the tale. When the laird was brought to a proper sense of his situation, and exhorted to this Christian act, he called his eldest son to his bed-side, and thus spoke his last—"Donald, you see what a pass I hae come to, and I am told that I must forgie my enemies, and especially the MacTavish; and, for my soul's sake, I do forgie him accordingly. But, Donald, ma dear son, if ever ye forgie the MacTavish, or ony o' his infernal name, may ma curse rest on ye for ever and ever. Amen!"

P.S. In winding up the materials for this volume, I have fallen in with a letter from Sir David Wilkie, on the subject of the Burns' *fête*, described in my preceding volume, which is so full of his methodical character and of interest to me, that I cannot find in my heart to postpone it. I would that the suggestions it contains were yet taken up by some national, patriotic, and hearty fellows for the honour and benefit of old Scotland.

"Kensington, May 31, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You will find subjoined an account of the monies for which I held myself debtor to the stewards, for tickets and subscriptions. I regret the number of tickets I have disposed of should, after all, have been so few; but except two, these are all that I have yet had accounted for as being made use of.

"In case there should be a meeting of stewards to wind up the business, I beg that you would take the opportunity of recommending a proposition to them, which I have heard recommended, both by those who were at the dinner, and by those who have to regret that they were not; it is, that the lively feeling which a festival in honour of Burns would

at all times call forth among Scotchmen, should be taken advantage of on a future occasion in benefiting his family, and that the stewards should, before separating, make some provision for the recurrence of a meeting which would be looked forward to, even for its own sake, with delight by every lover of his country and of its genius.

"From the very handsome manner in which the last meeting was conducted, I think that any future meeting of the kind could not be better arranged than by yourself, to whom, in my opinion, the chief merit of the conduct of the last is due. I am, dear Sir, Yours very truly,

"D. WILKIE."

"You will please to receive the enclosed 14*l.* 3*s.*, and to send me a note to say you have received it.

"D. W.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

D. WILKIE, *Dr.* TO THE STEWARDS FOR THE COMMEMORATION DINNER TO BURNS.

Tickets given out to the following persons :—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
James Stodart	1	0	0
Wm. Stodart	1	0	0
Andw. Robertson	1	0	0
Geo. Collender	1	0	0
Capt. Ritchie	1	0	0
John Burnet	1	0	0
Wm. Scott	1	0	0
and Friend	1	0	0
Capt. Curnigie	1	0	0
Davd. Wilkie	1	0	0
	10	0	0
Subscription from Miss Johnston	1	0	0
Do. from D. Wilkie	3	3	0
	£14	3	0

"N.B. The tickets Mr. Thomas Wilkie had for his friends will be accounted for by himself."

APPENDIX.

A. page 5.

Whilst this sheet was passing through the press, in treating of the Guild of Literature, the following remarks occur in the "Morning Chronicle" (Sept 3), a journal (having no reference to its politics) which must always be prized for its literary ability and especially on literary subjects :—

"We have read the history of literature in vain, if we have not discovered that men of letters are not as other men. Knowledge and intellectual superiority are their own exceeding great reward; but it may be doubted whether we can make erratic genius prudent, or regulate the inconsistencies and caprices which so often fatally obstruct the success of the artist, by the most elaborate provision against the unavoidable accidents of fortune, or against the natural impulses of disposition or passion. This much, however, is certain—that, despite the melancholy annals of shattered genius, broken hopes, and blasted capabilities, the man of truth, honesty, and principle has very rarely suffered final shipwreck in pursuing or in imparting knowledge. Poverty sorely cripples intellect; but how ennobling and elevating are those records which remind us that intellect, coupled with principle and regulated by conscience, has seldom failed to conquer that ignoble hindrance! Johnson walked the streets of London without knowing where to lay his head; but the lesson of his life would be lost, if we were not to add that he died in competence."

I dissent very little from this statement; but is it indeed to be deemed a literary triumph and cause of exultation, that after all

his sufferings and all his prodigious labours, Johnson had actually the good fortune to die in competency. How glorious for literature —how decisive of the question of its equality with, if not advantages over other liberal pursuits! He could not be a Minister of State, nor a Bishop, nor a Judge, nor anything half-way up to any of these elevations; but what of that? What right had the mere literary, though mighty intellectual giant, to look so high? Lucky, and to be congratulated, was the author of the Dictionary, the "Rambler," and "Rasselas," &c. &c., in reaching a pension and a competency of three or four hundred pounds a year!

At the same time Mr. Justice Talfourd has prefixed a biographical sketch of his schoolfellow, Mr. Deacon, to a pleasing posthumous work from his pen. He was no Johnson, but a literary enthusiast, gifted with considerable talents. He, too did not die in distress, thanks to newspaper employment; but how his enthusiasm was quelled, and his talents discouraged, and his life embittered for a long season, I can show from his disconsolate letters seeking work in the "Literary Gazette."

B. page 35.

Coleridge's facetiousness was very peculiar. It seemed like some gay flashing exotic which sprung out of, or was rather thrown out by, a dark heavy mould that seemed only calculated to bear lofty and umbrageous trees. The poem of "The Devil's Thoughts,"

> From his brimstone bed at break of day,
> A walking the Devil is gone.

is now assigned to him in collections; but I have heard him tell that it was a joint production in which Southey had a hand, as he had in several other things, and especially in an "Inscription on a Gravestone," of remorseless animosity, which I cannot here repeat. It is a curious fact that an Epigram ascribed to him on

Job's Bereavements, the point of which is that Satan not having taken his spouse, it happened that when everything was restored twofold, he had shown his short-sightedness by that omission! whilst I, unaware of this *jeu*, had written on the same subject with the concluding line anent the doubling of blessings,

"But we don't hear a word of a couple of wives!"

I remember one of his pleasant stories, told *con gusto*, like that of his reading "Remorse" with Mr. Kinnaird, of a school performance of a drama on the breaking-up day, in which he played a part. Unluckily the character demanded a laugh, which the juvenile actor delivered thus, "ha! ha! ha! ha!" with due pause and emphasis of indiscretion between every ha! His father called out "laugh—laugh," upon which he repeated the ha's more emphatically than before, when the incensed pedagogue rushed upon the stage, and, cuffing the unfortunate performer, cried, "Laugh, Sir, laugh; why don't you laugh?" to which the only response was the "hah, hah, hah's," with bursts of crying between, and certainly, at last, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the audience. It was a treat to hear the old man eloquent, with his sonorous voice and glittering eye, tell and act this juvenile tale, and compare himself to the boy in the Lupercalian sacrifice who was obliged to laugh when the priest pricked his forehead with the knife reeking with the blood of the victim goat.

C. page 46.

"My dear Sir,

"I feel myself unable, Irishman and grateful as I am, adequately to express to you my thanks for your very handsome notice of my book in this day's 'Literary Gazette.' I really could not have expected so much from your circumscribed limits and your valuable time, still less from the merits of the publication itself. May I beg you will accept a hasty acknowledgment, which, in the most studied form, would be imperfect

compared to my feelings. With respect to returning the rough copy of my book, I will have to request the favour of your accepting a complete one in return, as a public memorial of the esteem of your

"Faithful and obliged servant,

"HENRY NUGENT BELL.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

"SIR, * * * * * *

"I have myself had sufficient personal experience of both your liberality and critical acuteness, to assure me that you have hastened to avail yourself of what cannot but have appeared a fortunate opportunity of doing an act at once of justice and humanity, so strangely and ungenerously deferred by the prejudiced and mercenary portion of the press; in short, that you have imitated the example of the good Samaritan towards genius in circumstances so truly extraordinary and inauspicious.

"Most truly yours,

"PHILO-NAUTICUS."

"Monday Night.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"When your letter was left at No. 10, Adelphi Terrace, this evening, I was fortunately with Mr. Bell, who, on merely looking at the signature, handed it to me. I say *fortunately*, for on reading it there are passages which seem to imply that an appeal had been made to you of a nature not very spirited, nor very becoming the gratitude which I already owed to you. I should indeed deeply lament that any friend of mine could for a moment be led to suppose me capable of *that species of trespass* on the benevolence of a total stranger. No, my dear Sir, whatever were my expressions (and I know not what they were), I never could mean, expect, or accept, any assistance from you, except through the medium of the arrangement which yourself suggested, and so kindly volunteered to manage on my behalf. This arrangement, which comprehended the transfer, and *probable revival*, of the 'Harp' and the MS. 'Lays on Land,' I was encouraged to think, and did myself think, would

prove more or less productive; but our wishes very often mislead us, and both you and I may have allowed ours to go beyond reality. With respect to the 'Harp,' as you make no mention of it, I suppose nothing is to be expected. Of the 'Lays,' I can only say that to the specimens inserted in your 'Gazette,' I could add at present a good many others; but the bulk of my MSS. being at some considerable distance from London, I cannot bring them into action sooner than a fortnight or three weeks. It is certainly, as you remark, quite reasonable that there should be something to show; but I could engage the production of the necessary quantity of materials, if what I have already written could be considered any guarantee of their merit as compositions.

"I believe I mentioned to you the Irish demand for the 'Harp,' since which I have had letters from that quarter, stating an increased sale, so that I hope to find the first edition (if I have been treated fairly), now at least, completely gone. I shall linger in town till towards the end of the week, to see further, and if you think anything can, under all the circumstances, be done, may I beg to hear from you yet once again; but *address myself*, pray, and direct to 'Mr. Fitzadam, care of H. N. Bell, Esq., 10, Adelphi Terrace,' by post, if the speediest and most convenient to yourself.

"Whatever may be the result, your disinterested and generous friendship will ever have my sincerest gratitude and esteem.

"Most faithfully, my dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"I. FITZADAM."

"Thursday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"For some days past I have very anxiously expected a line or two from you, touching *our* projected poetical operations. Conformably to your suggestion, I wish to transfer the copyright of the 'Harp,' and the unsold part of the impression, if any, to Longman and Co., together with the 'Lays on Land,' in case they would think themselves justified in advancing *any present*

consideration for the whole. To use the most unlimited candour with you (for you have made one feel that confidence in your friendship, which long intimacy does not always warrant), I am at this moment utterly destitute of any other resource to enable me to remain here, unless by still further encroachments on the much abused generosity of one friend, the only one, who knows my situation, and without whose assistance I verily believe I should long since have fallen a victim to misfortune. If nothing tangible (as your silence appears to indicate) is likely to come from the proposed plan, I must leave London forthwith, and await a more auspicious moment. As you will be in town to-morrow, I beg you will leave a few words in reply to this at the 'Literary Gazette' Office, where I will call for them. I am glad to find there has been a considerable order for the 'Harp' from Ireland. I have made some progress in preparing the 'Lays' for the press, but am much retarded by personal inconveniences and privations, from which my health suffers deeply. If gratitude for your goodness did not so entirely engross my mind, I should certainly feel compunction for all this gratuitous trouble; but your humanity will dispense with apologies.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Most sincerely and faithfully,

"Yours, &c.,

"I. FITZADAM."

"My dear Sir,

"Mr. Longman is still confined at Hampstead. I have consulted with my other partners respecting Fitzadam's poems, and they are not inclined to advance money on the speculation. Warren, I have no doubt, will undertake the work on your recommendation; at all events, I hope you will not experience any inconvenience in the business. Accept our best thanks for your friendly attention, and believe me,

"Yours most truly,

"COSMO ORME."

The two following extracts, whilst negotiations were pending, portray so forcibly the anxieties of genius, that I cannot refuse

them a place for literary illustration in a work chiefly devoted to that end :—

"I take the liberty of leaving the MS. poems, so far as I have yet been able to collect and copy, for your inspection and further pleasure. Will you forgive me if I confess that it is not without considerable hesitation that I now venture to intrude this MS. on you after so many days silence on your part, and uneasy suspense on mine. In strict delicacy, I feel as if I ought to have awaited a communication from you, and so, in fact, I have till literally sick of hope deferred. As business required your presence in town on Friday last, I had flattered myself you would do me the favour to call, agreeable to my intimated wish, and as in your letter you substituted no other point of meeting where I could deliver to you the MS., which you were good enough to state you would bring to Paternoster Row that day, I remained, in consequence, the whole of Friday and Saturday in my room, in momentary expectation of seeing you *ascend*. Your more important and indispensable duties, no doubt, deprived me of that gratification, as well as of the pleasure of otherwise hearing from you since. May I hope that you will, in the way, and at the time most convenient to yourself, inform me of the result.

SONG.

Oh, would I were among the bowers
  Thy waters, Witham! love to lave,
Where Botolph's far-distinguish'd towers
  Look out upon the German wave;
There is a star upon that stream—
  A flower upon those banks there blows,
Heaven cannot boast a lovelier beam,
  Nor earth possess a sweeter rose.

How blest were I, how more than blest,
  To sit me down those scenes among,
And there, the cot's contented guest,
  Divide my life 'twixt love and song.
To guard thee, sweet, and in thine ears
  Plead passion, not perchance in vain,—
The very vision costs me tears
  Of mingled tenderness and pain!

Alas! how different is my lot!
To drag out being far from thee,
Far from that dear, that sacred spot,
Which Witham laves in tears like me.
But, pilgrim of whatever shore,
No fate from thee my soul shall tear,
And even when life itself's no more
My spirit will be with thee there.

THE MARINER.

Son of the storm, along the "vasty" world
Of wild, unstable waters wafted far,
Or obvious to the hissing death-bolt, hurl'd
Thro' the red bursting of confronted war,
Was happiness—for then my worshipp'd star,
The sacred one of duty, brightly shone,
And, audible above the common jar,
My country's voice and honour hail'd me on;
While hoarded hopes of glory to be won
Enhanced the strife where death and danger were,
To sternest ecstasy!—but all is gone—
And nought is left me now to hope or dare—
Becalm'd upon thy stagnant pool, despair!
With not one attribute of life save breath—
And misery—friendless in my sordid shed,
Like the lone captive stretch'd on dungeon bed,
Numbering the slow sands as they creep away,
What recks to me such worse than living death?
Such gloomy ove of no inglorious day?
Oh, bitter doom! bitterer for unforeseen!
Within whose *Upas* shadow joy—hope—nay
The very spirit rots in dull decay—
Is life then stript to this sere, leafless thing?—
Beams of my morning! blossoms of my noon!
Whither, and wherefore, are ye fled so soon?
Weep, fond enthusiast! weep thy wither'd spring—
God! that my grave, as was my birth, had been
Amidst the living billows' mighty swing,
Or pall'd beneath the battle's blazing wing;
Then had I 'scaped this agony of keen,
Keen suffering—'scaped the curse to bear, by turns,
Ingratitude, that with a stony eye,
Like the vile, heartless Levite, passeth by—
Affected pity's mockery—the spurns
Of pamper'd pride—perchance, the stings of poverty.

"47, Bedford-street, Strand.

"DEAR SIR,

"Now that four tedious weeks have elapsed in painful expectation of the promised '*prompt decision*' from the Row, your goodness will pardon me if I venture at last to ask, has anything yet been done? The natural impression on my mind, from such an ominous interval, is, that your friends have rejected the MS. Indeed, I concluded as much from the expiration of the first week, and, in consequence, wholly discontinued my notes of preparation till I should hear from you on the subject. Your silence has desolated me, and under the no small aggravation of knowing that you must have passed at least once a week within three doors of my lodging. May I intreat a line by return of post, to explain, as I have been detained here under hopes and sufferings, neither of which it is desirable to prolong.

"With great sincerity, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"I. WILLIAMS.

"I must not omit most humbly to thank you for your generous goodness in permitting me to draw on you—a liberty of which I could never avail myself, unless I was satisfied that you were perfectly indemnified by the *trade*."

I at last made an arrangement with Mr. Warren, and the author writes in somewhat better spirits:—

"Wednesday Evening.

"I could not, my dear Sir, be otherwise than satisfied with any arrangement made by you, and I have the best reasons to be so, with the one you mention, so far as it goes. I have but one regret on the occasion, and that is, that I, who had no sort of claim on your friendship, and no capacity of repaying it, should have been the means of inflicting on you so vexatious a commission as this has proved. Your goodness, so unlike what I have hitherto experienced of this world's character, quite

overpowers me. I will be at Warren's on Friday, at twelve, and will wait your coming.

"I am, my dear Sir, more than I can express,

"Your grateful and obliged servant."

"J. WILLIAMS."

D. page 56.

This Mr. Tompkisson was an amateur in paintings, and had some fine landscapes by Wilson, on which he set a great value. Of him, and his pictures, and taste, dear comic Mathews told me the following anecdote one day, on the drive from Mr. Frederick Hodgson's, at Barnes, to the Derby at Epsom; and I mention the place for the sake of adding that an assemblage in this most hospitable mansion during the Derby week for some years, including Hook, Mathews, Yates, Abbott, Sola, and other *beaux esprits*, well deserved to be marked with the white stone which commemorates very delightful human enjoyments. Alas! how the grizzly spectre intervenes between me and the retrospect! But to the story. A dealer came to Mr. Tompkisson with a superb picture, being assured how acceptable it would be to him to place so exquisite a specimen of the master among his favourite Wilsons. Mr. T. examined it closely, and expressed his opinion that it was not genuine. The owner pointed out the touches and features which established its origin; but still Mr. T. doubted, and at last, as a clencher, the dealer assured him that he had seen the artist paint upon it! "Well, then," retorted the unconvinced connoisseur, "as you assert that upon your word of honour, I must believe you that it is a Wilson; but by G—, I would not believe it if I had seen him paint it myself!"

E. page 57.

"Bronwhylfa, St. Asaph, June 11th, 1821.

"Mrs. Hemans presents her best compliments to the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' with many acknowledgments for his very polite attention in sending her the number of his Journal which has announced her success to the public in so gratifying a manner. She has also to express her sense of his kindness in procuring the insertion of the paragraph containing this intelligence in the principal newspapers—an attention which cannot fail to be serviceable to her publications.

"With regard to the remarks on Mrs. Hemans' works, which have occasionally appeared in the 'Literary Gazette,' she begs to assure the Editor of that highly respectable Journal, that she can never feel otherwise than satisfied by any expression of fair and impartial criticism, and trusts she may always have sufficient candour to derive advantage from all observations dictated by such a spirit.

"Mrs. Hemans waits to be decided by the opinion of her literary friends on the subject of publishing the poem which has been so highly honoured by the Royal Society of Literature. Should those friends not recommend its separate publication, it will give her much pleasure to avail herself of the privilege offered by the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette.' If, in the mean time, the accompanying *unpublished* little pieces, to which her name may be affixed, should be considered worthy of insertion in that Journal, Mrs. H. begs the Editor will do her the favour of accepting them.

"Mrs. Hemans cannot conclude without a renewal of her sincere thanks for that gentleman's liberal assurances of his disposition to serve her, and kind congratulations on her present very unexpected success."

"Bronwhylfa, St. Asaph, July 9th.

"SIR,

"With the thanks I beg to offer for those numbers of the 'Literary Gazette' with which you have favoured me, I have also to express the gratification afforded me by the praises so liberally bestowed in them on one of my little compositions. If you are acquainted with the authors of the two beautiful pieces occasioned by my lines to the Ivy, I shall be much obliged by your presenting my acknowledgments to them.

"Praise so beautifully imagined, and so delicately expressed, as in the lines by Mr. Barton, cannot but be gratifying to deeper and purer feelings than those of mere vanity.

"I have the pleasure of sending another unpublished little piece, which is at your service, if you think it worthy of insertion. I hope the letter in which I took the liberty of consulting you, respecting my views of writing for a periodical work, has been received.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obliged servant,

"F. HEMANS."

B. Barton's note, with the poem alluded to, is also characteristic enough for insertion here :—

"Woodbridge.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Above are my verses to Mrs. H., a copy of which, addressed to her, I also enclose. I have not put my name to them, nor avowed them as mine in their commencement, because, where my object is to do honour to another, I would not, of myself, appear to be covertly seeking it. But as my name, owing to thy early notice of it, and the subsequent comments of the 'Edinburgh Review,' as well as other Journals, is now known as that of a Quaker Poet, I leave it entirely to thy discretion to introduce the above trifle in such way as may appear to thee most likely to attract attention to the article, if it seem to thee at all worthy of it. For the sake of Mrs. Heman's poetry, which

I really wish to see popular, more than from any high value I set on this effusion, I wish it to be read. I must, I believe, request of thy courtesy to send me one copy of that particular number, as I wish to send one to my sister Kach, and should not like to part with the one I take in.

"Thine ever most truly,

"B. B."

The tributes alluded to by Mrs. Hemans were not undeserving of the feeling she expresses.—*Ex. gr.* by Fitzadam:

Sad Ivy! pall of glory past!
To desolation vow'd so long,
Thou art call'd to lovelier life at last
By the soft spell of Hemans' song.

Such life as inspiration's fire
Kindles through Nature unconfined—
Creative breathings of the lyre—
The immortality of mind.

What, though of old the chosen screen
Of Bacchus' temples twined to be;
Yet all unloved such wassail scene,
Ill suited, lonely plant, to thee.

Still true to grief and solitude,
Thy faith has won the guerdon high,
Which Genius, in her holy mood,
Now pours around thee, ne'er to die.

Nor may that leaf old honours rue,
Transplanted e'en from brows divine,
When thus, sweet Poetess! anew
It blooms, for ever fresh, on thine.

The second by Bernard Barton; but I only copy two Stanzas of the ten of which it consists.

It is not that it long hath been
Combined with thoughts of festal rite;
The cup which thou has drunk, I ween,
Not always sparkles bright.

Nor is it that it hath been twined
Round Victory's brow in days gone by;
Such glory hath no power to blind
Thy intellectual eye.

For thou canst look beyond the hour,
Elated by the wine-cup's thrall—
Beyond the victor's proudest power,
Unto the end of all.
And, therefore, would I round thy brow
The deathless wreath of Ivy place;
For well thy song has proved—that thou
Art worthy of its grace.

F. page 63.

It was rather a singular coincidence that at the very time I was, as it were, burnt out, the following proposal was made to embark in another undertaking (and the second offer of the kind within twelve months) :—

"British and Foreign Library, 1, Lichfield-street,
"June 13.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am applied to by a Literary Junto of the first respectability to become their publisher for a new Review, to be published on the first of every month. The party concerned are all men of property and all unconnected with business, and myself the only tradesman belonging to it, from which I wish you to understand it is to be a perfectly independent journal, and not subservient to any bookseller, as my publications are such as hold criticism at defiance. I should like to consult you respecting the Editorship of it. There is a fund of ten thousand pounds ready for its support, and of course your payments as Editor, should it be worth your while, will be certain. I shall have business in your neighbourhood on Saturday evening, betwixt six and seven o'clock, and if you are at home shall feel obliged by five minutes of your time to discuss the matter.

"Its divisions will be three—English Literature, Foreign Literature, the Classics and Mathematics.

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES ILBERY.

"W. JERDAN, ESQ."

I was, however, more inclined to stick to my first love, especially as I was courting a bit of change by way of variety; and the new plan, consequently, fell to the ground.

G. page 102.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

June 1st, 1820.

"SIR,

"Is Debrett's Peerage the most accurate record we have of the present state of the nobility of the kingdom? If it be, the peerage, I must say is most miserably recorded. I have just been looking over his list of the Irish peers (in the eleventh edition, *considerably improved*, printed in 1817), and I do not think I overstep the modesty of calculation, when I assert that it contains at least as many errors as there are articles. It would take a little too much room to prove this assertion at length; but I shall give a couple of examples, selected almost at random.

"Vol. II. p. 989. We are informed that Thomas, 27th baron Howth, married in 1750, Isabella, the Earl of Kingston's sister, who died in 1794: and that his second son, Thomas, was born in 1795. This, is I think, an important fact in midwifery. But let that pass. This son Thomas is at present bishop of Cork and Ross; and if the above date of his birth be correct, he must have made good use of his time. A bishop and doctor of divinity long before twenty, he may almost rival the most striking examples of precocity or nepotism; but when we find (p. 990) that he has eight children, one married in 1805, con-

sequently when her father was only ten years of age, and another (a clergyman too) in 1816, in his father's twenty-first year, we must confess that miracles have not yet ceased. Again we are told (p. 990), that Lord Howth's eldest daughter, Isabella, was married in 1773 to Lord Sidney, who died in 1744 without issue, which last circumstance I do not much wonder at, as he did not think proper to marry until twenty-nine years after his death. Her mother, I confess, as we have seen already, had a son a year after her decease: this, however, being I imagine a rare case, ought not to be drawn into a precedent. But this family seems to have a fancy for marriage after death, as we find (p. 990) the next daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1806, to Sir P. A. Irving, although the same grave authority informs us she died in 1799. This is a very authentic history; and I can assure your readers it would not be hard to find other tales as astonishing.

"Let us turn to Lord Clarina. There we learn (p. 1267) that Nathaniel William, the 2nd Lord, was born in 1796, married Penelope, daughter of M. R. Nertropp, Esq., had a daughter in 1797, and a son, (the present Lord Clarina) in 1798, beside other children, and died a Lieutenant-General in 1810, aged of course fourteen years. This is rapid promotion, and beats the old story of the captain crying for his pap. Besides, he thinks fit to inform us that Penelope, Baroness Clarina, died in 1815. This I am happy to contradict; her ladyship is still in the precincts of this world, and if health, good humour, and good looks, give any reason to expect a long life, I know nobody more likely to bid fair for it.

"Is not this scandalous carelessness? I have taken but two cases; but I could increase the list a hundred-fold with ease. It certainly is treating the purchasers very cavalierly, and I hope that the editors will take a little more pains with the next edition.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"P. P. P."

"July 12, 1820.

"SIR,

"Observing in one of your late numbers, various errata pointed out in Debrett's account of the Peerage of Ireland, and feeling the same sort of interest in the Scots Peerage that your correspondent appears to do in the Irish, I am induced to submit to you the following list, which I found in the course of a few minutes, and in turning over merely a few pages. They are taken from the tenth edition, published in 1816. I have since compared them with the corresponding passages in the 'thirteenth edition, *considerably improved*,' printed in 1820; and shall add the result in each case.

"In the article, 'Marquis of Tweeddale,' we find it recorded, that George, seventh marquis, was married in 1785, and yet his fourth son, William, *died* in 1778. In 1820, this young nobleman is brought to life, and promoted to the rank of captain in the Rifle Brigade!

"'Earl of Eglinton.' In the account of this distinguished family, Archibald, Lord Montgomerie, is stated to have married Lady Mary Montgomery, daughter of Archibald, eleventh Earl of Eglinton, and sister of Jane, Countess of Crawford. Now every one who knows anything of the peerage of Scotland, could have informed the editor, that Lady Montgomery had only one sister, Lady Susan, who died unmarried; and that the late Countess of Crawford was sister to Lord Montgomery's mother. This error is copied verbatim into the 'considerably improved' edition of 1820.

"'Earl of Cassillis.' Archibald, Lord Kennedy, born 1804, married 1814—date of his birth left out in the new edition (really 1794).

"'Earl of Haddington.' We find it recorded that this nobleman married in 1799, and that his son, Lord Binning, followed his example in 1802; the real date of Lord Haddington's marriage was 1779; but the blunder is faithfully copied into the new edition.

"'Earl of Dysart.' In the account of this noble family, a remarkable circumstance is stated, viz. that Frances, daughter

of Lionel, third earl, died in 1707—the year before her father was born!—Copied faithfully into the new edition.

"'Earl of Northesk.' George, fourth earl, married in 1748, his eldest son was born in 1749, and his *fourth* in 1733. Repeated in the new edition.

"The above, Mr. Editor, I give, merely as a specimen of what is to be found in almost every page, nor is the new edition more free from errors than the preceding ones. In one case I find the real heir to an earldom, a gentleman married and having a numerous family, altogether omitted, and the reversion of the title bestowed on his uncle; while in another page, I find a nobleman's brothers and sisters stated to be his children. I really feel it a duty to expose this extreme carelessness, most inexcusable certainly in a work of this kind, which is only valuable in proportion to its accuracy; and I am satisfied that your giving publicity to this statement will have the effect of rendering the fourteenth edition more accurate.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"J. M."

"29, Fetter Lane.

"SIR,

"Having given insertion to the two articles of P. P. and J. M. and thus afforded the writers, or rather the *Writer*, an opportunity of assailing the Peerage in its *literal* errors, I am induced to hope you will give insertion to my reply; which, as it is composed with more temper, cannot be *less* creditable to the columns of a Journal building its hopes for reputation on candour and consequent impartiality. I have said writer, because, if similarity of style can ever lead to identity, it is very evident in the present instance; and I may reasonably conclude that the next attack will be on the Peerage of England! thus perfecting the *Tria Juncta in uno.*

"To attempt perfection in a work crowded by so many difficulties, impediments continually obtruding, changes continually defeating, would be idle; so would my defence, did I seek more than in support of my claim to diligence, and unwearied and

incessant attention: on these points I may claim to justify myself. It was by these efforts my Peerage has obtained unrivalled patronage and support: I owe all that gratitude can urge, and future diligence secure.

"But it is not by diligence alone that the Peerage can arrive at accuracy; it must be assisted by occasional corrections from noble and other correspondents. Sir William Dugdale, Garter King of Arms, the learned author of the admirable History of Warwickshire; the History of St. Paul's, and other works of the first order of merit — works, the splendid monument of his learning and talents;—he felt the almost insuperable difficulties of a Peerage; and, hopeless of accuracy, confessed his deficiency. Where a Dugdale failed, I could hardly hope for complete success. My efforts were an approach to accuracy; and, I may confidently and without vanity assert, that I have done more than any of my predecessors. Your correspondent P. P. says, 'I do not think I overstep the modesty of calculation, when I assert, that it contains at least as many errors as there are articles.' I shall not stop to enquire into the quantum of your correspondent's *modesty*, of his accuracy in calculation, or whether there is more of malignity in his assertion than of candour in investigation. I can only reply that most of the errors he has so vauntingly detected might have been easily remedied by the introduction of a figure—mere errors of the compositor, or the dropping of a letter at press. These, Sir, are errors which candour would have supplied. In another part of the article of your correspondent, he charges me with *scandalous negligence*. Let me ask of your correspondent Sir, whether I may not, with more propriety, and without the loss of temper, charge him with *scandalous meanness*, in an assertion so wanton and unprovoked. With regard to the playfulness of his satire, I would fain remind him, that he becomes very serious when he would be amusing, and very amusing when he would be serious. To conclude, Sir, as I have never aimed at perfection, never hoping to accomplish it, let me request your correspondent's attention to the following quotation from the Baronetage; and let me press upon his attention, that, as I have always invited and solicited corrections of the press, his corrections would have been attended to with more pleasure if they had been pointed out with a more liberal feeling:—

"'Of his labours and industry in the pursuit, he would wish to say little. He has been abundantly recompensed for the time occupied in his very numerous personal applications, by the politeness and attention with which those applications have been honoured, and by the extensive aids which he has derived from them. The only regret which he feels in offering this result of his endeavours to the public, arises from a dread of too frequent error in treating on subjects, with regard to which perfect correctness is absolutely unattainable.'

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"JOHN DEBRETT,

"Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Imperial Calendar."

"[Though unwilling to prolong the discussion on the errors in this useful publication, yet as we have admitted our correspondents (for we assure Mr. Debrett there are *two*) to be replied to, and as their answers are not only amusing from their humour, but calculated to produce a very desirable improvement in the future editions of the work, we trust that by doing so in the present instance, we shall confer a double benefit upon our readers—give them a good laugh, and cause the correction of a book, whose popularity is evinced by the number of editions through which it has gone.]

"August 10, 1820.

"SIR,

"I have perused with mingled feelings of mirth and compassion, the delectable epistle of Mr. John Debrett, Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Imperial Calendar. Being a plain matter-of-fact man, I cannot hope to compete with that droll personage, in either wit or erudition, and must resign the field to him in these respects, without attempting to crack jokes or quote scraps of latin. Nor shall I take any notice of the personalities which that facetious chronicler has thought it necessary to have recourse to. Patient, however, of injuries as I am, I cannot consent to give up my personal identity. You, Mr. Editor, can assure Mr. Debrett that I, who glory in the signature of the triple P, am quite a different person from him of the bi-literal appellation of J. M. We are, I suspect, from different sides of the channel. Mr. Debrett has thus been affected in

a contrary way to the votaries of Bacchus, who are said to see every object double in their cups, whereas he has blended two people into one while pouring forth his indignation.

"Passing by all this buffoonery, let me call to Mr. Debrett's recollection the true state of the case. I pointed out in his account of the noble families of Howth and Clarina, errors of the most palpable and ridiculous description; and I added that it was scandalously negligent to continue them in edition after edition, said to be carefully revised and corrected. In answer, he tells me, that it is very easy to rectify these errors (the existence of which he cannot deny), which, if true, renders his negligence in suffering them to remain unamended for so many years, still more inexcusable; and that I am a scandalously mean fellow, which, whether true or not, does not establish the correctness of his peerage.

"I confess, however, such is my obtuseness, that I cannot see wherein I am so scandalous. I gave for Mr. Debrett's book four and twenty shillings under the impression that it was accurate. If not accurate, it is not worth as many pence: and every approach to inaccuracy, is a sensible, a calculable diminution of its value. And I re-assert that it contains as many errors as articles; but I must also repeat, that to prove the assertion at length, would occupy all your columns. If Mr. Debrett have the honesty to return me my twenty-four shillings, which I can assure him I regret parting with for his Peerage, I engage to forward him, by return of post four and twenty blunders as ridiculous as any already mentioned; but as he seems to wish for a farther exposé in public, I shall, with your permission, oblige him with a dozen specimens of his correctness, which I have collected in less than half-an-hour.

"1st. p. 54. We are told that the late Duke of Dorset was killed at *Killarney* in Ireland. Now his Grace met with the sad accident, that put an end to his life, above a hundred miles from Killarney, in a different province altogether. He might as well say that a gentleman killed in Norfolk, was killed in Cornwall. I confess I do not lay much stress on such blunders as these, because they are not very material. If I did I could glean a hundred of them by barely casting my eyes over his pages; but as we do not consult peerages for historical facts or

anecdotes, I shall only notice errors in what we principally do consult them for, that is, in dates.

"2nd. p. 73. George Paulett of Amport, twelfth Marquis of Winchester, married in 1812 Martha Ingoldsby, who died in 1796. In spite of this droll taste of marrying a woman sixteen years after her death, he had three children; and it is not the least wonderful circumstance, that he himself died in 1800, twelve years before his marriage. I have a dim recollection of reading in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder, an account of a ghost-wedding; but I did not know till now that he had such authentic warrant for the circumstance. I must farther remark, that it is rather scandalous in Mr. Debrett to assert that the noble lady of Sir Joseph Yorke was married twenty-seven years before her mother was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to her father; and that the late Marchioness of Winchester had a grandchild before she had a husband. I omit mentioning that he makes her son to be married a year after his mother. This is almost *scandalum magnatum.*

"3rd. p. 231. Here is more scandal. Bennet, third Earl of Harborough, married, according to this authentic register, in 1748, having had children by his lady in 1739, 1741, 1743, and 1744. What follows is almost as bad. This Earl had a daughter Frances, married to Colonel Morgan in 1776, six years after her father's death, which occurred in 1770; and yet we are told he left no surviving issue. What is the meaning of this? Does Mr. Debrett mean to insinuate that Lady Frances, though the Earl's daughter, was not his child?

"4th. p. 986. Here we have scandal against a living lady. The Earl of Mexborough, he says, was married to his Countess, September 25th, 1782, and their daughter Eliza came into the world on the 20th of June preceding. Upon my word Mr. Debrett, this is taking a shocking liberty with Lady Mexborough's character!

"5th. p. 1248. Again to it! William Townshend, eldest son of Lord Ventry, marries Miss Jones in 1797; but her son by him was born in 1793. On the part of the Hon. Mrs. Mullens, I must take upon me to contradict this calumny, and to expostulate warmly with Mr. Debrett for treating her in this manner, in his scandalous chronicle.

"6th. p. 375. Catherine, wife of Edward Devereux, eleventh Viscount Hereford, dies February 2nd, 1741, yet has a son on the 19th of the same month, and a daughter in 1743!

"7th. p. 1045. This fashion of Lady Hereford's appears to have been adopted about the same time in Ireland; for we find that the mother of the first Viscount O'Neil died in 1742, and had her eldest son, the viscount, in 1748, six years after. It appears to me, however, that he is rather unfairly counted her eldest son, as her second son is born in 1746, which, I submit, is an earlier date. But that is a bagatelle here.

"8th. p. 980. We have another post-obit birth—a circumstance, I suspect, rather more frequent in this Peerage than in the Lying-in Hospital—in the case of Catherine, wife of the second Earl of Arran, who dies in 1770, and, according to custom, has a son in 1774, and daughters in 1775 and 1776. This would have been a valuable woman in a new colony.

"9th. p. 584. William Brabazon, Baron Ponsonby of Imokilly, was born in 1744, and married in 1726, only eighteen years before his birth. He had three children nevertheless, one of whom Mr. Debrett makes Knight of the Shire for Cork in 1817, though the gentleman at that time was not in parliament at all; and I perceive that the error is repeated in the revised and corrected edition for 1820. If an edition be published in 1850, I suppose he will still figure as M.P.

"10th. p. 899. Robert Fitzgerald, nineteenth Earl of Kildare, marries in March, 1708, Lady Mary O'Brien, who died in the February preceding. As usual, this hopeful marriage produces eleven children!

"11th. p. 966. Rev. Pierce Butler, third son of the second Earl of Carrick, dies in 1803, and as usual here, marries in 1806. His lady, I see, took a second husband. I hope her second match was more auspicious than her first. It must have been rather unpleasant to be married to a man who had been three years dead.

"12th. p. 1271-2. In the former of these pages, we are told that Richard Handcock was member for Athlone in 1800, and in the latter, that William Handcock, first Lord Castlemaine, represented that town from 1783 to 1801. Now William represented it until 1804, and I believe Richard never at all.

I should be obliged to Mr. Debrett if he would tell me where he learned that the two Messrs. Handcock sat together for Athlone in 1800?

"There is my dozen for you. It will be in vain for Mr. Debrett to shift these errors on his pressmen. They arise from *scandalous negligence* somewhere; and it is little matter to the people who like me are out of pocket for Mr. Debrett's bundle of inaccuracies, whether it is master or man that is to blame for them. I could not help laughing at the suggestion of the worthy editor, that I ought rather to have sent my corrections to him in a private letter, when I recollected how carefully he adds in his advertisement, prefixed to his worthy work, that all correspondence to him on the subject of the Peerage, should be post paid. This is, I suppose what he calls soliciting corrections; but the plain English of it is this—you have lost one pound four shillings by me, and now to enable me to make another edition more correct, you ought to throw away a few additional shillings in postage.

"I believe I take leave of Mr. Debrett here. He refers me to his Baronetage: I *have* seen that book. Does he wish to have my opinion on it? If so, let him say the word, and I am ready for it, in public or in private.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"P. P. P.

"P.S. The pages refer to the edition of 1817; but the errors exist as well in the edition of 1820 as in the former one, *not a single inaccuracy being corrected.*"

H. page 232.

LETTER TO MADAME FANNY BIAS.

"Sir,

"The following is a *free* translation from the French, a little imperfect I must confess; for a waggish friend of mine maltreated the commencement of it (as far as the chasm) after I had parted with the original composition, and I was consequently obliged to patch his alterations and the remaining fragment together as well as I could.

"The writing came into my hands in the following manner:—As I was taking my chop in Sweetings-alley the other day, I observed that my next neighbour was in some distress, and that it appeared to arise from a pamphlet which he held in his hand. The person was about four feet and-a-half high, had a foreign aspect, and wore a small hat, almost receding to a point at the top, and which seemed altogether supported by the profusion of black, shaggy hair that adorned his head, and the whiskers that adorned his sallow cheeks. After having made a temperate meal off a kidney and a pint of beer (which circumstance I should have attributed to poverty had I not perceived a multitude of gold and silver rings on all his fingers), he wiped his eyes and addressed me. He said that he had the honour of being a Frenchman—that he had experienced the most profound and invincible attachment to Mademoiselle Bias for some years—that he was overwhelmed with sorrow at reading the statements made in M. Waters' Pamphlet—that although he was penetrated with respect for M. Waters (who, as the head of an establishment wherein 'artists' from Italy and France were exclusively employed, must be a gentleman of the first taste), yet he must, it was with regret, but he *must*, as a native of the Great Nation, do something to wipe off the stigma that would attach to it, if the statements contained in the Pamphlet remained uncontradicted. Those statements he must at present presume arose from mistake, especially those which referred to Mademoiselle

Fanny Bias. He showed, and, indeed, lent me a letter that he had written to her in an idle hour. I turned the commencement of it into rhyme: it has suffered a little, as I stated before.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"X. X. X."

"Fanny Bias as Flora—dear creature! you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, and her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground."—
Fudge Family.

Oh! Med'moiselle Fanny!—Ah, ah! is it so?
Faith, and "*'tis* to some tune" you'd be turning your toe—
Methinks you have left your ethereal tent,
Where you dwelt like a nymph—nay, I'm *forced* to lament
That—Miss Bias—(though still may be lofty her bound)
No longer, "par complaisance, touches the ground;"
But, that when her bright presence she deigns to unfold
To us mortals—we mortals must pay her "in *gold*."
But I jest
Oh! my Fanny—and was it for thee,
(The queen of the dance and the Flora of show)

To be like the D——s, or the craving Miss G.
Or that great, bouncing dancing-girl, Madame Le Gros.
Let V——(who sings like a lord) still disclaim
All "haggling" forsooth, 'cause 'twill sully his fame—
Let the "Buffo, B. C." in his impudence ask
"*Fourteen covers*" to fatten him fit for his task—
Let the Milanese Miss, and the Lady at Turin
Provoke one, with eight stipulations alluring—
The other with five—but such five—by my life!
It tempts one to wish for Miss T. for a wife.

Away with these o'er-reaching wretches, but *you*
To mix with the paltry, exorbitant crew!!
I feel "*au desespoir*:" you were all my delight,
I loved you—I thought you a daughter of light—
Oh! come forward, my love, and the slander deny,
Or begone, like an angel, at once to the sky;
And if you ne'er drop from your dwelling again,
I shall *know* it was envy that drove you from men.
Till I hear from you, Fanny, I'll never believe
That I could be cosened, or you could deceive—

Let me hear! and 'till then you shall live in my heart
As tho', like my destiny, never to part.
If you're silent I'll think that you've wander'd above,
And there, too, shall wander Pontarlier's love.
My good wishes shall follow you, darling afar,
And should in the heaven, some beautiful star
Ever flash its pale lustre alone upon me,*
I shall know 'tis the home, sweet, allotted to thee.

Signed, "*Louis, Cæsar, Jean, Hector, Pythagore de Pontarlier.*"

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"SIR,

"I send you some lines on a subject which, after Dryden's 'sounding line,' it may perhaps be deemed presumption to touch. It is, generally speaking, but an indifferent production, which requires explanatory notes. I will hazard one, however, for the benefit of the 'country gentlemen' who read your paper, and beg them to observe that by the 'Master Spirits' of the time, I mean to allude to the following poets. I will name them in the order in which they occur in the poem, viz., Byron, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, and the author of the poem entitled 'Paris in 1815' * * * *

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Look down, look down, Cecilia!
Where'er thou dwellest—haply seated high
On some bright planet, or erratic star,
(That casts its light irregular)
Sending to darken'd globes unwonted day,
And touching distant spheres with harmony—
Oh, fair and sweet Cecilia!
Now, from thine orb where music takes its birth
And all concenter'd is the world of sound,
Albeit at times there streams around
Soft notes, or bursts of mirth,
(Gladdening the melancholy minds of earth)
Look down and bless this day!

---

* This assertion may be hazarded with some degree of safety.—X. X. X.

Not, as in old times, would I celebrate
Thy powers upon the heart by sound alone;
But class thee with the Muse who lived of yore
(Oh! who could then thy power disown!):
Upon that far and sacred shore,
Where still Parnassus shrouds
His white head in Olympian clouds,
Soaring sublime and holier from his lonely state.
Greece! Land of my idolatry!
Not all deserted are thy slopes of green;
Altho' the dull Turk passes by,
Mocking thy beauties with his heavy eye;
And tho' the Greek no more be seen
Before thy marble altars kneeling,
Where once Apollo from his shrine
Spoke those oracles divine,
Joy, grief, success, or death, to man revealing;
Yet one high-Pilgrim on thy green hath trod,
The native of a distant land,
Feeling and breathing all the god—
Within the pure Castalian stream
Fearless he dipp'd his hand,
And carried to a grateful lip,
The water bards alone may sip,
And madden not:—and then Parnassus thee,
And thee soft flowing Castaly,
(Worth both to deck his theme)
And many a long forgotten name
Defrauded of its fame.
He gather'd as he roam'd along,
And weaved the whole within his lofty song.
That song shall live for ever—Oh! and thou,
Cecilia, when thou strik'st the string
May haply deign to sing,
Blending Athenian fame with Harold's woe;
Thus shall sweet Poesy (a nymph divine)
Mix her wild numbers with thy strain,
And from her prolific brain
Shall pour those high impassion'd words of fire,
Subduing thee to aid her mighty line,
And join thy witching skill to soften or inspire.

Hark! on the wings a note hath gone,
As sad as youthful mother ever sung,
When she in grief hath hung
Over her child, abandon'd and alone—
And now the tones increase
Like Eastern music floating on the air;
And sounds of death seem jarring there,
Wails and low choking tones—then all is peace:

And oh! the mingling of those chords between—
Words such as poets chant are given,
Embodying thoughts that spring like flame to heaven.

Still is the bard unseen—
Yet fancy decks him out with laurels green
And Grecian garments as of old;
For lost Leander's fate he told,
And all his song was of that land,
Sunk beneath a Moslem hand;
Its sea of blue that softly smiles
Clasping the Ægæan's countless isles;
Its pillars—tombs—its temples—towers,
And oh! its once resistless powers
Fall'n, fall'n, and in decay;
And all its spirit pass'd away.

But now comes one whose blither measure
Tells of love and pleasure,
Crown'd with a rich fantastic wreath,
Whence Asian odours breathe:
Like Anacreon's self advancing,
See he flings his eyes around,
Bacchantes to his music dancing
By the airy numbers bound.

Now o'er the angry waters of the West
A soft voice, peaceful as the halcyon dove,
Breathes a strain of love;
And as it sounds, the charm'd waves sink to rest:
Beautiful Gertrude! hath thy poet died?
He who from Susquehanna's side
Drew the sweet tale which all the world admire—
Ah! where is now his buried lyre?
Why is the voice that told of hope to men
Silent? or hath it lost its fire?
Cecilia! bid him touch his lyre again.

There like a hermit, in his mountain home,
One philosophic bard is kneeling—
Along the glittering heaven his glances roam,
And o'er the forest depths and grassy vales
To Skiddaw's mighty race allied,
(Around whose head the screaming eagle sails,
And builds his lair within their hearts in pride,)
And with the slopes that grace Helvellyn's side
In deep and speechless feeling
He seems to commune, there, as if alone,
His spirit from that lonely place had caught
The truths which Nature has so long and vainly taught.

And him beside is Roderick's poet seen
Crown'd with laureate branches green:
And he a wondrous man, who gave away
His prime of life to metaphysic lore,
And the fair promise of his younger day
Abandon'd—for his song is heard no more—
And silent too one poet passes by,
The "bard of ladye love and chivalry,"
The golden violet twines his brow,
But his Northern harp is muffled now;
And if across the wires by chance he flings
His hand—his hand is cold, or mute the strings.

But who is he on whose dark front sublime
Genius hath stamp'd her characters of fire?
Oh! with a mighty hand he sweeps the lyre,
And as the numbers rise on high,
Hark! from a neighbouring clime,
As if to drown his harmony,
Crouching rebellion sends an angry cry—
The strain is changed—and grief usurps the song
Where triumph and prophetic sounds before
Were heard—and anguish deep and suffer'd long
By her who on a foreign shore
Did cast her sorrows in a nation's arms,
That hushed her dark alarms,
And with a soft and pitying eye
Looked down on her adversity.
Her grief was told in many a lofty line:
But, "Paris," wherefore stays thy poet now?
Half of the tale remains, and on his brow
The single laurel waits its partner wreath divine.

* * * * * *

Oh! ye master spirits of my time,
Forgive, forgive, that I have dared to talk
Of ye, and in your temple walk,
And trifle with your names or themes sublime.
I am a wanderer on the sacred hill,
And round the humbler slopes at times do stray,
And listen to—Oh! far away—
The music of your own Castalian rill.
If that I counsel yet to speak again,
And yield yourselves to that so holy rage
That doth the poet's soul engage,
'Tis that ye may not pass those hours in vain
From whence (else haply doomed to harm)
Ye can draw such a charm.
Oh! never let those thoughts and pictured things
(Whether of grief or mirth),

And those remote, mysterious ponderings
Die shapeless at their very hour of birth:
It is the penalty of mighty minds,
(And well may it be borne for fame)
That future ages always have a claim
Upon the poet's and the patriot's soul;
And this they whisper on the passing winds
That voiceless by the dull, and poor in spirit roll.

Have I forgot *thee*, then, sweet maid,
Whom minstrels court and covet for their own?
Thee, to whose slightest tone
My heart its secret vows hath purely paid.
As to thine image on its starry throne—
Like the divinest gifts of poesy,
Are thine—and oh! thy small and fainting notes
(Whether by nightingales, on summer eves
Utter'd from amongst the leaves,
Or from the young larks' shrill yet silver throats,)
Have powers as great—and as resistless ties
As deeper harmonies—
Throughout the realm one magic sway prevails,
And equal is thy low or loftiest sound.
Whenever it assails,
Obedient to its touch the fine-strung nerves resound.
Farewell! thou sweet Cecilia! yet I may,
On some far-future day,
Again implore thy soft, thy witching aid
(If of the poet's idlesse then afraid),
And ask thee once again
To leave celestial joys awhile,
And shame the indolence of gifted men
With thy inspiring voice and half reproving smile.

Thou shalt stand
A Deity, sweet woman, and be worshipped!—*Ford.*

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale tho' no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled
And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power
But left her all in her wintry hour:
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrank from the tones of her last sad sigh:
And this is *man's* fidelity.

'Tis woman alone with firmer heart
Can see all those idols of life depart,
And love the more; and soothe and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness.

SERENADE.

The western skies are no longer gay,
For the sun of the summer has died away,
Yet left no gloom:
For ere the spirit of heaven went,
He tuned night's shadowy instrument,
And hung on every leaf perfume.

To each sweet breeze that haunts the world,
And sleeps by day on the rose-leaf curled,
A warmth he gave:
He has left a life in these marble halls
And beauty on yon white waterfalls,
And still at his bidding these dark pines wave.
Rich is the sun with his golden hair,
And his eye is too bright for man to bear:
And when he shrouds
His brow in vapour, and all the west
Strews gold (as 'twould welcome a kingly guest),
He looks like a god on his throne of clouds.

Yet I know an eye as bright as his,
And a smile more soft, and lips of bliss,
Oh! lovelier far:
And an arm as white as the milk-white dove,
And a bosom all warm and rich with love,
And a heart, as the hearts of angels are!
She listens now to my wild guitar,
And she hides her behind yon lattice bar;
(A girl's delight.)
Yet she never will let me linger long,
But comes and rewards my twilight song,
And treats her love with—a kiss by night.

Listen! from the forest boughs
The voice, like angel of the spring,
Utters his sweet vows
To the proud rose blossoming.

And now beneath thy lattice, dear,
I am like the bird complaining,
Thou above (I fear),
Like the rose disdaining.

From her chamber in the skies
Shouts the lark at break of morning,
And when daylight flies,
Comes the raven's warning.

This of gloom and that of mirth,
In their curious numbers tell,
But thoughts of sweeter birth
Teacheth the nightingale.

POETRY.

Oh! thou delightful soul of poetry!
That ever mortals should contemptuous glance
On thy divinest dreamings. What a trance
Had they who wrote high books of chivalry,
And those pure tales Italian! Some did lie
Half slumbering on the "shores of old romance,"
And saw by the moonlight tiny spirits dance—
Some held strange converse with the talking winds,
Or shouted to the foaming cataracts,
And hence drew thoughts that shall not pass away.
And some there were who (these were mighty minds)
Gave a bright perpetuity to facts,
Which else had perished. From such labours they
Found joy and yielded it—and so may I.

A CAROUSING.

Quick, quick—the uncorked Bacchus gushes!
See how the crimson devil rushes
Through the narrow neck to life!
See! what blushing bubbling strife
Springs from years of cellar'd quiet—
Come, let's vanquish this red riot:
Let's drink down the fragrant fever.
This is no soda—weak deceiver,

Sparkling round a tasteless rim:
'Tis rich madness to the brim.
It is wit—'tis wealth—'tis wine—
Champaign liquor—strength divine—
Incense that might kiss the sky—
Rare and ravishing poetry.
Look, sirs, 'twill obscure the moon,
And make the stars sing out of tune.
Drink, oh! rare Olympian stuff;
When shall we ever have enough?
Drink! huzza! the room is turning
Round, and the cat's green eyes are burning;
And our fat friend there, the vicar,
Languisheth for some more liquor.
Quick, let's have one more large flask,
Strong as Sampson, boy—we'll mask
Grief, and Care's harsh wrinkles, quite
Smooth with this brave red and white.
Now, what 's this? 'Tis Burgundy!
Jove, I know its amorous eye,
Its slender neck, its graceful shape—
Quick, uncork the bottled grape!
Quicker, lest my thirst decay;
Give the imperial creature way.
Ha! this kiss to ease my pain—
This, to cool my fiery brain—
This, because my friends are kind—
This, for that my foes are blind;
May they choke on water diet.
As for me— but let's be quiet—
Let us leave Champaign to boys,
And drink this calm, which never cloys.
Look! what unpretending liquor;
This will never make us bicker
Like its hot unruly brother,
This—'tis gone—bring out another!
It is yet an age to dawn,
(An hour) our wit is scarcely born.
Bring a dozen. So, what's this?
Port! No matter; shall we miss
Such a bottle black and bright?
See! 'tis like the flooding night
When the starry darkness glistens,
And the perfumed ether listens
To the mad-brained lover's wooings,
Heedless of our sober doings.
So have I said—so have I sung
When youth upon my temples hung,
And twenty summers crisped my hair;
But now the shrivell'd bigot, Care,

Hath tied the licence of my tongue,
And turned my locks all silver white ;
And that bright hag, the sleepless night,
Hath witch'd my heart, and iced my powers
Thro' her pale enchanted hours ;
My friends are gone, my hopes are fled,
And all my dreaming days are dead!

THE DYNASTY OF DANDIES.

I am a member of a society consisting of certain distinguished persons, whose manners or merits have raised them above the level of the world. Upon this Society some busy people, who would fain be considered the wits of the day, have thought proper to inflict the absurd title of 'Dandies.' This folly gives us but little concern, and we have pretty distinctly traced it to a certain short-sighted elderly gentleman, who was some time since blackballed on an application to be admitted a member of our club. If we are wrong in this idea, we are at least secure in (*then*) attributing this silly appellation to the envy of some obscure scribbler—possibly some ragged fellow who has been cut by 'one of us,' and who has satisfied at once his hunger and his malice by levelling bad jokes at his betters.

You seem, Sir, to have more good nature than many of your contemporary editors, and appear to me to be not altogether unworthy of being admitted into our mysteries. For the gratification of yourself and your readers, you shall know something about us. Our Sect or Society is unquestionably the first and most select in the empire of taste. It is an 'imperium in imperio,' as the poet says. Our form of government is an absolute (but not hereditary) monarchy, and our laws are framed as far as possible, according to the strictest letter of courtesy. We number in our list the witty and the most illustrious; no person whose claims to distinction have not been confirmed by the jealous admiration or envious notice of the 'crowd' can be admitted a member of the 'Gentleman's Club,' and even then not till he has undergone a certain probation, and cleansing himself from the sins of vulgar heresies.

No oaths are permitted by the laws, though some few excla-

mations, as 'By Gad,' 'Pon hanneur,' &c., are tolerated in emergencies.

No member is allowed to incur the risk of being stifled by the air east of Temple Bar without special consent (unless he be obliged to go to the Bank for money), and the privilege of being choked, or distended at a city banquet, can only be acquired by ballot. This point, however, is sometimes ceded to the intelligent and illustrious, our society not being destitute of the spirit of discovery, and being really anxious to ascertain all the real gradations between themselves and *absolutely* savage nature. No person wearing shoes in the morning or boots in the evening can be admitted a member of the Society. The same penalty attaches to those who presume to stare at pretty women without the aid of an eye-glass. Every member, on being admitted into the Society, must forswear the use of some liquid called 'porter,' and must abjure also a certain herbaceous plant or grass of disagreeable odour, entitled (I believe) 'cappage' or 'cabbage.' (This plant, I think, B. once said had been adopted by the State in a season of scarcity, and was afterwards prescribed, as aliment, for tailors.) No person who has smoked tobacco, or drank punch since he came to years of discretion, can possibly be admitted without the most thorough purgation. Bruisers are not admitted, nor coachmen, whether professors or amateurs, though some of the former are retained on the 'establishment,' at a liberal salary, to avenge any insult offered to the Society.

Puns and jokes of all sorts are prohibited. In short, there are fifty other regulations equally conducive to mirth and good humour.

Ours is an elective monarchy, and though, as I have said, we number amongst us the most illustrious persons of the time, our choice is never determined without the most severe scrutiny into the habits and character of the candidate. There is now, unhappily, an interregnum with us for poor B., who was elected unanimously and with the expression of a feeling almost to acclamation. The recollection makes me shudder even now he has retired without giving up the sceptre of command. We had hoped to have offered it to a certain distinguished individual who has been labouring with indifferent success for some years to eclipse the rest of mankind in dress. B. however objected

to transfer the sceptre to that gentleman's hands. It was found necessary, therefore, to resort to a general meeting, in order (by repeating old laws and framing new ones) to relieve us at once from the tenacity of B. I attended the meeting, and the following memoranda (copied from the Secretary's book) may serve to give you an idea of the manner in which we conduct business.

N.B. It is to be observed that the secretary is not a member. It was intended originally that none but members should be present at our discussions, and that the office of Secretary should be 'endured in rotation.' This plan, however, (owing to the indifferent writing of some members, and the bad spelling of others,) was found inconvenient.

"Copy.

"Memoranda made at a general meeting of the 'Gentleman's Club,' held at the Thatched House Tavern on the 9th day of June, 1816.

"The secretary read the requisition for a meeting in order to appoint a president, and in order that the applications of various persons for admission into the Society be taken into consideration.

"The Hon. Mr. S. then rose, and moved that the Society was in want of a *head*. This was agreed to after an observation by Lord P.—that he 'really never could see the use of a head.'

"Lieutenant ——, of the '*Gards*,' moved, rather abruptly, that the weather was insupportable, and that the Society should adjourn to a more convenient season.

"The Duke of —— objected to the disordered state of the Society, &c., and assured the meeting that he thought it much better to exist in hot weather than in hot water (*applause*).

"A new Member, in a pink waistcoat, suggested, in a low conciliating tone, that any gentleman whose stays should be found oppresaive might be at liberty to retire, paying his fine.—Agreed to *nem. con.*

"The Hon. Mr. S. then moved that the meeting do resolve that the law respecting president be repealed, and forthwith proceed to elect a head!

"The Marquis T. said the title, head, was too extensive; it

comprehended more than suited the views of the Society, and moved by way of amendment that the title 'Grand Master' be adopted by the Society.—Agreed to after some discussion.

"The following noblemen and gentlemen were then successively put in nomination for the office of Grand Master of the Society:—

"The Duke of ——.

"Murmurs—a general expression of discontent—no ballot took place. Lord P. (curling his mustachios) swore that was *rather* too good.

"The Earl of Drum.

"Silence. A member observed at last that the Earl had once been *caged* all night for breaking lamps!—Lieutenant —— really could not see the objection (*a smile*). The Earl was blackballed.

"Lord Viscount ——.

"A general laugh. One member said that his lordship's *spelling* was not such as would become a 'Grand Master.'—Lieutenant ——, in some warmth, protested against such remarks. He considered that the Viscount could spell as well as himself (viz., the Lieutenant); at any rate he knew that his lordship could always spell *for himself*.—Mr. S. observed that 'his lordship was in the habit of drinking porter' at Newmarket, and he played at twopenny whist and *brag* with the blacklegs.—General symptoms of disgust.—Blackballed.

"Lord George ——.

"A Member said that Lord George was a *common* author.—Mr. S. admitted that Lord George had been guilty of writing a book; but he contended that as it never sold, no objection could be maintained on that score. One member asserted that the book contained jokes. This was repelled, and the book was referred to for a joke, without success.—Mr. S. said there did not appear to be a '*mens vivida*' (or disposition to wit) in Lord George, and as he could find nothing particularly ludicrous, excepting only an 'invocation (by Lord George) *to genius*,' he must be acquitted.—Only one blackball.

"Mr. R—.

"The Secretary was desired to request Mr. R. to awake and retire. This was effected with some difficulty, and he was put

in nomination.—A young member, in light blue cossacks, said it would be an eternal disgrace to the Society if it were to nominate a tradesman.—Mr. S. objected to this (good-naturedly), and said that the man was a merchant, and that as he had been admitted a member, he doubted whether Sir ——'s objection would *lay*.—A member, in a straw-coloured cravat, said that R. was not-*awriously* in the daily habit of eating 'cappage.'—A general shrugging of shoulders. (The Secretary here asked whether he should not write 'cabbage.' The reply was that it was immaterial.) *All the balls* were *black*.

"Here the door-keeper came in, and said that Mr. R. had requested him to 'go for a pot of porter.' All the members astonished; one enquired what was the nature of porter? to which his neighbour answered, that he believed it was a medicine used as a palliative or soporific. Mr. S., however, defined it to be 'an intoxicating beverage, like port, much drank by the lower orders.' The door-keeper was ordered to retire, and a vote of expulsion passed against Mr. R.

"Mr. S. now said that as several of the honourable members were asleep, he should move to adjourn the meeting *sine die*.

"Agreed to *nem. con.*

"Signed, C. H——.

"This is a faithful transcript of the minute-book.

"I had intended to have sent you some characters of our most celebrated members, but I am tired of writing. Perhaps I may resume my pen on some future day.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"JAMES JESSAMINE."

I, page 232.

SKETCHES TAKEN FROM DOVER CASTLE DURING A STORM.

By J. Read.

—+—

THE COMING ON OF THE STORM.

Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but *this sore night*
Hath trifled former knowings.—*Macbeth.*

Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.—*Campbell.*

The sun went down in splendour—as he went
A crimson glory streak'd the occident,
Lingering like hope: and clouds were floating, bright
As ruby islands in a sea of light:
Awhile they were all hues—then wavering, weak,
Waned like the blush that warms a virgin's cheek,
Till all was lost: then Twilight drew her hood,
Dropp'd with pale stars; and scowling Darkness stood,
Like a dim spectre, on the Eastern hill,
Vestured in clouds, and lingering there until
His hour had come: then sobbing gusts plain'd by—
The vex'd wave flung his silver crest on high—
The sea-gull shriek'd on rapid-wheeling wing—
The steed prick'd up his ear, as hearkening
To far, far sounds—neigh'd, started, toss'd his head
Then, bounding off, gazed fierce and spirited;
The watch-dog bay'd; the patient steer drew nigh—
There was a calm petition in his eye;
Unsocial birds forsook the wild woods far,
And peck'd and flutter'd at the lattice bar—
Nought breath'd untroubled—

* * * * * *

Hark! the ruffian squalls
Rock to their base those bastion-circled walls,
Whose towery crown, by time or siege unbow'd,
Frowns on the deep, and stays the passing cloud.

* * * * * *

How baleful dark! tho' brief an hour be gone
Since, thro' the bright-edged rack that hurried on,

The Moon look'd out unsullied: while I gazed,
Athwart her path the vivid meteor blazed;
And, as that herald of the brooding gale
Wing'd noiseless on, her crescent brow wax'd pale:
She heard the rebel deep disown her sway
And, like offended Beauty, turn'd away.
Then swoop'd the winds which hurl the giant oak
From Snowdon's altitude;—the thunder broke
In deep, percussive, peals—so near, that earth
Shook as it threaten'd a volcano's birth:
And, while the angled lightning quiver'd by
(Like types of a celestial tongue) the eye
Recoil'd within itself—oppress'd and awed—
As tho' it saw the *written wrath* of God
Gleam on the black and cloud-leaf book of Night,
In letters of unutterable light!

* * * * * *

It seems as OCEAN, weary of repose,
With all his storms, in bold rebellion rose,
To bow that Flag, obey'd where'er it veers,
Which braved their fury for a thousand years!
Yet, OCEAN! thou *hast been* our friend—tho', thus
Convulsed with rage, the eye grows tremulous
That gazeth on thee! as might one, whose skill
Had brought by spells some spirit to his will,
Start—each deep wish indulged—to find it turn
In wrath upon himself, and fiercely spurn
The bondage it had brook'd. Thy mighty arm
Was stretch'd between us and the locust-swarm
That made all earth an Egypt! our Ally
When none beside was our's—and Destiny
Had doom'd us Ishmael's lot, opposing thus
Our hand to all, and every hand to us!
And thou hast borne us thro'—triumphant borne—
The sun of glory spotless and unshorn!
Those days of strife—tho' not their memory—cease,
And all, but only thou, repose in peace:
Alas! ere ebbs this barrier-trampling tide,
The throb of many a temple shall subside;
And beating hearts which sicken at thy roar,
Be hush'd to rest—and palpitate no more!

* * * * * *

Now faint, and far, comes on the wail of death—
Heard as the tempest seems to pause for breath;
And now the sheeted lovin glares upon
A peopled deck, that idly hopes to shun
Those ambush'd banks o'er which the breakers rave—
A crash—a shriek—the ocean is their grave!
Would that one victim might appease the blast!
Oh no—the cry of death is deepening fast;

And minute-guns, above the surging swell,
Boom on the gale the Pilot's passing-bell!
And there be some to whom this morning's sun
Reveal'd the cliffs their thoughts had dwelt upon
Through exiled years; and bade, all peril past,
The warm heart hail its native hills at last—
As fair to-morrow's sun those hills may greet,
But *then* the surf shall be their winding-sheet!
And there be others struggling with the spite
Of warring elements, whose souls were bright
To mark, at evening's close, the little space
Which but delay'd Affection's bland embrace;
And *now* they roll the aching eye-ball round,
And meet but death—the drowning and the drown'd:
Yet fond, fair arms shall yield the clasp they sought—
Yea, wildly clasp,—but they shall heed it not!

* * * * * * *

II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE STORM.

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart—poor souls, they perish'd!
* * * * *
. . . . . Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation.—*Tempest.*

How many now are pondering o'er the lot
Of friends afar—Unthought of, half forgot,
Till this compassion-waking moment brings
Their image back, with all their sufferings!
The haughty Maid recals the youth she drove
To seek a grave for ill-requited love—
Sees all the worth she would not see before,
And bears in turn the agonies he bore.
A Father brings the outcast boy to mind
His sternness forced to brave the waves and wind;
Alas, too late compunction wrings his breast,—
His child hath rested—where the weary rest!

Yes, tho' while present those we loved might err
In many actions—tho' the mind prefer
A stranger at the moment, for some boon
Of nature, chance, or art, which falls in tune
With passing whim—yet, like the butterfly
(Whose wings grow dim by handling) presently

Their gloss is gone ; and *then* our thoughts recal
Worth overlook'd, and let each failing fall
To deep oblivion. Yes, the sun that parted
In clouds, *will shine* when we are softer-hearted !
And absence softens hearts ; and time hath pow'r
To clear those clouds which stain'd a peevish hour—
Call recollections from their pensive gloom,
Like kind, but injured spectres from the tomb—
Accusing with their smiles. Oh, this should move
The soul to those it loves—or ought to love ;
'Twould bar reproach !

Yet, 'tis not always fair
To read the bosom thro' the eye—for there
A sleepless, an untold-of worm may lurk,
And do, although it 'plain not, deadly work ;
And make men seem unkind to those whom heaven
Hath heard them plead for, when the heart was riven
With its own griefs. If such are breathing, sure
Life lends no joy ?—they *live* not—they *endure*—
And (were there not a world beyond this scene)
Than thus to be 'twere better not have been !

* * * * * *

Flash courses flash ! the war-ship's mast is shiver'd—
Smote by the cloud-sped bolt that o'er it quiver'd !
A broader flame the midnight blackness broke—
Her magazine receives the thunder-stroke ;
And fires that vault which stars no longer pave,
As though a SUN were bursting from the wave !
Bewildering, giddy glare ! the echoes reel
From cliff to cliff, replying to the peal
That red explosion rang along the sky ;
It seem'd as if its cloud-voiced potency
Surprised the rocks to utterance ! the bay
Heaved liquid flame beneath the sudden day,
Whose dawn was death : and some, who cursed the night,
Hid their pale eyes from that appalling light.

* * * * * *

Sped by her star a gallant ship drew near—
The signal-shot flash'd frequent from her tier—
She struck, and stagger'd, in her mid career ;
Then, swift as thought, her fragments strew'd the spray,
As some enchanted castle melts away !

* * * * * *

A crowded skiff was labouring for the land—
The wreck they fled drove mastless and unmann'd.
Bold the attempt, but fruitless, to elude
The swiftly rolling billows which pursued :
Their bark had rubb'd the sand, but fail'd to reach
Ere mountain waves broke o'er it on the beach,

And dash'd them to the earth :—they rise—they spring—
Vain as the wounded plover's fluttering !
For, oh ! as if some sea-fiend mock'd their toil,
The big wave caught them in its swift recoil.
One youth was left—the lightning as it sped
Show'd those who baulk'd the sea-dog of the dead,
Fling forth the coil he shivering grasp'd—and now,
While some shade back the tangle from his brow,
An age-worn man that freezing eye surveys,
Where life late play'd—alas, no longer plays !
Smites his scathed breast—and cries (in tones which speak
The heart's last burst of anguish ere it break)
" How have I sigh'd to hail thy wanderings done—
And meet we thus at last—my son ! my son ! "

* * * * * *

The storm relents not—as the tiger's mood
Becomes blood-thirsty by the taste of blood,
It growls for other victims ! Hast thou been
The near spectator of a ship-wreck scene ?
Heard the unanswer'd cry of sore distress ?
Mark'd the strong throes of drowning eagerness ?
The body madden'd by the spirit's pain ?
The wild, wild working of the breast and brain ?
The haggard eye that horror-widen'd, sees
Death take the start of sorrow and disease ?
For such were heard and seen—so close at hand,
A cable's length had reach'd them from the land ;
Yet, farther off than ocean ever bore—
Eternity between them and the shore !
Some sought the beach with many a sob and strain,
But felt each sinew fetter'd by a chain
Which dragg'd them writhing down : a secret hand
Buoy'd others up, and cast them on the land—
Miraculously saved ! a few were there
Who pray'd with fervent, and confiding pray'r—
Alas, too few ! the many still would cling
To toil and tears—to life and suffering ;
And some, whose anguish might not brook to wait
That shunless doom, plunged headlong to their fate :
Yet nature struggled till the last thick gasp ;
It was a misery to see them grasp
The sliding waves, and clench the hand, and toil
Like a spent eagle in the whirlwind's coil—
Till, dash'd against some floating spar or mast,
On Ocean's rocking couch they slept at last.
Pale, panic-struck, the youth falls prostrate—reft
Of senses that had madden'd were they left :
The harden'd fool, whose life of enterprise
Long verged on death, in drunken frenzy dies :

And helpless woman's wail, upon the wave,
Pleads at the heart which yearns in vain to save.
But there were some, in hopelessness of soul,
Who pined at heart to reach the destined goal;
Yes, long had spurn'd the load of life unawed,
But dared not rush uncall'd before their God:—
Or haply, pride, which trembled at a stain,
Or, haply love for those they would not pain,
Had moved to give the fatal purpose up—
Unedged the steel, and spill'd the poison-cup:
These, bitter days, soul-racking nights had tried—
And 'scaped, perchance, the curse of suicide.

III.

THE EAST-INDIAMAN.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Merchant of Venice.

An anxious, lingering, perilous voyage past,
An India ship hail'd Albion's land at last!
Moor'd in the Downs, her mighty pinions close
Like some far-flying bird that sought repose;
While, crowding on the deck, a hundred eyes
Turn'd shoreward—flush'd with pleasure and surprise.
That eve they anchor'd, from th' horizon's hem
The virgin Moon, as if to welcome them,
Rose from her rest—but would no more reveal
Than the faint outline of her pale profile;
Tho' soon (as maids forego their fears) she gave
Her orbed brow to kiss the wanton wave
Till—like a scornful lover, swoln by pride,
Because too fondly loved to be denied,
The rude wave spurn'd her off, and raised that loud
And angry blast which scream'd through sail and shroud,
The live-long night on which my harp is dwelling.
Meanwhile, the swarthy crew, each care dispelling,
Had sported thrice three summer suns away
Since they had cast their anchor in the bay.
Oh, none save Fortune's step-sons, doom'd to roam
The deep, can prize a harbour and a home!
The temperate breeze their sun-bronzed temples blessing—
A native shore the gladden'd eye refreshing—
The painted pinnace dancing from the land
Freighted with friends—the pressure of the hand

Whose pulse throbs happy seconds—the warm gush
Of blood into the cheek, as it would rush
With the heart's welcome ere the tongue could half
Perform its office—feeling's telegraph!
Impassion'd smiles, and tears of rapture starting—
Oh, how unlike the tears which fell at parting!
And all were theirs—that good ship's gallant crew—
As tho' each joy which absence render'd due
Were paid in one bright moment: such are known
To those long sever'd, loving, loved, alone!

* * * * * *

A gorgeous freight that broad-sail'd vessel bore—
The blazing diamonds and the blushing ore;
Spices that sigh'd their incense, till the sails
Were fann'd along on aromatic gales
From Orient lands. Then marvel not if he
Who there is chief should look exultingly
Back on the storms he baffled, and should know
The bosom's warmest wildest overflow
While gazing on the land which laugh'd before him—
The smooth sea round—the blue pavilion o'er him!
Yet felt he more than ever sprang from these,
For love demanded deeper sympathies;
And long in lonely bower had sigh'd for him
A fond fair Bride, whose infant Cherubim
Oft spirit-clouded from its playthings crept,
To weep beside its mother while she wept.
But, oh, they met at length! And such sweet days
Already proved as leave a light which plays
Upon the memory when their warmth is gone—
The fount thus treasures sunbeams, and shines on
Thro' dusk and darkness. Like some happy mother,
Joy mark'd the hours pursuing one another—
A wreath of buoyant angels! Yet, as they
Wheel'd laughing round, oft sigh'd—to make them *stay!*

* * * * * *

This was a day of banqueting on board;
And swan-wing'd barks, and barges many-oar'd
Came crowded to the feast. The young—the gay—
The beautiful—were there. Right merrily
The pleasure boats glide onward—with swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery spray
Threw mimic rainbows at the sun in play.
The ship is won, the silken chair is lower'd—
Exulting Youth and Beauty bound on board;
And, while they wondering gaze on sail and shroud,
The flag flaps o'er them like a crimson cloud.

* * * * * *

Young Pleasure kiss'd each heart! from Persia's loom
An ample awning spread its purple bloom
To canopy the guests; and vases, wreathed
With deep-hued flowers and foliage, sweetly breathed
Their incense, fresh as zephyrs when they rove
Among the blossoms of a citron grove:
Soft sounds (invisible spirits on the wing)
Were heard and felt around them hovering:
In short, some magic seem'd to sway the hour,
The wand-struck deck becomes an orient bower!
A very wilderness of blushing roses,
Just such as Love would chuse when he reposes.
The pendant orange from a lush of leaves
Hangs like Hesperian gold; and, tied in sheaves,
Carnations prop their triple coronals:
The grape, out-peeping from thick foliage falls
Like cluster'd amethysts in deep festoons;
And shells are scatter'd round which Indian moons
Had sheeted with the silver of their beams:
But O, what, more than all, the scene beseems,
Fair, faultless forms; glide there with wing-like motion—
Bright as young Peris rising from the ocean!

* * * * * * *

Eve darken'd down—and yet they were not gone;
The sky had changed—the sudden storm came on!
One waved on high a ruby-sparkling bowl—
Youth, passion, wine, ran riot in his soul:
"Fill to the brim," he cried, "let others peer
Their doubtful path to heaven—my heaven is here!
This hour is mine, and who can dash its bliss?
Fate dare not darken such an hour as this!"
Then stoop'd to quaff—but (as a charm were thrown)
His hand, his lips, grew motionless as stone:
The drunkness of his heart no more deceives—
The thunder growls, the surge-smote vessel heaves;
And, while aghast he stared, a hurrying squall
Rent the wide-awning, and discover'd all!
Across their eyes the hissing lightning blazed—
The black wave burst beside them as they gazed;
And dizzily the thick surf scatter'd o'er them;
And dim and distant loom'd the land before them;
No longer firm—the eternal hills did leave
Their solid rest, and heaved, or seem'd to heave!
O, 'twas an awful moment—for the crew
Had rashly, deeply drank, while yet they knew
No ruling eye was on them—and became
Wild as the tempest! peril could not tame—
Nay, stirr'd their brutal hearts to more excess;
Round the deserted banquet-board they press,

Like men transform'd to fiends, with oath and yell:
And many deem'd the sea less terrible
Than maniacs fiercely ripe for all, or aught,
That ever flash'd upon a desperate thought!
Strange laughter mingled with the shriek and groan—
Nor woman shrank, nor woman wept alone.

Some, as a bolt had smote them, fell—and some
Stared haggard wild—dismay had struck them dumb.
There were of firmer nerve, or fiercer cast,
Who scowl'd defiance back upon the blast—
Half scorning in their haughty souls to be
Thus pent and buffetted. And tenderly,
Even then, to manly hearts fair forms were drawn,
Whose virgin eyes had never shed their dawn
Before—soft, beautifully shy—to flush
A Lover's hope; but, as the Dove will rush
Into the school-boy's bosom to elude
The swooping goshawk—woman, thus subdued,
Will cling to those she shunn'd in lighter mood—
The soul confess emotions but conceal'd—
Pure, glowing, deep, tho' lingeringly reveal'd;
That true camelion which imbibes the tone
Of every passion-hue she pauses on!
O, 'tis the cheek that's false—so subtly taught
It takes not of its colour from the thought;
But, like volcanic mountains veil'd in snow,
Hides the heart's lava, while it works below!

And there were two who loved, but never told
Their love to one another: years had roll'd
Since Passion touch'd them with his purple wing,
Tho' still their youth was in its blossoming.
Lofty of soul, as riches were denied,
He deem'd it mean to woo a wealthy bride:
And (for her tears were secret) coldly she
Wreathed her pale brow in maiden dignity.
Yet each had caught the other's eye reposing—
And, far as looks disclose, the truth disclosing;
But when they met, pride check'd the soul's warm sigh,
And froze the melting spirit of the eye—
A pride in vulgar hearts that never shone;
And thus they loved, and silently loved on.
But *this* was not a moment when the head
Could trifle with the heart! the cloud which spread
Its chilling veil between them, now had past—
Too long awaking—but they woke at last!
He rush'd where clung the fainting fair one—sought
To soothe with hopes he felt not, cherish'd not:

And, while in passionate support he prest,
She raised her eyes—then swiftly on his breast
Hid her blanch'd cheek—as if resign'd to share
The worst with him—nay, die contented there.
That silent act was fondly eloquent,
And to the youth's deep soul, like lightning, sent
A gleam of rapture—exquisite yet brief
As his (poor wretch) that in the grave of grief
Feels Fortune's sun burst on him, and looks up
With hope to heaven—forgetful of the cup,
The deadly cup his shivering hand yet strain'd—
A hot heart pang reminds him—it is drain'd!
Away with words! for when had true love ever
A happy star to bless it?—Never, never!
And oh, the brightest after-smile of Fate
Is but a sad reprieve, which comes—too late!

* * * * * *

The riot shout peal'd on—but deep distress
Had sunk all else in utter hopelessness:
One mark'd the strife of frenzy and despair—
The most concern'd, and yet the calmest there;
In bitterness of soul beheld his crew—
He should have known them, and he thought he knew;
The blood-hound on the leash may fawn, obey—
He'll tear thee, should'st thou cross him at his prey!
One only trust survives a—doubtful one—
But oh, how cherish'd, every other gone!
"While hold our cables, fear not"—As he spoke
A sea burst o'er them, and their cables broke!
Then, like a lion bounding from the toil,
The ship shot thro' the billows' black recoil:
Urged by the howling blast—all guidance gone—
They shuddering felt her reeling, *rushing on*—
Nor dared to question where, nor *dared to cast*
One asking look—for that *might* be their *last*!

* * * * * *

What frowns so steep in front—a cliff? a rock?
The groaning vessel staggers in the shock!
The last shrieks rise * * *
* * * Hark! whence that voice they hear
Loud o'er the rushing waters—loud and near?
Alas, they dream—'tis but the ocean roar—
Oh no, it echoes from the swarming shore!
Kind Heaven! thy hand was there: with swelling bound
The vast waves heaved the giant hull aground;
And, ebbing with the turning tide, became,
Like dying monsters, impotent and tame.
Wedged in the sand their chafing can no more
Than lave her sides, and deaden with their roar

The clamorous burst of joy. But some there were
Whose joy was voiceless as their late despair—
Whose heavenward eyes, clasp'd hands, and streaming cheeks,
Did speak a language which the lip ne'er speaks!
O, he were heartless, in that passionate hour,
Who could not feel that weakness hath its power,
When gentle woman, sobbing and subdued,
Breathed forth her vow of holy gratitude,
Warm as the contrite Mary's when forgiven—
An angel smiled recording it in heaven!

IV.

CONCLUSION.

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. *Hamlet.*

'Tis midnight. Eyeless Darkness, like a blind
And haggard witch, with power to loose and bind
The spirits of the elements at will,
Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until
Those demons she invoked to vex the waves
Have dived and hid them in their ocean-caves:
And they are fled—though still the mighty heart
Of Nature throbs: and now that hag doth start
(Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter spite)
For thro' her brow she feels the cold moonlight
Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill
The setting Planet of the night stood still,
Just parted from a cloud: no more the blast
Wail'd, like a naked spirit rushing past,
As tho' it sought a resting-place in vain:—
The storm is lull'd: and yet, it is a pain
To tell what wreck and ruin strew'd the shore—
Each wave its freight of death or damage bore!
Here, stain'd and torn, a royal flag was cast;
There lay a broken helm, a shatter'd mast;
And oh, the saddest relic of the storm,
Yon wave conveys a seaman's lifeless form!

* * * * * *

'Tis morn—the waning mists with shadowy sweep
Draw their cold curtains slowly from the deep

'Tis morn—but gladness comes not with her ray:
The bright and breathing scene of yesterday
Is gone, as if that swift consuming wing
Had brush'd the deep which smote Assyria's king,
And left his Host, like scar leaves, withering!
The sea swells full, but smooth—to Passion's thrill,
Tho' spent her tempest, heaves the young heart still:
A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and there
Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,
Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing
Which still survives the world's abandoning:
Where are her sails—her serried tiers' display—
Her helm—her wide flag's emblem'd blazonry—
Her crew of fiery spirits—where are they?

* * * * * *

Far scatter'd groups, dejected, hurried, tread
The beach in silence, where the shipwreck'd dead
Lie stiff and strain'd: among them (humbling thought!)
They seek their friends—yet shrink from what they sought,
As on some corse the eye, recoiling, fell—
Tho' livid, swoln—but recognised too well!

Apart, disturb'd in spirit, breathless, pale—
Her unbound tresses floating on the gale—
A Maiden hasten'd on:—across her way,
As tho' he slept, a lifeless sailor lay:
She paused, and gazed a moment—shudder'd, sank
Beside that victim on the wave-wash'd bank—
Bent shivering lips to press his haggard cheek,
But started backward with a loathing shriek!
Fond wretch! thy half-averted eyes discover
The cold and bloodless aspect of the Lover!

* * * * * *

Their tale is brief. The youth was one of those
Who spurn the thought of safety or repose
Whilst Peril stalks the deep: where'er display'd,
The flag which sues for succour has their aid—
The foeman's, or the friend's;—no pausing then
To question *who* implore them—they are men!
A noble race—and, tho' unfamed, unknown,
A race that England should be proud to own!
He, with a few as generously brave,
Had heard the death-wail rising from the wave,
And in an ill-starr'd moment sought to save.
The life-boat reach'd the foundering ship—her crew
With greedy haste secured the rope it threw;
And, in the wild avidity for life,
Rush'd reeling in: alas, that fatal strife
But seal'd their doom! the flashing billows roar
Above their heads—one pang—they strove no more!

* * * * * *

He did not love unloved; for she who prest
That clay cold hand so madly to her breast,
Believed his vows; and but for Fortune's scorn
Young Love had smiled on this their bridal morn:
But oh, his years are few who hath not felt
That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will melt;
That hopes, like clouds which gleam across the moon,
Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon!
The weltering mass she folds, but yesternight
Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was bright:
And she whose cheek the rose of rapture spread,
Raves now a maniac—widow'd, yet unwed:
And reckless wanderings take the place of woe—
She fancies joys that glow not, nor can glow;
Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves
A web of bliss—scarce falser than deceives
The reasoning heart: oft sings and weeps; and now
Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,
And says it is a marriage wreath. Meanwhile
Her calm vague look will dawn into a smile,
As something met her eye none else should see:
She folds her hands and bends imploringly
To sue its stay;—with wilder gesture turns,
And clasps her head, and cries—"It burns, it burns!"
Then shakes as if her heart were ice. * *
* * * * * * Not long
The soul, the frame, could brook such bitter wrong:
Beside her lover's that distracted head
Rests cold and calm—the grave their bridal bed.

GIPSIES.

By —— Beresford, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Underneath the greenwood tree
There we dwell right merrily,
Lurking in the grassy lane,
Here this hour—then gone again.
You may see where we have been,
By the burned spot on the green,
By the oak's branch drooping low,
Wither'd in our faggots' glow—
By the grass and hedgerow cropped,
Where our asses have been grazing,
By some old torn rag we dropp'd,
When our crazy tents were raising.
You may see where we have been,
Where we are—it is not seen.

Where we are—it is no place
For a lazy foot to trace.
Over heath and over field,
  He must scramble who would find us,
In the copse-wood close concealed,
  With a running brook behind us.
Here we list no village clocks,
Livelier sound the farm-yard cocks,
Crowing, crowing round about,
As if to point their roostings out.
And many a cock shall cease to crow
Or ere we from the copse-wood go.
On the stream the trout are leaping,
Midway there the pike is sleeping.
Motionless, self-poised he lies,
E'en as an arrow through the skies!
We could tie the noose to snare him,
But by day we wisely spare him;
Nets shall scour the stream at night,
By the cold moon's trusty light.
Scores of fish will not surprise her,
  Writhing with their glittering scales,
She'll look on, none else the wiser,
  Give us light and tell no tales,
And next day the sporting squire
Of his own trout shall be the buyer.
Till the farmer catch us out
Prowling his rich barns about;
Till the squire suspect the fish,
  Till the keeper find his hares
  Struggling in our nightly snares;
Till the girls have ceased to wish,
Heedless what young lads shall be
Theirs in glad futurity;
Till the boors no longer hold
  Awkwardly their rough hands out,
All to have their fortunes told,
  By the cross-lines thereabout;
Till these warnings, all, or some,
Raise us (not by beat of drum)
On our careless march to roam,
The copse shall be our leafy home.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

By Mr. Cartwright.

Oh, holy spirit, oft when eve
Hath slowly o'er the western sky
Her gorgeous pall begun to weave
Of gold and crimson's richest dye;
I've thought the gentle gales thy breath,
The murmuring of the grove thy voice,
And heaven above and earth beneath
In thee seemed to rejoice.

Sweet visions then that sleep by day
Thy magic wand hath made my own,
As brilliant as the clouds that play
Around the sun's descending throne;
And I have striven in many a song
To pay my homage at thy shrine,
A worthless offering for a throng
Of joys, by thee made mine.

What tho' the idle wreath would fade
By weak, tho' willing fingers twined,
Soon gather'd to oblivion's shade;
Not less the task would soothe my mind.
Inspired by thee, I ceased to pine,
Nor thought on aught that cross'd my bliss,
And borne to other worlds of thine,
Forgot the pangs of this.

But this was all in earlier days
When boyhood's hopes were wild and high,
And, eaglet like, I fixed my gaze
Where glory's sun blazed thro' the sky,
But fate and circumstance forbade
The noble, tho' presumptuous flight;
Those hopes are blasted and decay'd
By disappointment's blight.

My soul is daring now, as then,
Tho' fate denies its strong desire,
Still, still, I hear the voice within—
The stirring voice that cries, Aspire.
It haunts me like the sounds that ring
In dying guilt's distemper'd ear,
When round his couch dim hovering
His crimes like ghosts appear.

And aye some demon in my sight
Displays what wreaths for others bloom,
The fame that gilds their life with light,
The halo that surrounds their tomb;
And "Gaze, presumptuous fool," he cries,
"Unhonoured, blest, thou ne'er shalt be,
But pine for ever—there to rise
Where springs no flower for thee."

Oh, Poesy, thou too hast now
Withdrawn thy wonted influence,
When most I need thy tender glow
To renovate my aching sense;
No more thy dreams before me pass
In swift succession bright and fair,
And when I would unveil thy glass
Thou show'st me but despair.

Whenever now I seek these bowers
Where Fancy led her steps to thee,
Before my eyes a desert lowers,
The cold reality I see;
My gloomy bosom's joyless cell
No ray of thine illumines more,
Which once could guide my spirit well,
O'er every ill to soar.

By all the intense love of thee,
Which fires my soul, and thrills my frame;
By tears thou giv'st thy words to be
When struggling feelings have no name—
Return, return, by thee upborne,
And by a yet unvanquish'd will,
The malice of my fate I'd scorn,
In woe triumphant still.

K, page 301.

I hope there is no reader on earth who would be so cruel to an autobiographer—a person who acts the part of a great medicine for the cure of the bile—as to deny him the comfort of two or three pages of Appendix to fill up the sheet with a few trifling specimens of his other writings.

When *Haydon's* "Christ's entry into *Jerusalem*" was exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, M. *Jerricault's* "Raft of the

Medusa" was opened in the room below; and passing from the former to the latter, Wilkie was amused with a pun, which I thus put into rhyme—

> Down Bullock's stair a wit, who punned and laught,
> From Haydon's picture went to see the Raft.

Quoth he—

> "It is a desperate way on foot to go,
> Quite from Jerusalem to Jericho!"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A LITERARY FRIEND.

> Really, P——, I am sorry you thought of this thing—
> The pleasures of both it will cramp;
> For your poor wife will feel she's "the Slave of the Ring,"
> Whilst you are "the Slave of the Lamp."

These, I venture to say, in order to anticipate criticism, belong to the class which Lord Brougham calls *knob*-bed epigrams, on account of their want of point. But any epigram is better than none: witness James Smith's, when asked to write on the statue of George III., in Cockspur-street—

> A pigtail of copper
> Is not proper—

A very poor piece of fine-art criticism, and only equalled by the bard of a Highland chief, seldom seen in the garb of old Gaul, who, on a similar request, shouted

> In the Tartan
> He looks like a Spartan—

The sequel was stopped by laughter. As some amends I will quote a capital one, by Miss Rose Wheeler, who soon after became Mrs. Bulwer. At a small evening party at Mrs. Bishop's (see page 180), it was proposed that we should all go to Mr. De Ville's the next day and have our casts taken. The only recusant was a young surgeon who was there with his "intended," and he stood out so pertinaciously that his "beauty" began to pout and demand reasons—the truth was, his hair was carroty and dyed. At last, alarmed at his mistress's resentment, he

yielded to go, and Miss Wheeler, borrowing a pencil from me, wrote (under the rose for my perusal) the following impromptu :—

Poor fellow, to her frown he yields at last,
No more he can resist her angry eye :
Now he has set his all upon a cast,
And he will stand the hazard of the dye.

On the Duke of York's horse, "Moses," winning at Ascot, I pleased H. R. H. with a *jeu*—

At Ascot when swift Moses won
(A thing not done by slow fits)
What thought his royal owner on?
He thought, the joke I'll tell to you,
(His Highness is a Bishop too,)
On Moses and the Profits.

SICK COCKNEY AND DOCTOR.

Patient.—Doctor, (h) I'm wery (*h*) *ill* (h) indeed,
(H) and vant fresh (*h*) *air* (h) I'm feeling.
Doctor.—You must be *lowered*, buy a *vig*,
And get *a nouse* at (h) Ealing.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Keeping Tom's wedding-day, his friends
Boozed till their brains were addled;
They drank his "*Bridal* Day!" Tom sighed
"That same day I was *saddled*."

ON THE DEATH OF HELEN, WIFE OF EDWARD SMITH.

Poor Helen's dead! said punning Ned,
His eyes with tears (of joy) flowing;
Hark to that bell,—I'm passing well,
Although there is my Nell going.

ON SEEING A WEDDING.

A woman's vow is far too long
Upon the marriage-day;
For surely where a woman *loves*,
She'll *honour* and *obey*.

THE LAST LOVE SONG.

I taught love to as warm a heart
As e'er within a bosom beat;
Above, I saw 'twas Etna's snow,
Below, I felt 'twas Etna's heat.

Alas, alas, how is it now?
That heart's warm pulses all are told,
That living snow soil'd by the grave,
That bosom's fires for ever cold.

For me the light of love is o'er:
What have I then with life to do?
I ne'er can taste its joys again—
But, Mela, I can follow you!

THE COOK'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Fat Moll, the cook, who had a certain spice
Of humour in her, even though out of place,
By advertising gave the town advice
That she was willing to renew her race,
And roast, and boil, and bake, and stew, and sweat, and pant,
For any regular "Plain Family" in want.

Now Mrs. Mugg, whose features grim and droll,
Were imaged in her children and her spouse,
To take her place invited monstrous Moll;
Who cried, whilst looking at the ill-looked house,
For Ordinary, or for Plain, I'd toil 'tis true,
But curse me if I'll cook for such an ugly crew.

[This was signed "Dr. Kitchiner."]

END OF VOL. III.

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